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WITHDRAWN

THE BIOGRAPHY OF
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



Photograph by W. Soper

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES AT HOME

[Frontispiece

THE BIOGRAPHY OF
H.R.H.
THE PRINCE OF WALES

ALTER
BY
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CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

"Edward Windsor, Esq." . . . if he didn't happen to be Prince of Wales! pp. 1-13

CHAPTER ONE

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE

At peaceful White Lodge—Scenes at East Sheen Post Office—Duke of York's anxiety—How the news was received in mid-Atlantic—Royal visitors to White Lodge—In old St. Paul's—Queen Victoria's delight and tears—Passing of the Victorian era and the young Prince's future—Happy feature of the Prince's birth—Scenes in Parliament—The "one dissident" to the congratulatory vote . . . pp. 15-22

CHAPTER TWO

THE PRINCE OF "WAILS"

The Prince's far-famed lungs—Princess May's knitting needles—How the Prince of Wales was named—The gold bowl—The official christening cake—The Royal sponsors—The holy water—The Royal child's dislike of the ceremony—In the marquee at White Lodge—"To be David"—The Royal mother's convalescence in Switzerland—King George as a nurse—The re-union—The aged Queen's pathetic delight in her great-grandson—Special nursery made at Buckingham Palace—Spoiling the tiny Prince—Mr. H. H. Asquith's mystification—Donkey drives with Queen Victoria—The Royal child is taken to historic Windsor—Birth of Prince Albert and Princess Mary—A happy trio—Prince David as a raconteur—The Prince's dislike of lessons—His mother's bargain with her son—Birth of Prince Henry—Prince David one of the first at the Queen's bedside—The death of Queen Victoria—

Duke and Duchess of York depart for world tour—A touching farewell—King Edward takes the young Prince in hand—David annexes officer's bearskin—And sends Princess Victoria into peals of laughter—The Prince hides during lessons—David gets spanked—A mischievous joke and its results pp. 23-38

CHAPTER THREE

"WHEN I WAS A KID . . ."

Queen Alexandra carries Prince David off a cricket field—The Prince's injunction "not to tell Mama"—The Ascot Cycle-stakes and the Prince's first bet—Pranks and games at Sandringham, Windsor and Marlborough House—His admiration for Princess Mary—The Royal children are bored with speech making—And the adventurous result—School-days—Grandfather Marlborough—A mischievous, high-spirited lad pp. 39-55

CHAPTER FOUR

PURPLE ROBES OF STATE

End of the boyish freedom of the Prince—The Prince bows allegiance to the Great Creator—Return to Dartmouth—The Prince coxes a winning boat—The young Prince's problems—The Prince receives his title—Enthusiasm of Welsh subjects—Plea from Cardiff—Preparations for Carnarvon Investiture—An attack of measles—First public ceremony of the Prince of Wales—Good-bye to Dartmouth—Prince Edward of Wales receives the Most Noble Order of the Garter—H.R.H. betrays emotion in St. George's Chapel—King George and Queen Mary's Coronation—The Prince's dignity in the State coach—His brothers find his attitude comical—Princess Mary loses her coronet—The Prince of Wales retrieves it—And warns his brothers sternly—A moving incident in Westminster Abbey—Prince George travels back to Buckingham Palace under a seat—Disappointed Chester—The ceremony at Carnarvon—A youthful Prince of Wales—Exemplary demeanour at

investiture—H.R.H. addresses Welsh people in their own tongue—
 “The old land of my fathers”—The Prince foreshadows difficulties
 for himself—His earnest prayer. . . . pp. 56-69

CHAPTER FIVE

H.R.H.'S FIRST SHIP

Good-bye boyhood—Appointment of H.R.H. as midshipman—
 Aboard H.M.S. *Hindustan*—Prince Edward to receive no privileges
 because of his rank—The Prince finds his “sea-feet”—And performs
 his share of most arduous and disagreeable duties—Another leave-
 taking—Verdict of officers of H.M.S. *Hindustan*—Regrets and a poignant
 farewell on deck of H.M.S. *Hindustan*—Created Earl of Chester and Duke
 of Cornwall—A lonely Prince at Sandringham—Studies and dream-
 castles to forget disappointments—Yuletide at Sandringham—Return
 of Royal parents—A “holiday” in France for the Prince.

pp. 70-81

CHAPTER SIX

FIRST VISIT TO PARIS

Visit to France as guest of friends of late King Edward—At the
 mansion of the Marquis de Breteuil—H.R.H.'s study of French history
 and language—The Prince sees pre-war France from various angles—
 Absence of formal dignity—A shy young Prince—H.R.H.'s love for
 motoring—The Prince's French companions—Aboard the *Danton*—
 The Prince commands the French Fleet—Receives French decoration—
 The Prince's impressions of pre-war Paris—The Prince no longer a
 boy—H.R.H. casts aside reticence and confides his fears and hopes.

pp. 82-94

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE PRINCE AT OXFORD

The Prince enters Magdalen—And dines in hall—The Prince depre-
 cates the “fuss” that is made of him—Life at Oxford—H.R.H. wins a

place in the Magdalen second team—Running with the beagles—Polo-ponies and early-morning rides—Visit to Germany to his relative the King of Württemberg—The Prince chats with Count Zeppelin—Arrangements for a flight that is cancelled—The Prince takes the air for the first time in England pp. 95-107

CHAPTER EIGHT

"DYNAMITE" WALES AT G.H.Q.; ACTIVE SERVICE AT LAST

H.R.H. receives President Poincaré at Portsmouth—1914!—The Prince's University career cut short by war—H.R.H. now twenty years of age—H.R.H. becomes member of Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews—The Prince wishes to embark for France immediately—Lord Kitchener's refusal and reason—The Prince's disappointment and chagrin—Gazetted to 1st Grenadier Guards as Second Lieutenant—H.R.H.'s determination to soldier—The Prince's regiment leaves for France—A second disappointment—November 1914—The Prince receives his "marching orders" as A.D.C. to Sir John French—Delight overshadowed by passive nature of appointment—H.R.H. refuses high rank—The Prince determines to make the most of opportunities for seeing active service—The dilemma of the Cabinet—The Prince causes great anxiety at H.Q.—His welcome by the troops—Bearer of historic dispatch from Sir John French regarding the Battle of Neuve Chapelle—The Prince pays his last respects to Lord Roberts—H.R.H. visits Rouen—His promotion to Captaincy—Gratification at reward for services—Attached to Canadian Corps—The Prince's narrow escape from death by shell pp. 108-120

CHAPTER NINE

H.R.H. ON ALL FRONTS

The Prince's restlessness—Mentioned in dispatches—A French tribute—The Prince is in touch with rank and file—"I must rough it like the others"—The Prince is unfortunate in his billet—Active service in Egypt—H.R.H. and the Colonials—"He is one of us"—Scenes in Khartum—War work at home—The Prince inaugurates his famous

War Relief Fund—A friend of the ex-serviceman—The Prince witnesses an air duel—And congratulates victorious British pilot—The Royal Family during war-time—H.R.H. on the Italian front.

PP. 121-133

CHAPTER TEN

H.R.H. "CARRIES ON"

H.R.H. comes of age—His Message to the People—His war-leaves—Regales his parents with reminiscences of Flanders—His mother's anxiety—The Prince finds his manhood—H.R.H. takes his seat in the House of Lords—Appointed Major—Industrial tours in Great Britain—Return to Italy—Speech in Rome—Armistice—H.R.H. enters Valenciennes on November 11th, 1918, with Canadian Corps—The aftermath—Christmas in Brussels, 1918. . . . pp. 134-147

CHAPTER ELEVEN

H.R.H. RETURNS FROM WAR

Visit to Edinburgh with parents—Return to Army of Occupation—Visits to Colonial troops—American H.Q. at Coblenz—H.R.H. plays important part in uniting Britain and U.S.A.—H.R.H. stands in German barrack-square—Is seen in streets of Cologne unguarded—The Prince visits Paris and dines with Queen Elena of Italy—Back to London—Public duties—H.R.H. foresees difficulties ahead—The Prince stars in a cinema film—The Prince puts his Cornish house in order—Expands Cornish tin-mines—Revives oyster-fisheries—Exploits land by introducing small-holding system—Afforestation schemes of H.R.H.—Housing plans for Cornish estate—H.R.H. visits Dartmoor Prison—H.R.H. on his Kennington estate—Chats with tenants—Plans for improving his London property pp. 148-158

CHAPTER TWELVE

"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!"

The Prince flies over Buckingham Palace and Westminster—Plans for Prince to reside in Wales—The Prince becomes an Elder Brother of Trinity House—And a barrister—Youngest Freeman of the City of

London—Under the patronage of the Fishmongers' Company—Meeting his people—H.R.H. confesses that he played a very insignificant part in the War—The Prince and ex-servicemen—The Prince establishes his own quarters at York House—The Prince contracts the dreaded "flu" pp. 159-169

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FIRST CANADIAN-AMERICAN TOUR, 1919

The Empire Builder—Canada for the first tour—Bad weather does not damp reception at St. John's—Astonishment of the Prince at his own popularity—At Quebec—Two thousand Canadians—Toronto—Ottawa—H.R.H. cancels ceremonies after strain of public welcome—H.R.H. takes part in Labour Day procession—The Prince's impressions of Canada—H.R.H. in the Rockies—H.R.H. decides to buy a ranch—H.R.H. and the inhabitants of Cobalt township—H.R.H. sees the Niagara Falls—Reason for Canadian tour explained—Into America unexpectedly—Mrs. Wilson invites H.R.H. to a tea-party—President Wilson rises from a sick-bed to greet the Prince of Wales—In New York—"I feel happy among Americans" pp. 170-180

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

THE AUSTRALIAN TOUR

The "Digger" Prince—Barbados—Prince's work preceding great tours—Black and white faces greet H.R.H.—Panama welcomes Edward of Wales—California—A brilliant dinner and a ball—H.R.H. enters into spirit of festivities—On the shores of Hawaii—Surf-riding at Waikiki—H.R.H. meets King Neptune and his Court—New Zealand—The Prince is touched by loyal greetings—Anzac Sunday—With the Maoris—How the railway strike affected the Prince—And its sudden ending—Prince of Wales as an engine driver—H.R.H. confesses he likes farming—The Prince lands at Melbourne—Appeals made by Australian Press to spare the Prince undue strain—The Prince receives a set of pyjamas—And is drenched to the skin—Medical advisers decide H.R.H. must rest—Impossible for H.R.H. to be idle—In the throng

of a labour city—Ex-servicemen seek out their old uniforms to greet their Prince—The beginning of Canberra—To Western Australia—The Prince nearly loses his life in a railway accident—And jokes about it—The Prince instructs a little girl in the art of photography—His voice gives out after prolonged strain of speech-making—The Prince refuses to say good-bye to Australia pp. 181-197

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE INDIAN TOUR

An Oriental Prince—The Prince plans for Indian tour—Difficulties attending an Eastern tour—H.R.H. calls upon his brother *en route*—The Prince's arrival in the East—Met by Lord Reading—The "hartal" and how the Prince won the hearts of India—The Prince gives his staff a shock at Poona—Meets Sir Pertab Singh, an old friend—News of Princess Mary's marriage—The wonders of India—Anxiety for success of tour at Lucknow unfounded—The Prince rides a winner—H.R.H.'s psychology—And how it helped to make his Indian tour a success—The Prince shoots his first tiger—A Burmese reception—The Prince meets the only woman ruler in Asia—Disconcerting reports from Delhi—The Prince takes a much-needed rest—A magnificent fair—And the Prince's farewell pp. 198-208

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

A PRINCE OF EX-SERVICEMEN

At home—The Prince's earnest interest in the cause of the British Legion—Attends Annual Conference at Scarborough—Appointment of H.R.H. as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets—The Prince passes on a joke—H.R.H. takes up flying and meets with some opposition—How H.R.H. prepares for his tours in England—The Prince is concerned for his terrier—His shyness discussed—The Prince's outlook upon marriage—And his preference for male company—Other Princes of Wales pp. 209-218

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

SECOND CANADIAN-AMERICAN VISIT

In holiday mood—A holiday in Alberta—Visit to be entirely private—The Prince's work as President of the British Empire Exhibition—How H.R.H. enlisted the service of the Press—A tour of Western England before leaving for Canada—The Prince's reason for purchasing E.P. Ranch—Arrival at Quebec *incognito*—H.R.H. reaches his ranch and gives an "at home"—Through Canada once more—Another visit to Alberta—Meeting with President Coolidge in New York—The Prince's views on emigration pp. 219-228

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

York House—The Prince compared with his predecessors—How H.R.H. works at home—His views on dress—The Prince as a leader of fashion—A busy life—The marriage of the Duke of York—About York House—The Prince's staff—H.R.H. and his hobbies—His musical attainments—His literary preferences—The workshop at York House—The Prince's speaking voice—A summary of his private life.

pp. 229-236

CHAPTER NINETEEN

SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR

Another ambassadorial mission—The Prince arrives at Gambia in H.M.S. *Repulse*—Temperament of South African tribes—"King Piccin"—The pathos and humour of the African greetings—Prince Edward restrains his laughter with difficulty—A half-hour shout of welcome—The Prince studies local geography—A great durbar in honour of H.R.H.—Sir Hugh Clifford on the Prince's visit—Arrival at Cape Town amidst dense fog—H.R.H.'s activities in that city—The Prince speaks in the native language at Simon's Town—A tour through the isolated regions of Africa—Strain of the tour on H.R.H.'s health—

—The Prince is kidnapped—His interest in agricultural problems of Africa—The Prince's dress while in Africa—His presents to the native chiefs—The Prince meets the Boers—H.R.H. visits the Leper Colony at Basuto—Arduous journeys through the Transvaal—St. Helena—Homeward bound pp. 237-247

CHAPTER TWENTY

H.R.H. VISITS SOUTH AMERICA, 1925

The Cabinet praises H.R.H.'s ambassadorial work—H.R.H. as Imperial bagman—The Prince's views on trade—Arrangements for South American tour—H.R.H. lands at Uruguay—President of Uruguay responsible for the Prince's visit to South America—Large sums voted for H.R.H.'s reception—Fillip to Argentine trade due to H.R.H.'s visit—Great enthusiasm at Buenos Aires—H.R.H. plays a part in South American politics—The Prince visits the great Argentine chilled-meat establishments—A novel mode of welcome—Crowds break through police cordon at Plaza San Martin—The Prince attends the most sumptuous theatre in the world—The Prince and the broncho-busters at Huetel—Heavy programme at Chili—Comments on the expense of H.R.H.'s tours—The Prince's world-wide popularity . . . pp. 248-256

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

A PRINCE OF SPORTSMEN

The lighter side of H.R.H.'s life—A sporting Prince—H.R.H.'s prowess at games—The Prince as a golfer—His love of horseflesh—And his training under Captain Drummond—The Prince's favourite mounts—Melton Mowbray—Criticism on the wisdom of H.R.H. riding to hounds and steeplechasing—Questions in the House of Commons—The Prince's own views—His presence of mind when accidents occur on the field—The Prince and his dogs; fishing; shooting—Indoor games and amusements—H.R.H.'s dislike for card games—And his opinion that work comes before play . . . pp. 257-264

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

IS MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AWAITING THE
PRINCESS OF WALES?

A change of residence—The history of Marlborough House—King Edward VII and Marlborough House—Alterations and renovations at the Royal residence—The Prince's Clubs—And his method of working at Marlborough House—H.R.H.'s income—How H.R.H. spends his money—Times of rising and retiring—The Prince's private habits—The guard at Marlborough House—H.R.H.'s interest in the film industry—His human appeal—The Prince and his photographs—His favourite Club—What H.R.H. has done in half of his lifetime.

pp. 265-269

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

WILL THE PRINCE ASCEND THE THRONE?

The Prince versus the Duke of York—"There goes the last King of England"—A King of the Future—"It's his own neck, isn't it?"—H.R.H. and broadcasting—The *Daily Express* arranges for the Prince to record—The Prince on "Sportsmanship"—Visit to Belgium—"It was the middle of hell . . ." pp. 270-280

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

H.R.H.'S INTERRUPTED EAST AFRICAN TOUR

A *résumé* of the Prince's activities, 1926-1928—The death of Queen Alexandra—The Prince sustains a broken collar-bone—H.R.H. flies from Paris to London—Purchase of a farm in Nottingham—Visit to Hull—Opening of the North-east Coast Exhibition at Newcastle—Flying visit to Spain—A short stay at E.P. Ranch—Arrangements for African tour—The Royal leave-taking—The passing of the "line"—Initiation of the Duke of Gloucester as a subject of King Neptune—H.R.H. arrives at Mombasa—Scenes of welcome—The Prince rides a

"second" in the October race-meeting at Nairobi—H.R.H. places wreath on Cenotaph at Kampala—Illness of General Trotter—The Prince's democratic act at Dodoma—First news of the King's illness—Engagements cancelled—Plans made for historic dash home—Leave-taking at Dar-es-Salaam—Riding into a storm—Special facilities for speedy travel over Italy, Switzerland, and France—Mr. Stanley Baldwin meets H.R.H. at Folkestone—The Prince of Wales at his father's bedside—The breaking of a Continental travel record—The Prince shoulders new responsibilities—The sale of H.R.H.'s horses at Melton Mowbray—The Prince's last respects to Marshal Foch in Paris—The future of the Prince pp. 281-296

INTRODUCTION

*"EDWARD WINDSOR, ESQ." . . IF HE DIDN'T
HAPPEN TO BE PRINCE OF WALES!*

THIS is the tapestry of a Prince's life. From the single thread of a birth we are going to weave for you a masterpiece of colour, and in the stages of this creation you shall see the moulding of a character, the passing phases in the life of a young Prince, from the cradle to school, to Osborne, the Fleet, Oxford, and finally to a position in the hearts of the peoples of the world which has never been paralleled in history.

In this biography of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales it will be our aim not to add more gilt to the already glistening halo of romance which an entranced world has placed round the head of the heir to the British throne, nor to present His Royal Highness as a Prince Charming, but as a very human young man, not more perfect than his fellows, or possessed of more than the average number of virtues to be found in a clean-living, sport-loving young Englishman who has passed the cleansing ordeal of fire of a British school and University.

Certain is it that the Prince of Wales is more proud of the title of "typical Englishman" than of the lengthy and rather awe-inspiring collection of names and honours which custom and precedent must necessarily attach to his position.

An Americanism applied to the Prince during his last visit to the United States by an enthusiastic admirer, while perhaps not quite in good taste, yet expresses with crude directness the true and popular opinion of H.R.H.

The engine-driver of the Royal train had just

received the personal thanks of the Prince for his services, when a reporter buttonholed him for his "impressions" of the Royal tourist. For a moment the stolid engineer chewed in silence, expectorated, and then, his eye lighting up with enthusiasm, said:

"Well, I guess he's just a reg'lar feller."

And that is the world-characterisation of the Prince of Wales. In America he's just a "reg'lar feller," in England a "good sport"; and it is as such that we shall try to depict him in this story of his career.

We must tell you that this book has been written with a motto—a strict injunction which we have done our best to respect. "*Eschew fulsome flattery and cleave unto the truth*" was the advice given at the initial stages of this biography; and if this has been closely adhered to in the following pages, then the main object of this book has been attained.

But to write an accurate account of the career of a national figure possessing so many commendable characteristics as the Prince of Wales has not been an easy task. Fact cannot be honourably distorted, and a fair chronicle of the remarkable achievements of H.R.H. must, when carefully scrutinised and truly read, savour, in some respects, of eulogy.

However, while in many accounts of the heir to the British throne only laudatory "high-spots" in his career have been treated, the writers of this volume have been at some pains to discover and place on record those perhaps little-known and carefully disregarded human faults—if they can be called such—which, while being not generally known to the world, yet reveal H.R.H. as a very human young man and a flesh-and-blood individual indeed, in no way a paragon of all the virtues, in fact with as many failings as the rest of us.

Because nothing that is the fully authenticated truth (authenticated by representation to the Staff of H.R.H.) has been suppressed in this book, the writers claim that here, perhaps for the very first time, the "cold truth" about the Prince of Wales figures in cold print, and the world is given an even more intimate "close-up" of the eldest son of King George V than has ever been published.

Before proceeding further, however, it must be made clear that sensationalism does not figure in this story, mainly because there is nothing sensational to write about the Prince of Wales. Those, therefore, who have commenced to read hoping to be told for the first time Court secrets of an indiscreet nature are doomed to disappointment, because, as has already been clearly indicated, this is a true account of the life of H.R.H., and truth does not admit, in this case anyway, of revelations of an unsavoury character.

If, however, you would meet the Prince of Wales as he really is, hear his views on many and varied subjects, and see him both as a Prince of the Royal House of Windsor and as a very human young man; then it is possible that your commendable curiosity will be satisfied by this volume.

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Here is, first of all, a sharp "close-up" in words of the Prince of Wales. It is infinitely a platitude to say that the Prince of Wales is popular. It is not even a compliment; for are not newspapers, patent foods, varieties of sweetmeats and cigarettes—popular? One feels a certain reluctance to talk about the qualities which go to make up the attributes of a great English gentleman of the newer school; the old, coarse extravagance which used to be an essential of the type is

now "bad form," and is replaced by all the decencies. The unhappy biographer is faced therefore with innumerable difficulties in approaching His Royal Highness as a subject. There is no attribute upon which the discerning finger may be laid, as being the central motive-power of a good life; his excellence is as indefinable as is the charm of a lovely woman. One might attribute it to an enormous knowledge of psychology: he knows not merely the forms and manners of every society he visits, but also the soul of every crowd with which he is brought into contact; for, of course, as a Prince he is condemned to deal with humanity not as individuals but as crowds. But this implies rather too conscious a striving on the part of the Prince; whereas the skill is patently unconscious, employed not by an effort of will but automatically, just as the most clumsy of us can, without thinking, carry out the complex business of so adjusting the tensions in innumerable muscles as to permit us to, say, stand upright. It would seem that dealing with people is as natural to the Prince as is running to a greyhound. Consider the difficulty of it: most of us find it impossible consistently to be charming to one person; a very few have power to charm a small circle; H.R.H., however, contrives to be charming to the whole world! And yet, in face of his heavy programme of engagements, he can always find time to visit and to thank personally individuals who, in his opinion, have done service to mankind.

Picture an ancient English city bright with ephemeral decorations, its streets lined by immense crowds; an ubiquity of press photographers; mounted police keeping clear a narrow ribbon of road; a growing volume of cheering; a large motor-car bearing three or four persons; one of them a slim young man in uniform,

who salutes gravely as he passes on: this is the setting in which most of us take our first glimpse of the Prince as he goes to perform what must almost inevitably be an appallingly boring ceremony.

Visualise, again, a base hospital in France: a distinguished visitor walks through the wards; tactful efforts are being made to distract his attention from a certain bed, carefully screened; to his inquiry it is answered that the case is—unsightly. He passes behind the screen, where lies a man hopelessly, horribly shattered. The Prince stands a moment in silence, raises his hand to the salute, then bends and lightly kisses the agony-riven brow.

A greyish, drizzling day in Leicestershire; a few groups of mackintosh-clad figures are scattered around a Hunt steeplechase course. Four horses rise, almost together, at a stiff fence; one of them falls, throwing the already mud-spattered figure of its rider; people dash forward anxiously, but the jockey, unaided, rises; catches his horse, remounts, and rides on: the Prince has taken a toss.

In an Indian city, a State equipage rolls to a great function. Sixty thousand Hindus of the lowest caste of all, the scorned of scavengers, the ultimate Outcastes, have gathered in a half-dazed mob, to see from afar something too bright and great to deign to notice them; their greeting a more reverent sound than a cheer. A white figure stands up in the carriage and, with an undreamed-of condescension, brings his hand to the salute: His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has saluted the Untouchables!

The Prince is visiting a great and friendly country; he drives through cheering crowds in New York, wearing the uniform of a British Army Officer, and carrying a malacca cane; so charming and boyish does he appear

that crowds of women pelt him with roses. Embarrassed but smiling, he turns to Viscount Grey at his side. "I know now what it feels like to be a bride!"

Who but a master of crowd-psychology could, being, as he was, a Prince of a ruling house, have taken part in a great *Labour Day procession* in Ottawa? For whom else would strikers, fighting a sullen battle against their masters, have manned and run a special railway-train, in order that he might move expeditiously from one great city to another?

His appearance of slim, blond youth is familiar to everyone, whether from actual sight of him or from the innumerable photographs which flood the illustrated Press. His photographs, as a matter of fact, do not as a rule convey a real impression of him, however technically excellent they may be; they cannot show the mobility of his face; too vivacious ever to be at its best in the bonds of an artificial repose. He is a little less than average height, but this fact is rarely noticeable, because of his excellently masculine and properly self-possessed bearing; even when walking beside men considerably taller than himself, he never looks insignificant. Perhaps rather too much has been made of his shyness; a young man may be allowed without comment a little occasional nervousness in the presence of tremendously imposing ceremonial, and H.R.H. is by no means deficient in *savoir-faire*.

Like most other young Englishmen of his type, he works really hard, plays really hard, dresses well but never extravagantly, and has a wholesome contempt for sycophants and flatterers. His conduct when at home in London is directed by his personality; he employs his own methods of working; he accepts or rejects the proposals made to him on their own merit; he deviates from his original programme if circumstances

warrant, and he rarely hesitates to cancel a private engagement if a more important function demands his presence. During, for instance, a very harassing part of one of the Prince's tours in the east of England, news reached him that his brother the Duke of Gloucester had been suddenly indisposed by an attack of influenza, and would be unable to attend and speak at a dinner for which he had made definite arrangements. On hearing this, the Prince of Wales, at great personal inconvenience, motored over to take Prince Henry's place at the dinner, and, though he did not think he would be able to return in time to complete his own ceremony, he motored back without rest and thus kept intact his own over-full programme.

One hesitates to call the Prince of Wales a "leader of fashion"—in fact one can quite easily visualise his manly disgust should such a title ever be applied to him in his own hearing. It is a remarkable truism, however, that for perhaps the first time in history the men of the world have submitted to the sartorial dictates of another male, for the Prince of Wales has, on several occasions, revolutionised the correctness of male attire by flying away from all convention and adopting a style of his own—not in any way to be conspicuous or to "set a new fashion," but simply because his tastes and inclinations have led him in that direction. Trivial enough, perhaps, this very characteristic shows us the originality and lack of conventional restraint which on occasion H.R.H. permits himself.

One has heard the Prince called the best-dressed man in the world; this, of course, is an exaggeration, and he has certainly no ambition to aspire to that dubious distinction. He dresses really well—Englishmen have the reputation of dressing better than do the males of other nations—but very good taste is not permitted

to stray in the direction of extravagance. The rumour, for instance, as to his possession of a number of lounge suits to the order of fifty is, of course, the merest *canard*. It is, however, true that His Royal Highness has appeared at a reception wearing a pullover with a dinner-jacket; which is, though novel, not perhaps so startling a piece of sartorial heterodoxy as was that of King Edward when he appeared wearing trousers creased at the sides! A fashion led by the Prince, in which he has been nearly universally imitated, is that of appearing without gloves in the ballroom and at dinner.

It has always been a source of wonder that the Prince does not suffer physically from the really enormous strenuousness of his life. It would be absurd to say that he possesses such vitality that he never feels the strain which is imposed upon him; there are times when he is as sick and tired as any other hard worker, and when he has to allow his doctors to take him over; but the fact remains that the Prince does possess a fundamentally strong constitution. He has often been compared with his brother the Duke of York, whom he remarkably resembles in features and in build. But here the likeness ends, for the Duke of York is at once more studious and less gregarious than his elder brother. The Duke has not had the same opportunities as has the Prince to widen his vision and introduce him to a galaxy of human types. Both the Princes, however, have fulfilled their slightly diverse rôles in styles peculiar to themselves.

The Prince of Wales, as Heir Apparent to the Throne, has naturally decided ideas upon the future of Royalty. The House of Windsor has never been more firmly established than it is to-day; yet, even taking into account the Englishman's notorious dislike for changes

in anything, from Imperial constitutions to the breakfast menu, this solidity has only been made possible for the Throne by the personal qualities of our ruler and of his family. King George V has already earned the gratitude of his millions of subjects; his simple characteristics and warm earnestness are well known; and the Prince of Wales will, without question, make as good a King as has his father. Yet he is a King, not of the past, but of the future. The strenuous training he is to-day undergoing is fitting him especially, as no other training could, for the future position of King of England. It requires only a very little intelligence to see that the Youth of Britain is moving in a world entirely different from that of their elders, constrained only by the realisation of their immaturity from attempting to put into practice the ideas they hold; soon, the youth of to-day will be the middle-aged backbone of England. They will be able to realise their ideals; and their leader will be the Prince of Wales!

One of the most remarkable developments noticeable in His Royal Highness after the War was the unfolding of a pronounced business acumen, a heritage from King George, who is himself a very business-like man in private life. It is possibly this "business" bent in the Prince which appeals so much to the Great American Public. They can, of course, admire personal qualities as sincerely as can the people of England; but first and foremost they are apt to judge—possibly justly—a man's worth to his country by his commercial prowess. When the American people saw that H.R.H. Prince Edward of Wales was a keen business man and a shrewd employer of labour, their abstract admiration became linked with concrete respect. They recognise in him one of the most efficient commercial ambassadors in the world—a side of the Prince's activities to

which English people devote too little attention. His organisation, for example, of his estates in his Duchy of Cornwall was as thoroughly sound a piece of business as could possibly be wished for. The Prince has gained a popularity far broader than that enjoyed by any other European Prince—a popularity of which he is justly proud, but the reason for which he appears to be at a loss to understand; yet he has indeed a price to pay for it. He can rarely find the opportunity of snatching those sweet hours of comfortable solitude so dear to the heart of every man who knows the strain of hard work.

A matter on which His Royal Highness has perhaps most plainly demonstrated his ideas of the position of Royalty in a new world is that of marriage. It is quite safe to say that the most generally interesting announcement that could possibly be made would be that of the impending marriage of the Prince of Wales. When it became known to him that rumour and gossip were current respecting his "overdue" marriage, he had the courage—and it needed courage—to emphasise the fact that he had no wish to marry in any direction but that which his heart might dictate. By his proper insistence on the right of every man to choose his own bride he has won the people of England so much to his point of view that to-day, although there are few of us who would not be really delighted to read of his engagement, we cannot but admit that the fixing of his wedding-day is a matter for his own discretion.

His only sister, Princess Mary, is never tired of telling her favourite brother, "David," that he needs a woman to "look after him"—this doubtless on those occasions when H.R.H. humorously deploras the fact that only on very rare occasions are his "bachelor quarters" at York House enlivened by a female voice.

Since his own marriage the Duke of York often pulls his brother's leg about his continued state of single blessedness. The Prince, having made an appointment at Windsor Castle to ride with the Duke of York early one morning, was kept waiting some time after the agreed hour by his brother. When he did arrive and took his horse from the waiting groom, the Prince of Wales shook his riding-crop waggishly at him and said:

"That's the worst of you married men—you always keep fellows waiting."

As a matter of fact, when at his London home of York House, His Royal Highness himself has no fixed hours of rising and retiring, which are solely dependent upon his engagements for the day. It is, however, usually impossible for him to retire very early, for when in London he has many functions to attend, so that, contrary to the opinion held by many, he is often retiring to bed in the early hours of the morning.

Certain habits, however, are strictly adhered to; the Prince keeps himself fit by physical exercises, before-breakfast walks—often with "Cora," his Cairn terrier—drill with Indian clubs, and cold baths. The Prince is allowed the utmost freedom, of course, although for obvious reasons a certain amount of supervision is necessary. When the Prince carries out his tours in England, it is usual for only one of his staff, generally the equerry on duty, to accompany him. On Empire and foreign tours it is of course necessary that a very much larger staff accompanies him.

The Prince of Wales is a member of several Clubs, including the Bath Club, the Marlborough, the Guards', the Naval and Military, the United Services, the Caledonian, Union, and Boodle's. The first named probably sees much more of him than the others; mainly because of its facilities for squash rackets and swim-

ming. He has a perpetual fear of putting on superfluous flesh. Once, when learning under Sandy Herd to play golf, his tutor, seeing that the Prince's stance was too upright, asked him to "tuck his tummy in."

"Sandy," replied the Prince, "that's the first time I've been told I had one!"

The Prince's love of outdoor games is well known; he has taken part in most, from the democratic "soccer" to polo. Indoor games, even billiards and cards, however, have not the least fascination for him. Unlike his grandfather, King Edward, who found great pleasure in baccarat, and his father, King George, who enjoys a bridge party, the Prince finds that cards are slow; but possibly this dislike is at least partly attributable to the detestation he feels for the vitiated atmosphere and close confinement which invariably accompany these games. It is, however, recorded that he has played "crown and anchor"—in a dug-out in France!

The Prince's possession of a ranch in Canada has been the occasion for much publicity and some scepticism. It is, as a matter of fact, an absolutely genuine business proposition, provided with an eye to disposal of surplus stock from his own farms on the Duchy estates. These herds, bred from the best English cattle, are proving valuable to the Dominion breeders. Every head on the Prince's ranch is for sale, and cattlemen are at liberty to inspect and to purchase stock from the E.P. Ranch at reasonable market prices. The ranch, of course, also serves the purpose of a holiday home for the Prince, and the real change provided by it on the occasions, both few and short, on which he has been able to visit it has been much appreciated and of great value in affording a chance of true relaxation from the cares of State.

Perhaps the best known of the multifarious activities of the Prince are his tours abroad. Never undertaken without a very definite object and a very rigid programme, they must in no sense be regarded as holidays, except perhaps for the opportunities for rest on the actual voyage to the sphere of action. Tours involving very many thousands of miles of often arduous and frequently uninteresting travel have been undertaken—to Canada, Australia, the Orient, Africa, and South America. These tours will be dealt with separately and in full in later chapters; the reason for allusion to them now is the desire to emphasise the strictly utilitarian ends to which all the activities of the Prince are directed. All the tours are undertaken as service to the Empire, and it is indubitable that their success has been very great.

We have, in this introduction been concerned only to indicate roughly the Prince as he is to-day—a popular and hard-working young man. In later chapters the circumstances of his birth, the details of his education and training, of his War services, of his work for ex-servicemen and as “Ambassador of Empire,” will be dealt with more fully. The knowledge that everyone knows “all about” the Prince is no help, but is rather a hindrance to the biographer; it is difficult to steer a course between wearisome recapitulation of details and events already absolutely common knowledge on the one hand, and the airy taking for granted of too much on the other. However, it is hoped that the conscientious giving of all reasonable detail will combine with an ideal of broad impressionism to give some appreciable picture of the personality of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

CHAPTER ONE

THE BIRTH OF A PRINCE

AT White Lodge, Richmond, on one peaceful midsummer eve in June 1894, "*Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York was safely delivered of a son at 10 o'clock,*" to use the words in which the news of the event was telegraphed by the then Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, to the Lord Mayor of London for proclamation to the people of the City.

The birth of a baby is always an event of moment, and when that baby happens to be a Royal Prince and the heir to a great Empire it becomes an event not only of national but international importance. On this occasion, therefore, it is not surprising that the little house in the middle of the green oaks of Richmond Park became for many days the hub of the world's interest and the converging point for receipt of literally tens of thousands of congratulatory telegrams and cablegrams.

The birth of the baby Prince was momentous also in the fact that for the first time in history a Queen had lived to see three generations of her line, and to have her eyes and heart gladdened by the sight of a *great-grandchild*. The series of events following the birth of he who is now the Prince of Wales are of interest inasmuch as they had never before been witnessed in English history. It is not hard to visualise the scene in White Lodge, Richmond, on this twenty-third day of June 1894.

Outside the house a small collection of men might have been seen standing conversing in low tones, every now and then casting questioning glances towards the brilliantly lighted windows of the Royal residence. They were representatives of the world's Press waiting

for the word that the child had been born and that it was—a boy or a girl?

A quarter of a mile away, at East Sheen Post Office, a large crowd had collected, for it was known that a special telephone line had been connected to White Lodge in case emergencies should arise; and it was also certain that first word of the safe birth of the baby Prince (or Princess?) would leak out from this quarter.

In the quietness of White Lodge itself, a pleasant but comparatively small residence used at that time by the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Duke of York (now King George V) paced restlessly in the large book-lined room at the right of the entrance-hall which afterwards became known as "Papa's Room." His features were just beginning to relax from the tenseness which anxiety for his beloved "May" had caused. Only a few days previously the gay-spirited Princess had been enjoying to the full her usual open-air, care-free, happy life. Her delightfully sweet but never particularly strong voice—trained so assiduously by the patient Signor Foli—which had blithely carolled had for the past few days been silenced. The anxious fears and unspoken hopes of the Duke, since the first whispers went round of the approaching important event, had now been resolved. Danger was past, he had been given a son!

A footman entered and handed him a telegram. It was from Her Majesty the Queen, expressing the greatest delight at the news. It was then that His Royal Highness the Duke of York (afterwards H.M. King George V) realised that his son would, in the long years to come, reign over the vast Empire—the vastness and glory of which he was soon to see in its entirety for himself. The ageing Queen had not hidden her own hopes

that the child would be a boy. It is perhaps a sad thought that this young, innocent baby, whose "fine, powerful lungs" (as his great-grandmother called them) could be heard indistinctly exercising themselves from a near-by room, had, from this moment, inherited one of the heaviest responsibilities that can fall to man's lot—to be a ruler of men.

In the Duchess's room all was quiet and peaceful; elsewhere in White Lodge there was hushed though evident excitement. Nurses glided rather than walked through the corridors, and vanished quickly on encountering the Royal father anxious for news of the progress of his beloved "May" and the baby Prince. Hourly the telephone bell rang and news of the welfare of mother and child was asked for by Her Majesty the Queen.

In a large room on the ground-floor nine secretaries busily handled the avalanches of telegrams of congratulation which were pouring in from every corner of the globe. One, received from the crew of the cable-laying steamer *Faraday* working in mid-Atlantic, who had picked up the news over the unfinished line, was referred personally to the Duke of York and was replied to by his own hand.

Then callers began to arrive. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (soon to be King Edward VII), jubilant in his new rôle of "grandfather," quickly followed in person his own congratulatory telegram, and wrung the Duke of York warmly by the hand and asked to see the Duchess and the child.

At St. Paul's Cathedral the Canon closed the Sunday morning service with a few reverent words, words for which the congregation had been waiting expectantly:

"There has been born, by the goodness of God, a

great-grandson to our Sovereign, a son to the Duke of York, an heir to sit, if it so please God, in years to come, upon the Throne of this Realm. There is joy in that Royal household which finds a responsive echo in every true English heart."

While later in the day the Canon echoed the same theme:

"Now, in the opening days of Her Majesty's fifty-eighth year of sovereignty, the Queen can look upon a sight no other Sovereign of these realms has looked upon—a son, a grandson, a great-grandson, all in the direct line of succession to her Throne."

When the fever of excitement was beginning to cool down, interest was kindled afresh by the Queen's expected visit to White Lodge. Large crowds assembled at Richmond Station to cheer as the special train steamed in from Windsor, then lined the roads to greet Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Cesarevitch (how tragically future history dealt with this Prince!), Princess Alix of Hesse, and the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg (how we recall the heroic death of Prince Maurice of Battenberg, who died within a week from wounds received in the Great War near Ypres-sur-Marne, October 27th, 1914, whilst serving with the King's Royal Rifles!).

The Queen remained over an hour, and though she rarely allowed herself to demonstrate any emotion, either in private or public, the tears trickled slowly down her cheeks as she took the baby Prince tenderly into her arms.

"Oh! you little darling," she cried ecstatically, and pinched his little cheek playfully as he sent up a wail of protest at being taken up by this strange lady who smelt so sweetly of lavender. Her eyes wet with tears but her face wreathed in happy smiles, Queen Victoria returned

the baby Prince to the attendant nurse, and bending over the Duchess, kissed her tenderly.

As the Queen talked gently with her granddaughter, she recalled the first few years of her own happy married life, and her face grew sad.

But sorrow could have no place in White Lodge at this happy time, and Her Majesty instantly requested that a photograph should be taken of the four generations. Her subjects were delighted when the prints of this portrait were circulated, and in many a humble parlour a place of honour on the wall was given to this unique picture of the solidity of the English Throne.

But the birth of a Royal Prince, especially when he is heir to the Throne, must inevitably influence history, and thus we must draw a curtain upon the country's rejoicing and look at the country itself, for its impending change had a great effect upon the upbringing of the infant Prince.

At the time of the birth of the future Prince of Wales the Victorian era was already drawing to a close, irrespective of the near end of Her Majesty's reign. Gladstone, the G.O.M., had given his best years and was peacefully spending the evening of his life watching political events from his arm-chair; Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Salisbury were passing the zenith of their parliamentary careers. A century of important, history-making events and outstanding men was giving way swiftly to a problematic age in which, apparently, there were no great men, yet the shadow of a thousand difficulties, both to the British Empire and the world, was looming vaguely into view. It was a critical period—this at which the young Prince was born; and no one knew this better than his near relatives.

For hundreds of years Royalty had been taken for granted as a necessity of the British Constitution, but

now there were murmurs in the land—only murmurs, but they were the herald of a cry which later was to amplify into a howl of discordant discontent in Russia and other European countries and the Far East. Queen Victoria was still alive, and there were long years between the baby Prince and the Throne of England. The destiny perhaps of the whole world would rest upon how this Royal child conducted his life. Little wonder, therefore, that the Churches prayed that the Royal child should be able to carry on in future years the traditions which undoubtedly his grandfather and his father would when they came to reign over the Empire.

The happiest feature of the Prince's birth, and one which augured well for the future, was the fact that he was really English. Was it not true that his father and mother were to be, afterwards, the first King and Queen both born in England for over three hundred years?

By this time the two Houses of Parliament had prepared a motion to the Queen—"that an humble Address be presented to Her Majesty to congratulate Her Majesty on the birth of a son and heir to H.R.H. the Duke and H.R.H. the Duchess of York."

In the House of Lords the resolution was moved amidst awe-inspiring silence by Lord Rosebery and seconded by Lord Salisbury. In the Lower House Sir William Harcourt moved, almost gaily, the resolution, and Mr. Balfour, more sedate, seconded. There were cheers and cries of "God Save the Queen," when suddenly, amidst the excitement, a dour figure arose. It was Keir-Hardie, the famous Socialist member for West Ham, and he dissented from the resolution on principle. In a dry, unemotional voice, the one dissentient against the congratulatory address stated: "The assumption

was that the newly born child would be called upon, some day, to reign over this great Empire. But, up to the present, we have no means of knowing his qualifications or fitness. From his childhood, this boy would be surrounded by sycophants and flatterers by the score, and would be taught to believe himself as of a superior creation. A line would be drawn between him and the people he would be called to rule over. In due course he would be sent round on a world tour, and a morganatic alliance would follow, and the end of it all would be that the country would have to foot the bill."

There were loud cries of "Order," and Mr. Hardie was scarcely allowed a hearing, so loyal was the feeling in the country towards the Throne.

But the late Mr. Keir-Hardie's outburst was only representative of the trend of the gradually changing national feeling towards Royalty brought about by the influx into this country of German Princes and Princelings. The Socialist member had no grievance against the infant son of the Duke of York himself, as indeed later he made a sincere confession that he was very grieved that he had caused any individual member of the Royal Family pain or annoyance. If he could have lived to see how the infant Prince, upon whose future he had generalised so unfairly and ungenerously, contradicted daily his prophecy, he would have been one of the first to acknowledge the sterling qualities of His Royal Highness.

Such was the birth of the Prince who has since earned for himself a niche in the history of the world without comparison amongst his peers of the past.

Step by step in the following chapters you will be able to trace his career and watch the gradual development of the character of the young man who shoulders

greater responsibility to-day than any other Royal Prince. The life-story of His Royal Highness Edward Prince of Wales is, in fact, a perfect object-lesson in the making of a future King.

CHAPTER TWO

THE PRINCE OF "WAILS"

OF all the six children of Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary of England, Edward Prince of Wales was by far the most troublesome as a small baby. His lungs were both "large and vigorous," as his grandfather the late King Edward VIII used often to remark; but although there were times no doubt when White Lodge would have been more peaceful without the musical solos of the healthy young Prince, none of his Royal relations had any but admiring words for his strength both of voice and robust young limbs.

The Duke and Duchess of York spent most of their spare hours with their first-born, and there were occasions when the Duchess would discover her husband making surreptitious visits to the nursery when she had thought him very much occupied with the duties of Royalty.

During the first few weeks of convalescence, beautiful, happy "Princess May's" knitting needles seldom ceased to click, and occasionally mysterious parcels arrived from the Queen and the Princess of Wales, which on being opened revealed sundry warm articles of baby raiment. Some of these tiny garments are still treasured by Queen Mary, and, when produced on rare occasions and shown to tease the Prince of Wales, call for jocular contempt on his part, for His Royal Highness possesses the truly masculine derision for his own baby days. Not so his mother, however, who likes nothing better than to grow reminiscent over the childhood days of her now grown-up children.

The birth of a son to Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York had hardly ceased to be a

source of jubilation to the general public when the Royal Family found itself faced with a new and difficult problem.

Three weeks after the birth of the Prince, Queen Victoria summoned the members of the Royal Family to a consultation to discuss the question of naming the little Prince. Naturally, there must be some attempt made, for political and national reasons, to endow the child with Christian names which might satisfy the great numbers of subjects over whom Prince Edward would some day rule. Then, too, there must be taken into consideration the differing choices of the immediate Royal Family circle. Already Queen Victoria desired that the infant should bear the name Albert; it is of sad interest to know that Her Gracious Majesty decided this after the birth of each of her grandsons (with one or two notable exceptions).

It was, however, well known that other members of the Royal Family did not entirely agree with the wisdom of commemorating the death of the noble Prince Consort in this patronymic manner. The Prince's grandfather, "Good old Teddy" as he liked to hear himself called by his subjects, was also anxious, for reasons not unconnected with State, to hand down to his grandson some of the popularity with which he had endowed the name—the late King Edward VII was nothing if not sagacious; while it was only natural, and his mother's wish, that "George," his father's name, should be passed on to the eldest son. Both the name and the personality of Prince George had been very popular before he had attained promotion from his courtesy title of Prince; then, too, St. George was the Patron Saint of England! The Princess of Wales also had another favourite name—Christian—her own father's name, which she would like to see bestowed upon her little grandson.

And so the future heir to the Throne was, three days later, baptised as Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David. The laudable addition of the three national names, representing Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, satisfied everyone!

At the special request of Queen Victoria, the christening of the young Prince was to be entirely free from the pomp and circumstance which is usually demanded by tradition of Royal ceremonies. It was to be a quiet family affair, and it had been arranged that the Queen, together with the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Teck, should act as godfathers and godmothers.

Certain traditions—family traditions—were to be observed, however, as for instance the use of the historic gold bowl which was to serve as a font and which was especially transported from Windsor Castle to White Lodge for the event. All the Queen's ancestors born in England had been christened in this gold bowl for three centuries since the reign of Edward VI.

A christening-cake, which the good ladies of Cheltenham had subscribed for between themselves, was delivered at White Lodge, as were also two others. The official cake, measuring 30 inches high and with a circumference of over 5 feet, was specially made by the well-known Edinburgh firm of McVitie & Price. It was magnificently ornamented with the Royal Arms, arms of the Duke of York, arms of the City of Edinburgh, and embellished by York roses. On the top a tiny cradle was mounted, to which were attached emblems of the Union Jack and the Royal Standard.

The baptism took place in the drawing-room of the Lodge, a large room about 17 yards by 10, from which practically the whole of the furniture had been removed in order that the witnesses of the ceremony could be

comfortably accommodated. The hall outside, which leads up to the room by a few steps, was a mass of flowers of all kinds. From the window of the baptismal room the green magnificence of Richmond Park met the eye.

The golden font was placed close by the window, for it was a dull and showery day.

It is a fact worthy of notice that all the materials used in the ceremony were of British manufacture, and nothing would have pleased the infant Prince more, we can be assured, could he have voiced his impressions, than this tribute to his own "Englishness." The exquisitely designed font stood on a pedestal, over which had been thrown a scarlet cloth cover, and grouped round were the Queen—seated on a fauteuil—her tiny figure seemingly so insignificant, dressed as usual entirely in black, the Prince and Princess of Wales on either side of her, while the child's parents took their chairs near by. Occupying farther seats were the Duke and Duchess of Teck, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princes Adolphus, Francis, and Alexander of Teck, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Fife, Sir Charles Cust (King Edward's staunch friend and later King George's Equerry), Sir Francis de Winton, Lady Eva Greville, and the two doctors, John Williams and Frederick John Wadd, who had been present at the birth.

Into the midst of this homely—if so it may be called—assembly of Royalty entered the infant Prince in the gentle arms of his nurse, Mrs. Green, who placed him in Lady Eva Greville's arms (at which change the little Prince set up a wail that echoed throughout White Lodge), and she in turn approached Queen Victoria, who had risen to receive her great-grandchild. She noticed that a tribute had been paid to her own youth

by the fact that the lace shawl in which the baby was wrapped was a replica of the pattern of her own bridal veil.

The service was the same as that ordinarily used for the christening of children in private houses, although the water which the Archbishop of Canterbury sprinkled over the head of the three-weeks-old Prince was from a bottle, the contents of which had been brought over by the Duke of York two years previously as a memento of his visit to the River Jordan. The other officiating ministers were the Bishop of Rochester, Canon Dalton, and the Rev. the Hon. E. Carr Glyn. The ceremony lasted only a few minutes, and then the Prince was carried back to his cot, still shouting lustily, whilst the Queen and the Duchess of York and her mother took tea together in the green corridor.

In a large marquee, which had been specially erected to accommodate the guests who had attended at White Lodge, tea was served amidst jubilant and animated conversation, while the fortunate owners repeatedly glanced at the white cloth-bound copies of the Baptismal Service specially printed for the occasion and inscribed in gold letters, "White Lodge, July 16th, 1894"—souvenirs to cherish of the auspicious event.

Now that the Royal child had been christened, it had to be decided which of his various names should be selected for private use by his family. Already the official designation was Prince Edward Albert, and later, Edward only (the Prince now signs himself just "Edward P."); but for family purposes Albert recalled sad memories, so his mother chose David as the pet name for her first-born son, and by this ancient Welsh name he has always been known to his family, and is still called to-day.

Some few days after the christening ceremony, the Duke and Duchess of York, with the Royal baby, moved from White Lodge, which was the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck at that time, to York House, staying there until August 4th, 1894, when the Duchess of York, accompanied by her mother and Lady Eva Greville, left for St. Moritz, Switzerland, for a month's holiday of recuperation.

During his mother's absence the Royal Prince was taken back to White Lodge under the able care of his nurse, and the Duke, his devoted father, found time in between his various public duties to spend an hour or two each day with his young son.

He would arrive unannounced at White Lodge, and, without waiting for the nurses to be acquainted of his presence, would throw off his coat and hat and bound like an excited schoolboy up the stairs to the nursery and creep on tiptoe into the holy of holies sacred to the presence of his little son.

Sometimes the little Prince Edward would be having his evening bath, and nothing pleased the Duke of York more than to take the materials from the hands of the nurse and attend to the baby's ablutions himself. Whether these attentions were always appreciated by the little Prince is open to doubt, for no matter how willing or how Royal, a man cannot bath a small baby in as satisfactory a manner as a woman and a nurse.

With his beloved May away recuperating at St. Moritz, the Duke went a good way to spoiling the baby in the absence of its mother. Never a visit did His Royal Highness pay to his son without taking some small toy with which to gladden his little heart and in order to watch his gurgling delight.

At the end of August the Duke journeyed from Sandringham, the Royal estate in Norfolk, to York

House, London, to be ready to meet his wife the Duchess, who was expected to arrive from the Continent at any hour. Little David was also brought from White Lodge, so that his mother could see her baby at the first available moment.

An interesting sight was the reunion of the Royal mother and her child. She was so pleased with the way in which the young Prince had been cared for during her short absence that she presented the nurse, Mrs. Green, with a diamond and sapphire brooch and a gold brooch-locket containing a lock of her Royal charge's hair; while Queen Victoria sent her a valuable diamond and ruby brooch. The Prince's godparents also sent a silver cream-jug and sugar-basin.

Now followed an endless round of public duties for the Duke and Duchess, who, since the birth of David, were very much in demand at public functions, and their child had to be left in the very capable hands of its nurse, superintended by the Duchess of Teck.

Queen Victoria took a pathetic delight in showering the love which many thought had died with the Prince Consort upon her great-grandson, David. How many times she drove from Buckingham Palace and Windsor to the little nursery, or sent, when she could not leave the Palace, for the child to be brought to her! Her ministers would scarcely have recognised the regal little figure who could converse upon policies of State so acutely in the fond, soft-faced woman who petted and spoiled the little child of her children's children. It was not long before she had one of the most suitable rooms in Buckingham Palace converted into a nursery for these frequent and happy visits, and herself chose toys and playthings to gladden the young heart of the appreciative child.

This nursery at Buckingham Palace, not very far from the Queen's own boudoir, was sufficiently near for her Majesty to hear by opening her door the happy cries of the little Prince, and often the Queen would send for her great-grandson at tea-time, and, sitting him on her knee, feed him with sweet tea that was not always quite good for him.

The Prince of Wales does not look to-day as if any of these indulgences of his great-grandmother did him any harm, however! There is a story that Mr. Asquith once had an important document handed back to him by the Queen, bearing her signature, but also a number of marks which quite mystified that great politician, until a colleague at the Home Office suggested that it might have accidentally fallen into the hands of the little Prince Edward. Then the strange hieroglyphics resolved themselves into the faint resemblance to a pig with a curly-curly tail!

Perhaps the greatest treats that the little David enjoyed at the hands of his great-grandmother were those occasions when he was permitted to accompany the Queen on the little drives she took in the grounds of Buckingham Palace.

Towards the close of November 1895 the Queen went to Windsor Castle and a few days later had the young Prince David staying with her for over a week. Even when the Duchess of York, freed for a while from public duties, came to take charge of her baby, the Queen would have nothing but that the Duchess should stay on with her small son at the Castle for a little while longer. Considering how troublous were the times through which the Queen was passing, it is wonderfully human to note how many hours she was able to devote to her great-grandchildren.

On December 14th in the same year, the thirty-

fourth anniversary of the death of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort, and always considered an evil day for the Royal Family, the eighteen-months-old future King was given a little brother, our now popular Duke of York, known throughout Great Britain as the "Industrial Prince" on account of his interest in economic questions.

This happy event banished for all time the family's belief in superstition. Although the newcomer was joyfully received and endeared himself to everyone with his sunny disposition, contrary to the usual rules he did not usurp his elder brother's place as favourite, but supplemented it, and later, when there were five brothers, David was Albert's own hero.

Sixteen months afterwards Princess Mary was born, at York Cottage, Sandringham—an added jewel to the crown of the Duke and Duchess's happy married life and completing the "happy trio," as their grandmother, the Duchess of Teck, called them.

Gladstone, the G.O.M., writing to the late Lord Salisbury, says: "The event is of no direct political significance, but it is gratifying because it makes the direct line of succession to the Throne still more secure. The Duke and Duchess of York have already borne two sons, and perhaps for that reason this little daughter will be doubly welcome."

That the little Princess was welcome to David there is no doubt. It was not long before he found there was a great deal of fun to be obtained from sharing the toys which their father brought for him. Quickly he assumed the attitude and position of "big brother."

Sir Henry Lucy relates a very good story of little David's nursery days. "One day he and Albert romped into the guest's room and found there a visitor who had frequently interested the two children by her fairy-

stories. David, looking at his brother, demanded there and then a new story from the lady. The guest, however, was fully occupied for the moment and, not wishing to disappoint the Princes, suggested with sudden inspiration that David himself should tell his younger brother a story. The novelty of the idea struck David at once, and, after a brief pause, with his eyes fixed seriously in front of him, and his forehead wrinkled in deep thought, he began: 'Once upon a time there was an old couple who lived in a little cottage on the edge of a lonely moor. They were poor, oh! so poor, —they hadn't had anything to eat for a day and a half. The man heard his wife moaning.

" 'What's the matter with you?' he asked.

" 'I'm so hungry,' she replied, 'I hardly know what to do!'

" 'Very well,' said her husband, 'I'll see to it!'

" So he got up, rang the bell near at hand for the footman, and when he came he ordered him immediately to bring a plate of bread and butter! "

Whether or not little Albert enjoyed his brother's story no one will ever know, but by the happy expression on David's face he himself was very well pleased with his effort at original story-telling, and the lady had not the heart to point out to the youthful narrator that in a lonely cottage it was somewhat strange to find a bell so near at hand which would conveniently summon a powdered footman with a plate of bread and butter to avert imminent starvation.

David had a vivid imagination, however, which did not always take notice of practical matters, and his mother, observing this, and having a great belief (as her mother had) in kind discipline, saw to it that an able governess was appointed to introduce David to the elements of the "three r's." Despite some

natural hesitancy at discovering a yoke upon his time and energy, David soon took very kindly to his lessons, and, having a natural "inquisitiveness," progressed satisfactorily, though his mother shrewdly, seeing his love for games, used them to promote his interest in study by allowing him a proportionate indulgence in the one, dependent upon his progress in the other.

So many people are apt to think that it is unnecessary for Princes to learn anything except how to dress and how to conduct themselves in public, that it would surprise them if they could have seen the care which the Duchess took to ensure David obtaining a thorough foundation in the same lessons which we have all taken during our childhood.

A holiday was given David from his school-lessons on the birth of his next brother, Prince Henry, on the last day of March, 1900; and in the middle of December in the same year the little Prince heard for the first time that he was soon to lose his father and mother for a few months: they were to go on a long, long tour round the world.

This colonial tour had been contemplated by Queen Victoria for the past seven years, but had been postponed owing to several causes, and now the coming opening of the first Parliament of the Commonwealth of Australia and the great assistance given the Mother Country by Australia, New Zealand, and Canada during the South African War seemed to make it imperative.

Royal consent was given to the tour, and it can well be imagined that the father and mother of the young Princes and Princess Mary were saddened at the thought of the coming enforced separation from their beloved children.

Suddenly, in the midst of all the preparations for the

conditioning of the vessel *Ophir* which was to take the Duke and Duchess on their tour, the Queen fell seriously ill at Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and consternation reigned throughout England. As Her Majesty did not improve as the days went by, the whole of the British people—indeed, the whole world—waited anxiously for more hopeful news. But the great Queen's days were quickly passing; she had been overshadowed by heavy cares for over a year; round her sick-bed were the spirits of the bygone "Victorian" era. She knew that England was on the eve of a great change, and that she was too old now to be able ever to mould her country on the new lines that progress was demanding.

Little Prince David was one of the first to arrive at the bedside of his great-grandmother. On January 22nd, 1901, surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, the Queen passed away peacefully, at twilight.

The whole world was plunged into mourning, and the Duchess of York, gathering her children about her, extolled the virtues of their great-grandmother simply and without exaggerated grief, so that they would always carry with them the memory of England's greatest Queen. Little David felt the loss of his great-grandmother if anything more than his brothers and sister, for he had been closer to her during her last years than either his younger brother or sister. The little Prince felt the loss of the Queen so acutely, in fact, that it was some weeks before he could again settle down to his lessons and his carefully-ordered existence.

Five days afterwards, the Prince of Wales was proclaimed the Sovereign, to be known as King Edward the Seventh, "The Peacemaker," and on the same day the Duke and Duchess of York, together with their

children, arrived at York House from Sandringham. At Sandringham there had not been a great deal of room to spare for romping, but here David found scope for his tireless energy, and took great surreptitious delight in the long banisters of his new home for the purpose of discreet sliding.

In the meantime the proposed colonial tour of the Duke and Duchess of York had been again postponed, but on March 15th, 1901, the *Ophir* lay moored alongside the south jetty at Portsmouth, and in a few hours the father and mother of Prince David had set sail on their seven months' tour of the British Empire.

The farewells from her beloved children almost broke the Duchess's heart, so she said later. As a slight consolation, photographs of "David," "Bertie," and "Baby Mary" were hung in the Royal cabin. In the Duke's bedroom on board the *Ophir* was a portrait of Queen Alexandra and her grandson David, entitled "Grannie and Baby." The acute edge was taken off the parting, however, by King Edward's assurance that he would look after the children.

And King Edward kept his word!

A few weeks later we find the children being taken by their grandfather and grandmother to Sandringham—the country estate in Norfolk so beloved of King Edward, where they enjoyed themselves to the full in all manner of magic games known only to children. They were frequently given treats, besides, an outstanding one being when the children were taken by their Aunt Victoria to witness a grand Military Tournament at Islington in June.

This greatly delighted David, whose soul was already wrapped up in things naval and military. On this occasion nothing would satisfy him but that he must

claim the bearskin of one of the officers in attendance, and don this with cries of delight. His Royal aunt became so convulsed with laughter at the little fellow almost hidden in the great military bearskin that she could not be angry with her little nephew, and beyond retrieving the officer's bearskin for him and gently chiding the Prince, allowed him to continue his mischievous way.

Prince David was already fond of acrobating, and when he came back from the Tournament he at once thrilled his younger brother and sister (Henry was scarcely a year old) with acrobatic feats on the Royal furniture, which raised in little Princess Mary a wonderful admiration for his prowess, coupled with a "Mind, David, mind!" which showed a characteristic "motherly" concern for his bodily safety. (She was only four years old!)

On the last day of October in the same year the *Ophir* was again in the English Channel. There was a high sea running and the children on board the *Victoria and Albert* could not at first get near the *Ophir*, but another attempt was made some hours later and the two ships moored alongside each other.

Separated from the glittering Reception Committee stood three little figures waving frantically to "Papa" and "Mamma"—"so near and yet so far"—on the deck of the *Ophir*. They were "David," "Mary," and "Bertie," the Royal children.

When the gangway was fixed, these three little personages became very mystified by the fact that they had to wait until the official welcomes were over before they could run to their parents and be drawn into their embrace. And what a meeting it was! Tears of happiness sparkled in the eyes of the Princess of Wales at the reunion, and until the *Victoria and Albert* docked

at Portsmouth the three young ones did not leave the side of their returned parents.

But now the fond mother saw that her son David had grown beyond the age for a governess, and on the return of the family to York House arrangements were made for the little Prince Edward to have a tutor. Thus advanced the career of the now Prince of Wales another milestone.

As the years passed, the Princess of Wales discovered that "David" developed the usual propensities for mischief in a small boy "full of beans." There were times when his governess found her Royal charges—"David," "Mary," and "Bertie"—something of a handful, and stories of pranks played by the three Royal children are often fondly recalled to-day by Her Majesty the Queen.

Sometimes, for instance, when lesson-time came for the little Prince David, his governess would find him missing from the nursery. On such occasions the subsequent hue and cry would reveal "David" hiding in the bedroom of his mother, either in one of the capacious wardrobes or under the bed. Then the Princess of Wales would become stern and forbidding to the young truant, and when David was very very naughty the rod was not spared, and he was corrected in summary and painful fashion. Often, however, after giving him a good talking-to, the Princess would ask his governess to give him a day's holiday.

In the various escapades of the "naughty trio" David was always the ringleader, and there are those who recall many amusing incidents which took place at York House during the childhood of Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the Princess Mary.

One favourite trip of "David" and "Bertie" was

to steal from their beds on the occasion of a ball being held by their Royal parents, and, loaded with wet sponges from the bathroom, creep along the gallery that circled the ballroom and drop these wet sponges on the sitting-out couples, and then scamper back to bed well satisfied with their evening's work.

It is therefore of interest to note that the gradual development of His Royal Highness's character was prefaced by all the healthy boyish delinquencies to be found in youth and which formed a foundation to the clear understanding of children which is one of his most attractive attributes to-day.

CHAPTER THREE

"WHEN I WAS A KID . . ."

WITH the death of Queen Victoria the young Prince Edward quickly transferred his adoring affection to his grandmother Queen Alexandra, and she, if anything, consciously or unconsciously followed in the footsteps of Queen Victoria by spending more hours than she could perhaps spare with her eldest grandchild.

"Grandma said I could do it" became a favourite excuse proffered by David to his mother when he was caught doing something which had brought reproof down on his head.

On his mother asking Queen Alexandra, "Did you say David could do so-and-so?", the Queen would smilingly and perhaps a little sheepishly reply that she had given the necessary permission, thus saving her favourite grandchild from a scolding.

The young Prince treasured the moments spent with his grandmother as much as those happy hours he used to spend at Buckingham Palace with the Great Queen.

On one occasion Queen Alexandra while at Sandringham was taking the little Prince Edward out for a drive in her landau, when suddenly he jumped up and pointed to a collection of school-children who were holding an impromptu cricket match.

"Grandma, look," he cried. "May I go and play too?"

But "Grandma" shook her head negatively, and so the little Prince had to continue his drive with many wistful glances backward. On the return journey the Queen stopped her carriage to call and see one of the villagers in whom she had taken an interest for many

years. The little Prince she left in the carriage in charge of the attendant footmen.

When Her Majesty emerged from the cottage some quarter of an hour later, it was to find the little Prince missing, and after glancing round she saw a very distressed footman expostulating with Prince Edward, who was trying to induce the small cricket team that had previously inspired his interest to allow him to join the game. They, however, knowing his quality, stood back rather frightened and respectful. Smiling slightly, Queen Alexandra relieved the unhappy footman of his mischievous charge and carried "David" back, much abashed, to the carriage. The drive home was a silent one and was only broken by a whispered request from the little Prince:

"Please, Grandma, don't tell Mamma!"

Although the young Prince enjoyed himself to the full in his boyhood, spending his time between Frogmore (near Windsor), York Cottage, Sandringham, and Marlborough House, London, there were times, without doubt, in even those care-free days, when he felt the irksome pressure of sterner duties which were soon to cut short his boyhood days. On one early occasion when standing beside his father, who was reviewing troops, sheer physical fatigue made him drop his little arm from the salute, but a look from his father brought his hand quickly back to his forehead. But even though from the time he first was given into the care of his tutor, Mr. Hansell, he was being prepared for a wider life than could be obtained within the shelter of the Royal residences, the boy Prince made the most of every hour of his existence, and since the possession of his first cricket bat and tennis racket he has always been devoted to every kind of sport.

Queen Mary is responsible for his love of tennis—

a game at which he is extraordinarily proficient, but which of late years has been somewhat neglected in favour of golf, hunting, and point-to-point racing. The Duchess of York (now Queen Mary) was passionately fond of the game, and had special courts laid on which the Royal children practised. It must be admitted that in these days "David" put more force into his play than skill, as his father learnt one day to his cost when a tennis ball came through the window of his study at York Cottage and played havoc on his writing-table. When the Duke went in search of the offender, he was nowhere to be found.

His sister Mary was at that time much more proficient at the game, and to-day owes her skill to the coaching of Mrs. Lambert Chambers.

The now Prince of Wales was always the leading spirit in the games of the Royal children. Cycling, particularly, was a favourite pastime of his, and he submitted his "Rudge" to the most strenuous tests. Many were the races which he arranged—of course, not exactly with his mother's consent, or knowledge at times! The "Ascot Cycle Stakes," for instance, held during an early Ascot week to celebrate perhaps his first bet at Ascot, was calculated to disturb the peace of mind of any mother. During this particular race the fresh-complexioned young Prince pedalled like fury to make up the start which, chivalrously, he had allowed his sister, Mary; but for once, like his fancied horse, he too was an "also ran." Indeed, though the eldest, the Prince did not, of course, always "come in first" in the races he planned, and it is interesting to note that in youthful athletic attainments Princess Mary proved more of a rival than his brother Albert.

Another favourite pastime of the Royal children at Sandringham was to play "follow-my-leader" on their

bicycles, pedalling in and out of the flower-beds. "David" invariably led, with Princess Mary close behind and Prince Albert in the rear.

Owing to the fact that the flower-beds usually suffered, during the playing of this thrilling game, since "spills" were common and the levelling to the ground of carefully tended flowers by the weight of the riders and bicycles, no matter how Royal, did not add to their beauty, it was only when parents and governesses were out of the way that the "happy trio" could indulge in this most favourite of sports.

Prince Edward was always ready to admit his sister's superiority in many ways. He had a wholesome admiration for her cleverness both in lessons and sports over his possibly more brilliant and impetuous, though sometimes less well thought-out achievements. The little Prince, however, had even then a characteristic which as you read this biography will again and again be in evidence throughout his life. It has always been with him what may be called, to use his own favourite expression, "neck or nothing." This was especially obvious in the various escapades connected with his boyhood.

The story is told of an adventure which very well illustrates this characteristic trait of the Prince. During an official visit to Bangor University, by David's strategy the young Prince and his sister Mary escaped from the Royal party just as the climax of interest was reached in the Royal speech-making, to explore a near-by tower which had caught their interest. Little Princess Mary, however, began to grow timid as they neared the top, for she was beginning to realise the enormity of their offence in breaking away from the ceremony, as she had a wholesome respect for parental authority. Her elder brother also respected authority, but his love of

adventure got the better of him on this occasion, and he assured his companion that, having gone so far, they might as well "be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." Reaching the top of the tower, they looked down on the brilliant assemblage below. Unhappily the crowd spotted them, and the enthusiastic pointing upward caused the Royal party to glance at the top of the tower, and before David and Mary could hide they were spotted. A few minutes later an equerry fetched them to "face the music" before their parents!

Parental chastisement, however, was never administered merely because of the breaking of some point of Royal etiquette, for the Duke and Duchess of York brought up their family in an atmosphere of remarkable simplicity, observing all that was best and most suitable in the traditions of English family life. "David" was expected to conduct himself the same as would the scion of any well-bred family, and so was not debarred from participation in games, sports, and adventures which would have appeared at some Continental Courts to be "too democratic."

From his earliest days he and his brother Albert fished, climbed, played "one-wicket cricket," and took swimming lessons like all other healthy youngsters.

So far the Prince's education had been entrusted to Madame Bricka, the governess-companion of his own mother, the late Mr. H. G. Hua, French tutor (of Eton), and Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, the famous expert in folk-lore, song, and dancing, who ably undertook his social education and assisted as a coach in games. (It is interesting to know that in 1928 the "Cecil Sharp" Fund was inaugurated to provide a national headquarters for the folk-music, country dances, and other traditional arts of the English people.)

"David" was only allowed one servant, Mr. Frederick

Finch, who acted as a valet and who later became His Royal Highness's "batman" in France during the Great War. To-day Mr. Finch is Steward of York House, the Prince of Wales's London residence.

King George has been given too little credit for the part he played in forming the character of the Prince of Wales. He paid the closest attention to the way in which his eldest son acquitted himself in this elementary schooling, but did not use the lever of reminding the young boy of his position to enforce a strict attention to his lessons.

In this respect the primary education of the Prince was unique. Both Queen Victoria and King Edward had from their earliest days been brought up on the assumption, and with constant reminders, that they would probably be rulers, and consequently, in the ordinary sense of the word, never enjoyed a natural youth.

Little news of the great outside world entered the happy life which the Prince and his sister and brothers were enjoying until the news came round the "nursery" that King Edward, their grandfather, was to be crowned King of England. The governess had already instructed her Royal charges in the elements of the British Constitution, but when the actual Coronation ceremony drew near, the children were all excitement, just as any children might be if their own father was to be made the Mayor of their native town.

Prince Edward was at this time "cautioned" as to his important future position, and his remarks, shortly afterwards, to Princess Mary, as he surveyed the mechanical railway, out of which he had extracted many interesting and happy hours at Marlborough House, were somewhat lugubrious, in fact he wasn't a bit "thrilled" at the increased honour that would be done

to him. It seemed as though, for the first time, "David" was realising already the barrier which the State was faintly erecting between himself and his younger brother Albert. Princess Mary, as the only Princess in the family, herself held a unique position, and this tie drew the brother and sister even closer together.

In the midst of excited preparations for the Coronation, King Edward fell seriously ill, and for a while a shadow cast its gloom upon the children. Prince Edward was only very young and, on being taken to see the King during his convalescence at Marlborough House, could not understand, in his childish way, where the baby was! Evidently he was confusing a recent event at White Lodge with his grandfather's present illness!

"David" was jubilant when he was told that the King was quite well again. He had a wholesome admiration for his illustrious grandfather—"Grandfather Marlborough," as he called him, because his earliest memories of the King—then Prince of Wales—were gained at Marlborough House.

At seven years of age it is almost impossible to prophesy how a boy will turn out. David had many endearing ways which time would doubtless crystallise into qualities, but at the present not all of them were calculated to give peace of mind to his parents. He was affectionate and mischievous—as are all healthy boys—and often pretended a fine scorn for the girlish Mary. But the Princess detected this boyish pose, and it secretly amused her. She would do anything for her brother, from darning surreptitiously a hole in his stocking made by climbing, to mending his broken fishing-net—a job he did not relish himself.

"David" and his sister were occasionally present

together at public functions, though their parents did not believe in young people, whatever their position, taking part in public ceremonies. Only when State etiquette necessarily demanded were they present. Though they realised the gravity needed on such occasions, the Prince and his sister would often pass whispered remarks to relieve the tedium of their ordeal. Their whisperings are known only to themselves, but judging from their occasional smiles must have been youthful pleasantries. The high-spirited young pair often found humour in the driest of proceedings, but Princess Mary restrained her vivacious brother on more than one occasion, when his high spirits mastered his caution, as when he hid the helmet of an equerry about to escort the Duke and Duchess of York to a public affair. The Duke and Duchess were already seated in the carriage before the unfortunate official discovered his loss, and the Royal carriage was kept waiting while he sought high and low for his helmet. It was Princess Mary who detected a wicked twinkle in her brother's eye and who succeeded in getting him to divulge where he had hidden the missing hat. Then she herself retrieved it and gave it to the worried equerry.

Self-discipline in his habits formed the foundation of the young Prince's healthy life. He rose not later than seven o'clock and underwent a series of exercises in the open air under the supervision of Mr. Sharp. When weather did not permit, these physical jerks (which the Prince still carries out to this day) were performed indoors. Breakfast was taken with his brother Albert, and occasionally with his mother.

At periodical times David dined with his parents, or with King Edward and Queen Alexandra; it was necessary that he should learn to conduct himself on formal occasions in a manner which befitted his position,

and there was always the chance that, in the comparative freedom of the nursery, his high spirits would in future prove stubborn enemies to discipline and future public life, if left unchecked.

With the death of Queen Victoria the old régime of Royalty had gone. The then King (Edward VII) was already making his own personality felt, apart from his policies, in a democratic manner unknown during the past three hundred years. This "new Royalty"—as it may be respectfully called—which was being ushered in, unobtrusively but none the less surely, was being reflected in the upbringing of young Prince Edward of Wales.

No longer did the nursery governess or the Royal Staff walk in awe of a Prince Royal. If any little mistakes were committed, he was reproved, and it was a happy augury of his future that he took his chastisement seriously and with good grace.

The Coronation of King Edward and Queen Alexandra on August 9th, 1902, marked a new stage in the Prince's life. As the Prince of Wales's eldest son he was a more important personage than he had been as the great-grandchild of the Queen, and his governess now retired in favour of a tutor. The appointment of a male tutor for the young Prince was not made without the greatest deliberation and anxiety.

The question of a public-school life for the young boy had already been suggested, but dismissed by King George on the grounds that contact with other boys might give him a wrong idea of values, for he would be brought face to face, at this immature stage of his life, with varying degrees of flattery and obeisance.

Then, again, there was a temptation to engage a tutor of the type of Baron Stockmar, the confidential adviser

of Queen Victoria and mentor of Prince Albert, Consort. By such an appointment "David's" parents would have been spared a great deal of worry, anxiety, and work, for Baron Stockmar represented the best type of "King-maker" and had undoubtedly done his duty by his Royal charges. But the new Prince of Wales had his doubts of the efficacy of bringing up his son to be a King on the lines laid down by the thorough Queen Victoria. It was a courageous step to break away from tradition and appoint Mr. H. P. Hansell, who had tutored Prince Arthur of Connaught and was a former master of Rossall and Ludgrove, New Barnet, as the Prince's tutor. Mr. Hansell was given few orders as to the way in which he was to educate the young Prince, except that, in view of the boy's possible career in the Navy, he should be prepared for the entrance examination to Osborne Naval College.

The tutor first concentrated on grounding the Prince thoroughly in mathematics and languages with the help of M. Hua, but found that the willingness and thoroughness with which the young scholar attacked his lessons—though he was by no means brilliant—might develop a biased affection for book-learning, which was far from desirable in the young Prince. After earnest deliberation, and receiving the approval of his parents, Mr. Hansell commenced his task of moulding the Prince's elastic mind into the channels which he decided would best serve him in his future life.

Naturally the young Prince received his middle-aged tutor somewhat shyly, for his almost unbridled high spirits—a side of his nature which his brothers and sister knew well—could not now be given the same scope. Then, too, he was not yet quick at making friends, and his tutor was to take, from now onwards, a more intimate place in his life than even the members of his

own family. Again, probably he felt it rather irksome to have to submit to lessons of a less congenial nature than hitherto, when geography, for instance, had been learned with clay modelling and picture post-cards.

Mr. Hansell might well have made his first task the ingratiating of himself into the young Prince's favour. Instead, discipline was the first lesson Mr. Hansell taught his Royal charge, and the Prince afterwards frankly confessed that he owed his tutor a debt which could not be repaid in mere thanks. It is not pleasant to think of the results on His Royal Highness had his tutor been a sycophant or a flatterer. Perhaps the Prince's common sense and innate dislike of this type of person would have withstood the influence of such contact, but there is no doubt that had his tutor been unduly harsh, much of the Prince's charm which endears him to everyone would have been destroyed at its foundation in boyhood.

Mr. Hansell had some truly difficult problems with which to contend. He was torn between the temptation to make of his charge a model Prince, steeped in mediæval chivalry and Royal tradition, or an ordinary, unassuming, healthy young man. There was always the danger that if he compromised, the Prince's education would fall between these two stools, and there would result a young man without any of the individuality so necessary to a future ruler of men. "Inspired" is the only word that can adequately describe Mr. Hansell's method of training the young Prince. Without drawing a fine line of demarcation between Edward and Albert, whom he was also preparing for Osborne, he managed with infinite tact and resource to keep in mind the relative positions which these two brothers would ultimately fill.

The Prince's love of sport was ever to the fore and there was little danger of his developing into a bookish young man through Mr. Hansell's tutelage. Indeed, Mr. Hansell would not have allowed his charge to develop a studious nature—that would have been ill-fitting for a future Empire ruler.

It was an entirely new innovation that demanded the young Prince should enter for his examinations in the same manner as ordinary cadets and take the same chance of failure or success. What would have happened had "David" failed his first examination I cannot tell. I can well believe that he would have returned to his lessons, sober and chastened with defeat and, with the renewed and thorough help of his tutor, learned a "little bit more." Seven years later the late Lord Kitchener told him he would have "to learn a little more about soldiering" if he wished to cross the Channel to the Front, and the Prince did not then waste time in regrets at this refusal to enter the firing-line.

Prince Edward entered Osborne Naval College, having passed his entrance examination with flying colours. The new experience of being able to rub shoulders and exchange opinions with other boys of his own age made a deep impression upon the young Prince. No longer was he "David," but "Edward of Wales." His previous high spirits were somewhat sobered. He might be a very important person in his sister Mary's eyes, and when enjoying games with his brothers at Frogmore; but here were boys who might be able to "whack" him both at lessons and sports. It was only natural that, to hide the effect upon his sensitive mind of the new impressions he was receiving, he should don the mantle of shyness. He had a horror of being ridiculed, and was now keenly appreciative

that his position differed in every respect from that of his companions, even, in some degree, from his brother Albert, who accompanied him. In a boy of less healthy temperament, the plunging into the rough-and-ready life would have induced the development of a haughty, arrogant, and perhaps sulky disposition. In Prince Edward, however, there was only shyness—shyness and a fear of not being able to "keep up his end."

It was a point of honour in the college that Prince Edward's position and dignity should not give him any precedence over his colleagues; it was a point which was carried out to the last letter. When meals were served during the "break," the Prince had to scramble for his rations, if he were to get any. Hungry boys could not stand on ceremony, whether the future King of England had his dinner or not. David was made to leap from his bunk shortly after half-past six every morning to take his swim. This was not perhaps such a hardship, since he was always fond of swimming and had always been an early riser.

The Prince did not lack spirit, despite his apparent shyness. On one occasion during a conversation, Prince Edward referred to "my Grandfather, the King," and because it was considered a violation of the point of honour connected with the Prince's presence at the school, one boy took exception to the reference. High words followed, and the Prince, losing his temper for once, invited his opponent to fight. The Cadet-Prince put up a very good show indeed, however. The fight took place in the dormitory in which the Prince slept, and a place was quickly cleared where the combatants would have perfect freedom.

The fight lasted nearly half an hour, and it is difficult to say who would have eventually taken the "count,"

because the officer on duty, hearing of the affair, promptly put a stop to it. At once, however, the Prince went over to his opponent, and the pair shook hands in sporting fashion, and to clinch the restoring of good feeling between them, "Edward of Wales" opened a new tuck-box he had that day received from his Royal mother and shared it with the fellow-cadet who so recently had given him a beautiful black eye—which he carried for some days as a memento of the occasion.

The course of instruction which the Prince received during his two years at Osborne Naval College was both thorough and complete. He received training in the various workshops, until finally he was passed out as "Cadet Edward of Wales."

During his stay at Osborne he was chosen to play a small part in the affairs of State, but the ordeal was not a heavy one and he carried it off happily.

It was July 1909, when King Edward and Queen Alexandra were the host and hostess of their nephew and niece, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, and the Imperial children. The Tsar wished to see something of our Navy, and expressed a desire to inspect the workshops of the Royal Naval College. Upon Prince Edward devolved the duty of showing round the Imperial guest. He was so explicit and polite that King Edward was openly amused.

When the Prince had shown the Tsar over the workshops, dormitories, and other buildings where are "made the officers of the Senior Service," he led the Imperial visitor outside the gates of the College and, managing to get him away from his entourage, led him to the tuck-shop patronised by the cadets when in funds.

Here the Tsar was introduced to all the particular

friends of "Edward of Wales," who had been carefully instructed beforehand to be there, as the Cadet-Prince shrewdly surmised that his Imperial kinsman would most certainly "stand treat." In this he was not disappointed, and an hour later some half a dozen cadets, including "Edward of Wales," strolled back to the college with satisfied grins on their faces, while the Tsar returned to the Tsarina complaining bitterly of indigestion!

The Prince did not go out of his way to make friends as did his grandfather, though he shared King Edward's democratic taste in preferring the man before the title. During his stay at Osborne the Prince made friends from among the number who took lessons and enjoyed the Spartan sports with him. Of these friends it is said that the Prince chose them not because of their particular outstanding brilliance, but because he liked them for their modest outlook upon life.

At this early age the Prince showed his dislike of anything that appertained to "swank." His father once wished to make some modest presents to his son's intimate friends, as any father might have wished to do. "E. of W." vetoed the idea. "Don't do that," protested the young Prince. "The other fellows never give each other presents, and they'll think it such awful side." His father smilingly realised the point and gave way to the youthfully implied reproof.

In 1909 it was decided that the Prince should continue his training at Dartmouth. Perhaps his colleagues here attached more importance to his position than the eleven-year-old lads at Osborne had done. The Prince soon became a popular figure in the Naval School; his progress in his nautical studies was more rapid, and he soon became one of the most advanced pupils in the centre.

The Prince also found more time in which to indulge in his love of sport than he had had at Osborne, and, being two years older, was now competent to take part in certain pastimes which had hitherto been denied him. He became Whip of the Beagles, and made a local fame for himself as a cross-country runner. During a few days' vacation, he shot his first partridge on Wolferton Marshes, near Sandringham. The bird was stuffed by Mr. Clark, the taxidermist, and then the Prince presented it to the King's head game-keeper, Mr. Jackson. But the Prince did not take very kindly to "killing" sports and has never found in shooting the fascination which King Edward enjoyed.

One of the secrets of the Prince's thoroughness lies in the fact that he mixes discriminately pleasure and duty. He is a firm believer in the idea that in order to do the best in one direction, the other must have a full share of consideration. Truly a wise policy.

Prince Edward's naval training, valuable though it proved, was of less importance compared with the benefits he received from mixing freely with other young men. The Prince was not slow to study the different types of fellows with whom he came into contact. There were arrogant sons of wealthy aristocrats who would have fastened themselves on to him. But Edward had little to do with these. Indeed, he had wisdom and aptitude beyond his years and preferred the sober-minded, generous-spirited young men who would, when instruction hours were over, join him in a cross-country run (which he likes nowadays when public duties will allow), or talk shop during leisurely walks. He never did care for the worldly, man-about-town type.

The Prince, of course, was at Dartmouth at the time of his grandfather's untimely end. He relinquished his

studies for a time to pay his last respects to the late King, of whom he cherished so many happy memories from childhood days. In his uniform of a Naval Cadet, the young Prince with his brother Albert followed the coffin on foot.

CHAPTER FOUR

PURPLE ROBES OF STATE

IT was at the Coronation of his father and mother that Prince Edward, now Prince of Wales, owing to his father's accession to the throne, made his first real State appearance clad in all the robes and glamour of his Royal rank.

For the first time the young Prince—now a full Cadet in the Royal Navy—was to don the coronet which belonged to his position as elder son of the reigning Sovereign, and the mere fact that this circlet of gold and jewels was more elaborate than either that worn by his sister, Princess Mary, or his brothers brought home to him the official difference in his station from theirs.

Five of the Royal children were present at the Coronation of King George and Queen Mary, the fifth son, little Prince John, being too young to be present. Although a little awed by all the splendour of the robes they were to wear, the five Royal children, the Prince of Wales, Princess Mary, Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Prince George, looked forward eagerly to the event.

It had been arranged that the four Princes and the Princess should drive unattended in one of the State coaches, and when Queen Alexandra heard of this she at once advised the King and Queen to send someone to supervise their conduct. It was too late, however, the arrangements had been made; and so on the great day the Prince of Wales in his robes of red and ermine, and with his heavily bejewelled coronet on his young boyish head, stepped into the gilt-covered State carriage, followed closely by Princess Mary in blue velvet

with ermine train and small coronet resting rather precariously on the top of her mass of fair hair. Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Prince George, all resplendent in State robes, followed.

Now, the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary occupied the back seat, with the three younger Princes sitting in a row opposite them. No sooner had the State carriage left Buckingham Palace than Prince Albert, Prince Henry, and Prince George began to nudge each other and giggle and laugh at the decorous and upright bearing of their elder brother the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. Louder and louder became the giggles of the three younger Princes and the faces of the Prince of Wales and his sister redder and redder with anger at the teasing.

Princess Mary sharply remonstrated with her brothers and told them to "behave themselves"; but her shocked reproof fell on unheeding ears—"Bertie," "Harry," and "George" were beginning to mischievously enjoy themselves. All the time the great carriage was being drawn between the lines of upright Guards and the cheering masses of the people.

Prince George, sitting exactly opposite Princess Mary, now made an attempt to tickle her in the hope of destroying her proper dignity; in the effort he slipped off the leather seat to the floor of the coach.

Princess Mary, stooping to pick him up, lost her coronet, which rolled to the floor. For a moment all was confusion; then the Prince of Wales chivalrously retrieved his sister's coronet and, placing it on her head, sharply told his brothers that if they did not behave themselves he would administer there and then the necessary chastisement to enforce such conduct.

Once in Westminster Abbey, however, the Royal children were awed into the most decorous behaviour.

The Prince of Wales particularly carried through his duties as Heir to the Throne in the most dignified and impressive manner.

Seated on the right hand of His Majesty the King, the fair-haired and fresh-complexioned Prince revealed now the value of all the careful training in Princeship which he owed to the clever Hansell. Not once did he falter or make a mistake, and the high officers of State present said afterwards that by far the most impressive moment of the whole ceremony was when the young Prince of Wales knelt before his father to render homage to the Crown.

As he rose to touch the crown upon the King's head, his father embraced him affectionately, kissing him on the right cheek. By this little human act the King reminded his son that love and affection can find a place amidst even the most dignified and formal ceremonies.

Once outside the Abbey again, the young Princes Albert, Henry, and George regained their good spirits and recommenced the teasing of their elder brother and sister. As the great State carriage made its way up Whitehall, Prince Albert, finding three on one seat rather a crowd, unceremoniously placed their younger brother Prince George underneath it, and it was in this uncomfortable position that he had to travel back to Buckingham Palace. But for the bands of the Brigade of Guards and the cheering of the crowds his cries of protest must of a certainty have been heard by the occupants of the other Royal carriages.

When "Cadet Edward of Wales" left the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, on the eve of his sixteenth birthday, to spend a few days of quiet celebration at Marlborough House, he realised but dimly that the purple robes of State were already waiting to envelop

him in their historic folds and that Royal tradition was standing by with a mask of colourful ceremonial behind which he was to hide all those pleasures which had made his boyhood so natural and happy. But already his father had ordered Letters Patent to be passed—a proclamation which at once formed a real landmark in the young Prince's life, and forcibly brought home to him the fact that he was now no longer only the son of a ruling King, but in himself the possessor of an important series of titles which carried with them dignities and obligations not lightly to be regarded.

It was fitting, then, that the King and Queen should choose this occasion as a suitable one for their son to make his bow of allegiance to the Great Ruler and Creator of all men, and to renew the solemn promise made for him in his name at baptism.

The day following his birthday the simple but solemn service of Confirmation, for which he had been duly prepared by the Rev. H. Dixon Wright, R.N. (who later was killed in the Battle of Jutland), was performed in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle in the presence of the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family, together with a few other specially invited guests. The Queen-Mother, hearty in her agreement with the King's intentions regarding his son, made the important event an occasion for her first public appearance since the death of her beloved husband, and while at Windsor visited the resting-place of the late monarch and placed a wreath on his coffin.

After the Royal party had partaken of lunch in the State dining-room at the Castle, they slowly filed into the Private Chapel and took their seats immediately before the altar. The King and Queen, Princess Mary,

and Prince Albert sat on the Prince's right, with the Queen-Mother and Empress Marie on the left. After Sir Walter Parratt, Master of the King's Musick, had played a few opening bars on the organ, the service commenced with the singing of that vital Christian hymn "Fight the Good Fight." The Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Dean of Windsor and Canon Dalton, then read the office, and the young Prince answered those well-known questions in that same firm, convincing voice which to-day marks him as such a good public speaker. Then, in stirring, impressive words, the Prelate offered an inspiring message, emphasising the need for lofty chivalry in everyday life and indefatigable service to both God and man. The Prince listened with rapt attention, and joined fervently in that appropriate hymn "O Jesus, I have promised," which closed the inspiring service. After the benediction had been pronounced, the Royal party left the Chapel.

The following day the Prince made his first communion.

The confirmation of a young boy is usually considered to be of a private nature, but in the case of Prince Edward it could not altogether remain so—the eyes and ears of the whole country were with him in that little chapel, for was he not swearing allegiance to the National Church and Christian vows?

The Prince of Wales returned to Dartmouth with happy memories of his birthday still in his thoughts. Apart from the gifts of his parents (a gold watch from his father and a camera from his mother, the Queen), Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family, there had been scores of congratulatory telegrams, each of them a loyal admission that his progress and movements were being followed by the whole

nation. But there was a more wistful side to all this celebration—the knowledge that he was no longer looked upon as a boy-Prince, but as a member of the State with serious work awaiting him in the near future. And Prince Edward had no wish to grow up yet. What lad at school has? “David” experienced, for a little while, that unreal, unsettled confusion of mind which the public-schoolboy invariably feels when told by his parents that a berth in the City or some other profession awaits him at the end of his present school term. Studies, games, and school life take on an added attractiveness which they never held before.

Prince Edward found, too, that a subtle barrier had arisen between himself and his colleagues. Since he had been at Osborne the Prince had sought companionship with others on a more or less equal footing, but now there was more respect and deference shown to him than had been necessary when he was Cadet Edward of Wales, and this “difference” robbed the hitherto care-free life at college of much of its charm. The Prince found it irksome to be left out of the fun merely on account of his titles, when the boy himself had so little altered his outlook.

But not for long did the Prince dwell upon such problems. School life was all-absorbing, and he found himself attending to his studies with his customary zeal. Except for a slight diversion, when he left school for a few hours and joined his parents at Torbay to witness spectacular demonstrations by a part of the Fleet, the Prince’s studies were uninterrupted until holidays began in early August.

A few days then were spent at Marlborough House, prior to a short vacation in Scotland, at Balmoral Castle, whose white granite towers have always exer-

cised a fascination for the Prince. While there he was a frequent visitor at near-by Mar Lodge, where lived the Princess Royal.

Prince Albert and Princess Mary were also at home, and the young trio, happy to be together again, spent the days in London following divers pursuits. On one occasion David and his sister visited the Japan-British Exhibition, finding there many things both to instruct and interest them.

Meanwhile, the people of Wales were not wholly satisfied with the formal manner in which the Prince had been invested with his title of the Principality. Centuries had passed, many Princes of Wales had relinquished their title to ascend the throne, but not since the birth of the son of King Edward I had a Prince of Wales been invested on Welsh soil.

A wave of loyalty was gripping the country at this time, due in no little measure to the genial influence which the late King Edward VII had exercised over all his subjects and which he had passed on to his son, George. It was not surprising, therefore, that the Welsh people were so keenly desirous of welcoming their Prince to his country.

The authorities at Cardiff met to discuss the matter, and it was resolved eventually that a humble petition be placed before His Majesty, craving that he should grant his permission to "revive the ancient and honourable ceremonial of the Investiture of the Prince of Wales in accordance with the manner following the investing of King Edward II, with such modifications or additions as His Majesty might direct. . . ." Further, it was put forward that if the ceremony be allowed to take place, the most suitable site was Cathays Park, Cardiff, where it would be possible for over a million spectators to witness the Investiture.

Immediately it became known that the Welsh people were agitating for the Investiture to take place within the Principality, the people of Chester, too, expressed a wish for the Prince to be invested with his Earldom within the city from which it took its name. The King was therefore again approached to grant his approval, and as an additional point for consideration it was pointed out that the Earldom was of even older origin than that of the title of Prince of Wales. In the picturesque Highlands of Scotland, the Prince of Wales knew little of the plans which were being made on his behalf. His interests lay in more human features.

The following month, September, the Prince of Wales returned to Dartmouth, and between studies trained assiduously to take his part in the annual Regatta of the Cadets of the Royal Naval College to be held early in October. When the day for the sports eventually arrived, the Prince, full of youthful eagerness to win, took his place as coxswain in the boat for a pair-oar race. The Prince's boat won easily, and that it was a popular victory was emphasised by the lusty cheers which greeted the crew at the end of the race, and again when the Prince and his colleagues went forward to receive their prizes.

Negotiations between the peoples of Wales and Chester and the King continued, but the King and Queen, having great demands upon their time for many months ahead, were as yet uncertain if the wishes of the Cardiff and Chester authorities could be gratified. Moreover, it was necessary to consider the wisdom of allowing the young Prince to take part in public ceremonial the nature and importance of which he might not fully realise.

At length, however, a letter was received by the

Mayor of Cardiff which brought jubilation to the Welsh people:

"BALMORAL CASTLE,

"Sept. 9th, 1910.

"SIR,

"In reply to your memorial to the King from the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and citizens of the City of Cardiff, dated August 8th last, with reference to the proposed investiture of the Prince of Wales, to which the above memorial so eloquently gives expression, I am commanded to inform you that, in accordance with the wish of the Welsh people, His Majesty has approved of this ceremony taking place in Carnarvon Castle during the month of July next. As to the selection of the place of Investiture, His Majesty recognises that the City of Cardiff holds the foremost position in Wales as regards population, commercial importance, and the number of national institutions, but in choosing Carnarvon, His Majesty has been guided by the opinion of an influential and representative Committee from the Principality. This Committee advised that, owing to purely historical consideration, it would be more in accordance with tradition were the investiture of His Royal Highness to be held at Carnarvon Castle. The King greatly appreciates the loyal and patriotic sentiments expressed in your memorial.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"ARTHUR BIGGE,

"*Private Secretary.*"

If any disappointment was felt at the decision that the ceremony should take place at Carnarvon Castle

instead of Cardiff, it was outweighed by the gratification that the King had consented to the Investiture taking place within the Principality, and, after all, as had been pointed out, the Castle had a primary claim in its historical associations.

The citizens of Chester were now optimistic that their wish would materialise, despite the King's uncompromising reply that it was considered expedient to delay the proposal until definite arrangements had been made concerning the Investiture ceremony at Wales. It was suggested—unofficially, of course—that the Royal Party might find it convenient to break their journey to Wales at Chester, and thus allow of the Investiture taking place.

Preparations for the coming ceremony were instantly commenced at Carnarvon, for it was anticipated that thousands of visitors would arrive from all parts of the country to witness the Investiture, while arrangements were made for another link to be added to the Mayor's chain of office in honour of the creation of another Prince of Wales. Moreover, desirous of further cementing themselves to the Crown of England, the Welsh people asked for due recognition of the Principality to be made both on the coinage of the United Kingdom and on the Royal Standard.

Shortly before Christmas the Prince of Wales returned to Buckingham Palace from Dartmouth, where he met his brother Albert, recently returned for the vacation from Osborne. During the Christmas holidays the King conceived the happy idea of obtaining for himself some perpetual reminder of the stay of his two elder sons at Osborne Naval College, where he himself had attended as a boy. Mr. E. Palmer, the cadet steward at the College, was therefore approached and was able to supply framed and signed photographs

of Prince Edward and Prince Albert attired in the uniform of cadets.

The ringing in of the year 1911 marked a new era in the life of the Prince of Wales. Boyhood days were to end quickly and decisively; events were to happen which at the same time broadened and restricted the Royal Prince's activities.

Prince Albert, who had completed his training at Osborne, returned to Dartmouth with his brother Edward, and school life passed peacefully enough until, towards the end of February, an outbreak of measles occurred at the Royal Naval College. At first it was expected that the brothers would escape the symptoms, but eventually it was announced that both the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert were on the sick-list. They were both at a favourable age, however, and their progress towards recovery was speedy.

In company with their tutor, Mr. Hansell, the Royal brothers spent a short while at Newquay to convalesce, preparatory to the transition of the Prince of Wales from a care-free boy into a Royal Prince and Heir to the great British Empire, and all the responsibilities his position entailed.

On March 30th the Prince left behind him the scene of many pleasant memories of work and play to don the purple robes of State. His departure from Dartmouth was not distinguished from the leavetaking of any student who had gained popularity with his colleagues. There were the farewells to particular friends (just "Good-bye, old man, best of luck"), presentations to make and receive, and the gathering together of personal belongings. Then, with good wishes for his future happiness ringing in his ears, the Prince travelled to London to take over his new duties of State.

During the summer of this year important

events followed closely upon each other. On June 17th Prince Edward of Wales was duly invested with the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in the presence of representatives of all divisions of the Order, from Foreign Sovereigns to Knight Companions.

The ceremony was of necessity a solemn one, and the young Prince conducted himself with all the dignity and composure that the occasion demanded. Only when his father knelt to adjust the Garter on his right leg did Edward betray emotion, but at this seemingly undignified action on his father's part the young Knight of the Garter made a slight movement of protest. He quickly recovered himself, however, but his bearing did not become normal again until he was kneeling before the King to receive the accolade.

Now came the last of the three great events, for amidst a fanfare of trumpets, a wealth of colour and splendour, and before a background of ancient masonry, the Prince of Wales was finally invested at Carnarvon Castle with his title.

The people of Chester had been bitterly disappointed that the King and Queen could not visit Chester and thus allow the Prince of Wales to be invested with the Earldom first created by Letters Patent in 1247 by King Henry III. Yet arrangements could not have been otherwise: Royal engagements had taken up the whole of the time of the King and Queen, and their programme was a heavy one for many months ahead.

The ceremony at Carnarvon Castle was delightfully simple compared with the grandeur of the setting. The Prince, bare-headed, knelt at his father's feet, while Mr. Winston Churchill, then the Home Secretary, read in an impressive voice the Letters Patent. Meanwhile, the Prince was invested with the various

articles of the Insignia—the mantle of purple velvet with collar and cape of ermine, the sword, the coronet, the gold ring, and the golden verge. After the ceremony an address from the people of Wales was read to the Prince. His reply, spoken in Welsh, was brief but none the less sincere.

"The many links of the past, my Tudor descent, the great title that I bear, as well as my name David, all bind me to Wales, and to-day I can safely say that I am in 'hên wlad fy nhadan' (the old land of my fathers)." Mighty cheers greeted the Prince as, like the first Prince of Wales, he was presented to the people from the two gates—King's and Queen's—and to the crowds assembled in the interior of the Castle grounds.

As if to contradict Keir Hardie's vehement protest that the working classes could have little sympathy with Royalty, not to mention the question of expenses in connection with the Investiture ceremony, the quarrymen of North Wales presented His Royal Highness with "Gwen"—a fifteen months old Welsh terrier—as an expression of their loyalty.

It was subsequently found impossible to include some emblem of Wales on the coinage and Royal Standard, but the King hit upon a happy solution to the problem. Henceforth, he declared, the arms of Wales should be added to the shield of their Prince.

The Prince of Wales had come through his ordeals—for ordeals they must have been to the young boy—with flying colours. But very wisely the King decided that his son should not be allowed to participate in any further state functions for a period, lest the strain react upon the health of the young Prince. Later, however, it would be necessary for him to make his acquaintance with the Empire.

The pomp and ceremony of the past weeks had not

in any way spoiled the modesty of the Prince. Indeed, he was very conscious of his youth, and on several occasions confessed that his future duties would prove difficult for him to perform. "But if," he added, "I have the confidence of the people, I am sure I can win through!"

Perhaps it was expecting too much of a mere boy—in years—to understand and appreciate fully the solemn significance of all the honours he had received, but when, in March 1912, on St. David's Day, the Prince received a deputation of Welsh Bishops who had come to Buckingham Palace to present to their Prince a brief illuminated record of the historic happenings at Carnarvon, he set all minds at rest on this point by his reply, which is well worth recording in its entirety:

"To-day, St. David's Day, you revive the memories of that splendid scene of which I was not too young, I think, to understand the meaning and the beauty. I shall always treasure this Record of the thoughts inspired in you by a ceremony so noble and so sacred.

"As I grow older and have to take my part in public life there will be difficult duties for me to face; but I shall meet them with good courage for the confidence I have that your prayers and good wishes go with me, and whatever new ties and associations the years may bring, nothing can change these first feelings of affection which must always bind me to the land from which I take the historic title that I am so proud to bear.

"I shall ever pray to God to make me worthy of being the Prince of Wales."

CHAPTER FIVE

H.R.H.'S FIRST SHIP

A FEW weeks after King George had invested Edward Prince of Wales with the full dignity of his rank at Carnarvon Castle, he sent for him at Buckingham Palace and informed him that it had been decided by the Ministers of the Crown and the Royal Family that he should continue his career in the Navy. No more welcome news could have been received by the Prince. Deep down in his heart there still lingered a regret that he had had to leave Dartmouth Naval College to take up the responsibilities of his rank, and now he was to go back, not to College, but to the eagerly-looked-forward-to first ship of every naval cadet.

Wildly excited at the news, he shook his father warmly by the hand, embraced his mother, and excitedly dashed off to tell "Mary"—sister Mary—of this happy turn in his career. Princess Mary received the news with as much enthusiasm as her beloved brother "David" had done. Brothers Albert, Harry, and George were also quick to congratulate the Prince of Wales on his good fortune, and Mr. Hansell, the Prince's tutor, betrayed his pleasure by a discreet smile when he heard the news, for it was partly on his advice that His Majesty had adopted the course of sending his eldest son for a voyage at sea.

The King had been a sailor himself and well knew the benefits to be obtained, both physically and mentally, from a naval training obtained under the supervision of a good disciplinarian. Out of all the ships in His Majesty's Fleet, King George singled out H.M.S. *Hindustan*, a battleship of 16,350 tons, as the most suitable vessel to receive the Royal cadet. Captain

Henry H. Campbell, in command, was well known for his thoroughness in training young officers and his strict impartiality towards individual personages. Although these qualities were not officially noted, they had not escaped the keen eyes and ears of the King, and he knew that during his cruise Prince Edward would receive no favours because of his elevated position, and that whatever he achieved during his stay in the Navy would depend entirely upon his own merits as a sailor and a man. And that was exactly what his father wished to happen.

Princess Mary was very proud of her sailor-brother and, together with her father and mother, visited the ship as soon as the Prince settled in his new quarters, and with her Her Majesty brought a collection of signed photographs, so that during his absence at sea the Prince would have mementoes of his relatives near him.

At once the young officer felt his "sea-feet" and proved immune from those attacks of *mal-de-mer* which humiliate far older and much wider travelled men. The Prince cruised about in Home waters, and during his training made acquaintance with the North Sea in some of its most treacherous moods. This in itself is a recommendation of his sailor-worthiness, for a Dogger-Bank fisherman once wrote: "There is no harder, greyer weather than that of the North Sea; there are no harder Englishmen than deep North Sea men."

There were those who imagined that the young Prince's three months' cruise on H.M.S. *Hindustan* was merely "an experience" in which His Royal Highness gratified the members of the Senior Service and introduced himself in a congenial way to sea-travel. How far they were wrong can be gathered from the facts volunteered by those who served on board the ship with the Prince on both upper and lower deck. He was

allowed no special privileges and worked as hard as any other junior officer, and probably a great deal harder, for whereas his fellow "snotties" confined their attention to the study of things nautical, Prince Edward had to sandwich in between his ordinary duties and studies, long spells of application to the study of widely divergent subjects under Mr. Hansell's supervision, which were to serve him long after his association with service afloat was concluded.

The Prince's life on board the *Hindustan* can be summed up briefly and comment is unnecessary. He was not excused one single duty and performed in strict rota his share of the most arduous as well as the humblest duties. He received a thorough insight into the whole workings of a great battleship, and managed to compress within three months a much longer period of training.

When the Home Fleet visited the Clyde in August 1911, the inhabitants of Dunoon and Rothesay very naturally expressed the wish to entertain the Prince of Wales, who is, of course, Baron Rothesay, and made application to this effect to His Majesty the King. The reply, wired immediately by Lieut.-Colonel Sir F. Ponsonby, His Majesty's Assistant Private Secretary at that time, was decisive and self-explanatory:

"Impossible for Prince of Wales to make any exception whilst visiting ports on board 'Hindustan.' H.R.H. will on all occasions be considered an officer of the Navy. This means the Prince will only accept general invitations to officers."

When it is considered that, unlike the other young officers on board the battleship, the Prince of Wales had not to forget that his future lay on the land, strictly speaking, it can well be imagined how necessary it was

for him to keep his mind as well as his body fit and clear. The orderliness of the Prince's mind, which prevents confused and incoherent thought induced by the thousands of projects in which he has to be interested, has amazed not a few psychologists. His Royal Highness has always possessed the faculty of being able to forget for a period former knowledge while he attacks with fresh vigour any new problem which is put before him.

There was, however, probably no more misjudged young man in the Navy or on the land than the Prince of Wales at this time. "Shy and diffident" he was called, even by those who should have known better. The Prince was no shyer and no more diffident than any naturally sensitive and earnest-minded youth. Shyness and diffidence are not characteristics in young men, but a stage in their development. Prince Edward decided that he could progress in his nautical education and his knowledge of affairs of the world quicker and more thoroughly by listening to others and observing everything that was brought before his notice, rather than by airing his own store of knowledge. King George has been called the best listener in Europe; Edward, his son, has inherited this characteristic.

It would not be true of His Royal Highness to say that he cared nothing for his position. Although following lines of democratic conduct laid down by his grandfather, he did not mock at traditional royalty, which demanded full respect of the high position of kingship. He schooled himself, despite his naturally gregarious instincts, to assume, when occasion demanded, that polite aloofness which prevented would-be flatterers from taking advantage of his youth, broad views, and easy approachability.

That such a delicate situation should have been

realised in all its sensitiveness by such a young boy is all the more remarkable when we consider that Mr. Hansell, his tutor, did not have to coach his Royal charge in this direction.

The Prince's period of training on board the *Hindustan* almost coincided with the King and Queen's departure on their historic tour to India, and although the Prince was enjoying his last few days immensely, he cut short his cruise by ten days and hastened home to spend an hour or two with his family before the leave-takings. From his earliest days the Prince has always had a warm affection for family ties. Seventeen years later this marked characteristic of his was again signally demonstrated. After being present with Lady Haig, Marshal Foch, and Admiral Jellicoe at the Annual Conference of the British Legion at Scarborough, where the Prince had given an extraordinarily long and rousing speech, he discarded motor-car and train and surprised the public by flying over the country to Sandringham. Those who saw two airplanes annihilating distance one glorious Sunday afternoon in May 1928 little guessed that in one of them was the Heir Apparent to the Throne, flying home to give a pleasant birthday surprise to his mother.

It was with great regret that the Prince left the Navy. Had his own wishes been consulted, he would have desired nothing better than to continue in the Senior Service and serve, as did his father, through the various ranks. The ship's company regretted losing their young officer as much as he himself regretted leaving them behind. Friendships had been formed; his bright, keen intelligence and enthusiasm had made not a little difference to the ordinary routine of the ship.

There was a heavy gale blowing when Prince Edward, accompanied by the faithful Mr. Hansell, climbed down

into the pinnace which carried them to Weymouth pier. The ship's crew and officers stood round the rails waving and cheering while the band struck up with "God Bless the Prince of Wales" and "Auld Lang Syne" in memory of the young lad who had drilled with them on deck, who had taken his share of duty in the gun-room, who had had his face blackened as black as any of them in that harrowing experience of "coaling ship," and who had, day in and day out, upheld the best traditions of His Majesty's Navy.

There is much more, for those who care to read, in the Prince's farewell to his comrades who assembled on the deck of the *Hindustan* than cold print can convey. "*I thank you all very much,*" he said quietly and earnestly to his fellow-officers. "*The cruise has been a real pleasure. I have learnt to know you, and wish you all success and happiness in the future.*"

Many of us have experienced the disappointment of not being allowed to follow the vocation of our ambition. Those of us who are performing the work we love can guess how dispiriting and disillusioning it must be to have our desires put from us and be compelled to turn our hands to a task which does not find in us a responsive echo. Young Prince Edward of Wales had developed an intense and instinctive liking for the sea and the Navy. In following such a life he would have found ample scope for his restless energy, his untiring interest and enthusiasm, which prevent him being bored with any task however minute and ordinary. In short, the Prince would have enjoyed a joyous, untrammelled life, dear to his heart to-day, far away from pomp and circumstance, and governed by the strictest self-discipline. But higher duties were destined for him, and though he never once murmured his discontent at the cold hand of duty which has

always been ready to lead him on, it was a thoughtful, grave young Prince who walked slowly up the Weymouth Esplanade, followed by his tutor.

The Prince did not forget any rank of his ship's company when he left, and amongst other presents he made was included a gold scarf-pin set with diamonds—a mark of appreciation given to Mr. Fogg, the Captain's steward.

With his mind filled with haunting memories of the happy, work-filled days of the *Hindustan*, the Prince lay back in the train which was speeding him to Waterloo Station and Buckingham Palace and tried to compose his mental turbulence. The crowds at the station, however, gave him no further chance for introspective thought, and he saluted gravely to their cheers and hat-raising and probably was sincerely thankful that a closed carriage drove him and Mr. Hansell to the Palace. Royal blood, tradition, and the homage and admiration of men do not render a man, a very young man, any the less prone to human regrets at the passing of days which can never be recalled.

From stately Buckingham Palace the Prince travelled to Sandringham, where his father and mother were having a quiet few days before embarking on their tour. These late autumn days before the Royal departure were extremely happy ones for the Prince, despite the general cold and gloomy weather. Together with his father and Prince Arthur of Connaught (who was to be one of the King's Counsellors during His Majesty's absence from the country) he shot pheasants in the woods at West Newton and had good sport duck-shooting in Sandringham Park. The birds were sent to the various London hospitals, in accordance with the usual Royal generosity.

On November 11th, 1911, the Prince's short holiday

concluded with the departure of the *Medina* to India with his father and mother on board. Ten years before there had been tears at a similar departure. Even now there was a suspicious brightness in everyone's eyes when the good-byes were being said.

After shaking his father by the hand, the Prince of Wales bowed to the Queen, kissed her hand—then was clasped fondly in her embrace as she imprinted a mother's kiss of farewell on his brow.

"Good-bye, David," she said with quiet emotion. "God bless you."

"Good-bye, my boy," was the King's farewell. "Do not forget all I have told you. Our duty is to England always."

Stepping to the head of the gangway, the Prince saluted his parents and then went ashore and remained at the salute until the great ship had carried his fond parents almost out of sight.

Left alone at Sandringham, the Prince settled down more or less unwillingly at first to study for his future career under the careful guidance of Mr. Hansell. After the first difficulty of settling down to a landsman's life had been overcome, the Prince lightened the inevitable dullness of his days by renewing in leisure hours his old close associations with Princess Mary, his sister, and found time to visit London with her and assist in making various purchases as well as witness a few annual shows held near or in London town. In fact, during the ensuing months his sister was the Prince's constant companion and shared nearly all his leisure hours. The Prince of Wales has always loved his only sister with an affection that is only second to his love for his mother.

But the following winter months spent on the Royal Norfolk estate were the most critical ones of his life. Fresh from the *Hindustan* and all the rigid discipline

of the Navy; with the pleasing memories of the romantically historic and colourful ceremony at Carnarvon Castle still in his mind; with the prosaic and irksome hours of dull study ahead; with his parents thousands of miles away and ever present all the attractions of a renowned "sporting" county, it would not have been surprising nor really blameworthy if the young Prince had spent a good many hours building dream-castles, or shooting and walking in pleasant relaxation. That he did not succumb to the distractions all around him, but applied himself to the most assiduous study of languages, history, and political science in one of the small rooms of York Cottage, proves at once the stern self-discipline of which the Prince is at all times capable.

The sons of English Kings for over two hundred years—ever since the English Constitution became really static and defined—have not been called upon to display any particular initiative nor to prove that they had any special share of brains. The Prince of Wales, however, began at an early age to manifest not only the possession of a keen, discriminating mind, but, probably more important in a Prince, a sound, common-sense method of applying his store of knowledge—which, by the way, is wonderfully wide.

To Mr. Hansell, who continued as His Royal Highness's tutor until 1914, is due, in no small measure, the development of the dormant talent in his Royal charge for applying the knowledge he has gained to the best advantage.

There were two reasons why the Prince set to work with such extraordinary zest at this time. The first was, as an antidote to his disappointment at being denied a sailor's life; and the second, a keen desire to prove worthy of the confidence placed in him by his absent parents. It is quite likely that the Prince would have

impaired his health by such strenuous study as he was prepared to do had it not been for Mr. Hansell's wise thought in ensuring a modicum of relaxation from time to time for his youthful charge. During his study period at Sandringham, when it was not decided whether Cambridge or Oxford would receive him in the following year, time was found to visit frequently the Queen-Mother, Alexandra, and to attend semi-public functions.

A week before Christmas the Prince, together with his sister Mary and his youngest brother, Prince John, arrived in London to complete their Christmas shopping, returning for the Yuletide festivities to Sandringham. It was a lonely Christmas for the Royal children without their beloved parents, but Queen Alexandra took the head of the table on Christmas night and the Prince of Wales sat on her right, and, in spite of the absence of the King and Queen, the Royal children spent a comparatively happy Christmas.

On February 5th, 1912, the King and Queen landed at Portsmouth after the conclusion of their Indian tour, and the Prince of Wales was one of the first to greet them. In the King's eyes shone a great happiness and pride as his eldest son, attired in naval uniform, climbed up the gangway. King George stretched out an eager hand to greet him as one man to another, then, seeing how youthful his son still appeared, discarded the more formal method and embraced him warmly.

The return of Their Majesties made little difference to the routine study of the Prince, except possibly to make him conscious of a desire to work even harder.

By this time the public were ever ready and eager to invest the Prince of Wales with the purple regalia of State, and again the amazing orderliness of the boy's mind was evidenced by the fact that after receiving from time to time the various deputations that waited

upon him at Buckingham Palace, he would retire once more to take up his text-books and listen attentively to Mr. Hansell's lucid lectures. Occasionally, his father would come down to his room and relieve the monotony by taking him to witness a Navy *v.* Army football match or some such healthy diversion.

During the next months there was grave industrial unrest in the country, and the concern felt by His Majesty to smooth over and remedy economic trials and difficulties must have been shared by his son, whose duty it now was to study all these practical problems of existence.

The King and Queen have always had a high sense of their duty towards God and have inculcated in all their children a worthy desire to emulate their good example. The Prince attended regularly, during his study period, those bright, cheering Sunday services in which the King and Queen found such solace and happiness.

Some difficulties seem to have arisen over the planning of the future of the young Prince of Wales, naturally because of the suddenness of the death of the late King Edward. Had his grandfather lived longer, a more leisurely life would have been mapped out for Prince Edward of Wales, in which there is no reason to doubt that he would have been granted his heart's desire and have taken a long course of training and service in the Navy. But his quick promotion to really important Royal rank made many changes both in his future activities and in the moulding of his character. Had the events connected with the Throne proved different, had the Great War never occurred, and had the Prince been only Prince Edward of York to-day, his character would still have developed on the same lines as it has done, but necessarily more slowly. The first few years of the Prince's life, when he was enjoying and leading

the enjoyment of his brothers and sister, formed the foundation of his bright, wholesome disposition. And where we find a boy—whoever he may be—who is bright, wholesome, and fond of sport, yet ready to bring down his books when necessary, we cannot alter, except by a very rare misfortune of circumstances, his future dependable manhood.

In the midst of his studies in the quiet seclusion of Sandringham came a welcome diversion, though it was to be taken in a very strenuous form. The King expressed his desire that before any future was to be decided upon, the Prince should visit France and gain, first hand, experience of the world outside England. He was expected to polish his French—a language in which already he had shown great proficiency—and also study European history. No definite programme of his activities in France was laid down, but that would be left in the capable hands of Mr. Hansell, who was to accompany his pupil. The Prince was to be the guest of the Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil—those intimate friends of the late King Edward and of his son, King George. That the trip was not to be regarded in the light of a holiday was evidenced by the appointment of M. Maurice Escoffier, of the École des Sciences Politiques, as additional French tutor. Again, the fact that the Prince was to travel *incognito* was in itself indicative of the nature of his stay in France.

CHAPTER SIX
FIRST VISIT TO PARIS

IF you have seen the Prince of Wales in the full splendour of one of his many uniforms, you must have noticed the great number of decorations and orders that he is forced to wear. The *only* foreign decorations that His Royal Highness ordinarily wears with his full dress are three war medals, the French and Belgian *Croix de Guerre*, and the Italian *Croce di Guerra*, just like any other officer who was given them during the War.

The Prince, of course, appreciates greatly those honours which have come to him as a consequence of his Royal birth and regards himself as their careful custodian. But they do not give him the same sense of personal satisfaction which he feels in those which have been conferred on him because he has earned them. That is why His Royal Highness shows so much gratification when some public body bestows upon him one of their privileged offices. He feels the same thrill of pleasure as would anyone of lower rank on receiving acknowledgment for services rendered.

The Prince has always intensely disliked swank and empty grandiloquence; his is a simple nature which, to use a colloquial phrase, would prefer to earn an honest sixpence than find a golden sovereign. This democratic strain is to some degree unaccountable, despite his ancestor Edward's *bonhomie*. Living amidst courtly surroundings which must constantly remind him of his high rank, he is equally at home amongst the "raw-boned" workers as when conversing with the intelligentsia. He is Wapping's Prince as well as Mayfair's.

This departure from the continental idea of prince-

ship marks His Royal Highness at once as a young man with decided and original views, willing enough to fill the obligations of his dignified position, yet determined to avail himself, as far as possible, of the traditional British "freedom" in which he so delights. How can we be but charmed when our Prince can stand on an improvised stage and in that deep, musical voice of his proclaim with all due seriousness that "We're going through bad times, in fact jolly rotten times, but we must keep up!"

If the Prince were not so earnest with himself and for the cause of others, there would be a hint of unwelcome patronage in the way he is able to address the masses in their own vernacular. But whether speaking dialect with a Norfolk gamekeeper or cracking jokes with a group of North Sea fishermen, the Prince is able to keep his own rank in the background without appearing to do so.

The sons of the Royal Family, especially the Heir Apparent to the Throne, must, of course, carry out a more or less official social and public programme. To those who follow up his activities and movements through the columns of the daily Press, a very incomplete idea of the private life of the Prince is given. So that in April 1912, when it was announced that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales would go to France to complete his education, there were not many who saw anything particularly colourful in this statement.

Yet, to the Prince, this continental excursion was as joyous as any schoolboy's "hols." As is the same with all boys of his age, the Prince could have had but vague ideas of what the future held for him. Already he had had one set-back to his happiness—his desire for long years of service in the Navy had been dissolved

into an all-too-short three months' cruise on a battleship. There might be many more disappointments ahead. But, for the time being, all his thoughts were for France, where he was to stay for a few months prior to taking the next decisive step in his career.

There were two motives for this early visit to France. *Le roi Édouard* had, years before, begun a very lively friendship with republican France by his frequent stays in Paris, at Biarritz, and on the French Riviera. This friendship had been further cemented by King George's and Queen Mary's visit as Lord and Lady Killarney in 1908. It only required the young Prince's presence as a resident to seal this remarkable bond which existed between two neighbourly but temperamentally opposed nations. On the other hand, the young Prince's knowledge of the French language, though excellent grammatically, left much to be desired in pronunciation. Moreover, as he was shortly to go up to Oxford, where he would meet and associate with young men who had travelled widely and had enjoyed a less restricted life than the young Prince Edward, it was deemed wise for him to gain a broader outlook upon the world by leaving, for a short while, the sheltered Royal Family circle.

The Prince might have been sent to Germany, Spain, Sweden, or any other European country. But there was the danger that the strict etiquette and ritual of most European Courts might prove embarrassing and displeasing to the modest young Englishman who, even at seventeen years of age, disliked any display of pomp and power. Elsewhere than in England, almost mediæval tradition ruled in Royal circles. It was practically unknown for a foreign Princeling to appear in public in any apparel which may have been characterised as "undress." Not yet had the Great War

loomed on the horizon which was to strike a blow at autocracy and prove to Royalty that by Democracy only could they keep their thrones.

It was the almost entire absence of formal dignity which made the Prince's stay in France so delightfully memorable, for although the French people received the Earl of Chester (the Prince of Wales) with such enthusiasm, there was no hint of frothy adulation in their welcome. Memories of the genial King Edward—always remembered with affection by all true Parisians—prevented that "mobbing" of which the Prince was—and still is—so afraid. He was treated as every well-bred young Englishman is treated by the French, and, as he afterwards confessed, he was delighted with their welcome.

The French people universally voted the "shy young Prince" as charmingly informal as his grandfather, and naturally, although they missed that extraordinary cosmopolitan geniality of the late King, they were delighted by the composed dignity of his grandson, which was even reflected behind his frequent moods of boyish amusement and interest.

It was while in France that the Prince learned to conduct himself with that *sang-froid* which is always associated with his father. Though his *incognito* was handsomely respected by the majority of the French people, there were inevitably one or two occasions when the less tactful claimed acquaintanceship with the young Prince of Wales. His polite smile and slightly upraised eyebrows, accompanied by a smooth remark which unfailingly led the subject of conversation into more general channels and rebuffed the interlopers without causing them the least dismay or public rebuke, was his method of retaining a due regard for his position. It is a method the Prince uses to this day. It must not

be thought, however, that the Prince is intolerant of those who, coming into contact with him, through ignorance of his identity—the Prince does not proclaim himself—or through lack of knowledge of Royal etiquette, violate his personal wishes. To such he is unfailingly polite and secretly enjoys the joke against himself.

The Prince of Wales looked very slight as he bade good-bye to his father and the French Ambassador at Victoria Station. To the onlookers he seemed remarkably youthful beside the tall, spare figure of his tutor, Mr. Hansell. The Prince looked much as any boy might do on the eve of an exciting adventure—curious and eager to commence the journey. Of course, it was an adventure, for, despite his father's counsel to look carefully after his studies, there had been excited and enjoyable talks of the beauties and interests of the famous capital. Indeed, King George had taken great pains to explain to the young Prince the best places to see, and suggested other spots which might well receive attention during the visit.

King George thoughtfully decided that his son would gain more pleasure from being the guest of the distinguished and popular Marquis and Marquise de Breteuil than as the Royal visitor at the British Embassy in Paris.

The Prince was delighted with the scene of his temporary home—the mansion of the Marquis in the Avenue du Bois Boulogne, at the corner of the Rue Rude, and overlooking the famous Arc de Triomphe. Particularly charming was the view from the Prince's bedroom—"English," as he styled it. There was a fine expanse of the avenue to be seen and the trimly-kept lawns of the garden beneath.

Prince Edward's stay in France was filled with

numerous activities, and possibly he saw a great deal more of the country during his three months' absence from home than did King Edward in his frequent visits. The late King confined his attention almost exclusively to the capital itself, down whose sunny boulevards he so loved to saunter on fresh spring mornings, and to the Riviera, where he was almost an annual visitor.

The young Prince of Wales saw a great deal of the industrial side of France as well as its more picturesque districts: Lyons, the great silk-manufacturing centre; Creusot, where he interested himself watching the workmen making armaments and afterwards had a long talk with M. Schneider, the director of the works (and a friend of King Edward); Toulon, the great naval base, where he admired the French fleet; cosmopolitan Marseilles . . .

Despite the long list of engagements which the Prince managed to fulfil, he continued his studies assiduously, though under very congenial circumstances. M. Escoffier, his French master, was delighted with the way in which his Royal pupil assimilated the lessons set him.

It was a very happy Prince who took his daily ride in the Bois, and strolled, after breakfast, with the companionable Mr. Hansell across the Pont Neuf to the left bank of the Seine and so up towards the Latin Quarter, where the Prince loved to buy little etchings and pieces of silver of quaint design, from the "parapet" shops on the quais, which he still collects to this day.

It was in France that the Prince really became introduced to the motor-car, and found in it a never-ending pleasure as he flashed through beautiful districts, particularly sunny Provence, so beloved of Daudet. The

Prince, too, expressed his greatest delight at the sight of the old French châteaux of which he had so often read and pictured at Sandringham.

Much of the enjoyment of the new adventure would have been lost if, during his stay in France, Prince Edward had been thrown wholly into the company of adults. As it was, however, the Marquis's two young sons, Comte François and Comte Jacques, both about the Prince's age, relieved the French visit of any hint of restraint, and at occasional fêtes, the *jeunesse dorée* of Paris were present to make the English Prince feel quite at home.

The three young men "did" the round of Parisian social events thoroughly and a firm bond of friendship sprang up between them. The young aristocrats assisted their father to perfect their guest's French, and the Marquis accompanied the Prince to the theatre, where he soon learned to follow the play tolerably well. Later he could read his French newspaper without too frequent dipping into his dictionary.

When King Edward was Prince of Wales he had a continual grievance, well known to those who came into contact with him. The inaction, as he described it, which was forced upon him by the elevated position he occupied, proved chafingly irksome. This "deadly idleness," to use the King's own words, was due to the policy of Queen Victoria, who followed in all good faith the advice of her counsellors, who held the opinion that "a Royal Prince should not actively participate in the affairs of the people." But when Edward came to the throne, the dictum lost much of its force, and has continued increasingly to do so, until now the present Prince of Wales's "diary" is filled with duties as strenuous as any of the Ministers of the Crown or leaders of Parliament; indeed, the Prince has

rightly been called "the first spokesman of the Empire."

In the exalted position which he holds, the Prince can perform certain public duties in a manner peculiar to himself which gives the greatest satisfaction to all concerned, and only the Prince can give that touch of dignity to a public function without straining the ties of democracy.

It needed such a man as the Prince of Wales, for instance, to visit the French Fleet to prove that our relations with France were of the most amiable description. The French Government realised this, and were not satisfied until *le Comte de Chester* had visited their Fleet. Accordingly, on May 21st, 1912, the Prince arrived at Toulon after a very pleasant motor-ride, and was received by Admiral Boué de Lapeyrère, together with other distinguished French naval officers. Boarding the Maritime Prefect's launch, the young Prince was conveyed to the battleship *Danton*, which was anchored a little distance away in the harbour.

The occasion was a unique one for the Prince. He was given the honour of issuing the order "weigh the anchor," and then for a time was allowed to direct the manœuvres. This concession had a great significance in the light of the Great War which followed two years later, for *for the time being part of the French Navy was under English command!*

The same night the Prince slept on board the *Danton*, where you may be sure he was reminded of happy *Hindustan* days. Next day he enjoyed a short trip in a French submarine.

During this visit to the Fleet the French people received a glimpse of the Prince's real nature—his sympathies towards the troubles and misfortunes of others. Whilst manœuvres were in progress, a French

sailor fell overboard. He was quickly rescued, of course, but the young Prince, not satisfied only with the official report that he was quite uninjured, asked for the man to be sent to him, and after inquiring as to his welfare, congratulated him on his narrow escape. Little wonder that the Prince found friends everywhere in France!

While he was studying at No. 12 Avenue du Bois, there passed the funeral procession of Duc Georges of Leuchtenberg. Prince Edward came out on to the balcony and stood bareheaded while the procession filed down the Avenue. This act of courtesy also was not lost upon the sympathetic French people!

But what did the Prince think of Paris? That it was wonderful his smiling face and happy remarks to his two young companions, the sons of his host, as they took their walks down the Champs-Élysées, bore great testimony. Who, indeed, could be miserable in Paris during the spring, even if there were two tutors and a batch of lesson-books at home! The Prince found a great interest in viewing the relics of Marie Antoinette at the Carnavalet Museum and the apartments of the ill-fated Queen at Versailles. He also visited Chantilly, as recommended by his mother, and saw there one of the finest jewel collections extant.

The Prince spent many happy hours at the Marquis's country seat, Château de Bevilliers, at Breteuil, near the beautiful valley of the Chevreuse. Parties were arranged for young Edward's amusement (at his father's consent), in order to give as many people as possible the opportunity of meeting the Earl of Chester—England's future King! On these occasions Mr. Hansell kept a very vigilant eye upon his young charge, for the night air was often chilly, a fact unnoticed by careless youth. Once, when witnessing a display of

fireworks, the tutor approached his pupil, who was chatting with friends, and asked him if he would not wear his overcoat. The Prince's polite but none the less firm reminder that he was no longer a boy amused perhaps the worthy Mr. Hansell; but it was a significant rejoinder. Prince Edward was indeed quickly leaving his boyhood behind.

The Prince, however, was not slow to distinguish the difference between Parisian life and that of London, and frankly confessed that, while he felt the fascination of the gay, vivacious pastimes of the French people, he preferred the simple, quieter life of an English country gentleman.

In June the Prince gained his official majority, and, leaving his host and hostess for a short while, he returned to London for his birthday celebrations. He received shoals of telegrams of congratulations, and the King of Spain honoured the occasion by conferring upon him the Order of the Golden Fleece. Back in the familiar surroundings of Windsor Castle, the young Prince was allowed a holiday in which to collect together and classify his impressions. He cast off much of the reserve which had naturally enveloped him in Paris and laughed merrily as he cut into his birthday cake at tea-time, where the festivities were carried out to the strains of the bands of the 1st Life Guards and Grenadier Guards, playing in the East Terrace Gardens.

While he was enjoying his coming-of-age celebrations, the French Government addressed, through the Foreign Office, a request that the Prince of Wales should be allowed to have conferred upon him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour—the highest and most coveted of French decorations. The French newspapers, too—which the Prince could now read with considerable ease—intimated that they would be glad to welcome back

the Earl of Chester after the conclusion of his birthday festivities at home.

On the occasion of the Prince's farewell visit to the Élysée, before concluding his stay in France, the President, M. Fallières, conferred upon him the coveted Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, handing him the case containing the insignia of the decoration. A moment later Mme Fallières, regarding the young Prince with a very motherly eye, pinned a rosette in his buttonhole—the "undress" order of membership. There was a complete absence of pomp, and the proceedings were carried out in a very homely and simple manner.

When it became known that *le jeune prince de Galles* was in Paris, every aristocrat and notability in Paris desired to have the honour of entertaining His Royal Highness. But King George had wisely decreed that his son was not to take advantage of any private invitations except those which the Marquis—whose good faith and good sense he trusted implicitly—considered eminently desirable. There was no little disappointment at such a decree, but the true Parisian respected the King's wishes.

While at the Marquis's country seat, a party was arranged by the Duc de Luynes to take place in his château near by, in honour of the young Prince. Numerous guests were invited, all of whom were sanctioned by the Marquis de Breteuil. A dance-floor was erected on the lawn afterwards, and every lady present looked forward to dancing with the Royal guest of honour. It is an indication of the difference of the times when I record that His Royal Highness danced scarcely at all and showed little enjoyment in it then, while to-day his favourite indoor amusement is dancing, and, like most modern young people of this

present age, he prefers syncopated melody and light tunes to the more heavy operatic tunes. On this occasion, instead of dancing, the young Prince chatted with his host on topics all and sundry, for once casting aside his usual English reserve, and in a manner truly French—more so because he spoke conversational French—he talked about himself. He confessed that his tastes were simple—that he loved all forms of sport. (Despite the Great War and its sobering up of all men, together with his maturer manhood, how true is this of the Prince to-day!) He spoke whimsically and regretfully of his love for the sea, and acknowledged boyishly his delight at the enthusiastic manner in which the French people had received him, adding that Princes may never divulge their elation at public accord; nevertheless he could not but feel jubilant when he heard his name mentioned eulogistically.

There was no fear of praise going to the young Prince's head. With characteristic modesty his first fear was that he might prove inferior to those who hailed him so joyously. He expressed all a boy's anticipation and candour of his future, and if he did not speak of his fears, perhaps they were expressed in his sympathetic blue eyes. With wonderful self-possession he conversed with other guests who came up to him, though he admitted to the Marquis that he was very conscious of his shortcomings as a conversationalist.

Surely no Prince had ever voiced such a frank admission of his faults before!

With happy memories of the French people and their customs and outlook in his mind, the Prince left France on August 25th, 1912, to return to his normal work and studies. To those who have heard the Prince speak at public functions it is hardly believable that he should have ever found difficulty in expressing his thoughts.

Perhaps the French visit had a more significant effect upon his whole life than even he himself realised at the time. It seemed to have revealed and developed a very human side of the Prince's character, and was a first shadowing of the Prince that was slowly growing to be the tremendously popular figure that he is to-day.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE PRINCE AT OXFORD

IT was not hard to imagine the Prince of Wales being or doing practically anything, and no matter what his duty demanded of him or his inclinations led him towards undertaking, you would still find him the perfectly correct and unassuming young man, a characteristic which has brought him the tremendous world-popularity which is his to-day.

We are now going to introduce His Royal Highness to you in cap and gown as a 'Varsity undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford. To-day he holds several degrees from various Universities, but there was a time not so very long ago when he was just an ordinary "freshman" at the greatest of the world's Universities.

On October 9th, 1912, the Royal Family concluded their annual visit to Balmoral, and returned to London. Two days later the Prince took his seat in the train at Paddington for Oxford, there to commence his University education. He was accompanied by Mr. H. P. Hansell and Major the Hon. William Cadogan (some years later killed in France).

It was twilight when the Prince arrived in the station at Oxford, and as he stepped out on to the dimly-lighted platform, he was received with cheers by a small number of people who had obtained special permission to meet the train. But no such special permission was needed for the crowds who congregated outside the station building, and as Prince Edward, accompanied by the Chief Constable of Oxford, stepped into the car which had been provided for his especial use during his term, rousing cheers of welcome greeted him.

The young "freshman" composed himself to meet the totally unexpected reception. It was slightly dis-

concerting—this suggestion of limelight after the quietness of the Balmoral Highlands, always a refreshing change from the busy whirl of Court life. Prince Edward gravely acknowledged the acclamations; however, with his usual politeness.

But what he most dearly wished was that he should be regarded from the outset as an ordinary undergraduate; while at Oxford, however long he stayed, his one desire was to work hard and be able to meet men on one common level.

For eighteen years he had fulfilled, obediently, every wish of his parents. His character, still plastic, had been moulded on lines of stern discipline; the Navy had given him more self-assurance; his trip to France had made possible the introduction into his mind of less conservative and more generous ideas and ideals; religious instruction and parental example had opened his eyes and heart to more than a glimmering of the truth of existence; his well-grounded theoretical education was only just beginning to feel the desire for further "light." He was a good linguist, and, following the wise adage that "a man with two languages is worth two men," realised that above and beyond race-unity, a fine thing in itself, there was need for a wider co-operation between men of all lands and climes. In figure he was slight, apparently more so than actually because of his modest, unassuming bearing. However, he was extremely young for his age in many ways, with perhaps too many ideals, more than would ever survive the life at Oxford and the contact with all shades of opinion and intellect which it would bring. There was, at this time, in the Prince a peculiar blending of the boy and the man, despite the fact that already he had reached his official majority and had received commissions both in the Army and Navy, on that old-

established principle that the Heir Apparent should be connected with both Services.

Now he experienced a desire to fend for himself. Unlike King Edward, who had, comparatively speaking, never tasted the sweetness of liberty during the whole of the period he was Prince of Wales, the present Prince was allowed—by the wisdom of his father—the utmost freedom compatible with his Royal position.

It had now been definitely decided that Prince Edward should, for a length of time to be decided by future circumstances, take up his studies at Magdalen College, Oxford. The King had been not a little influenced in this decision by the Prince himself, who almost took it for granted that he would become an Oxonian, even spoke with some pride of the time when he would be able to call himself such.

Amidst continued cheering, the Prince was driven to Magdalen, where Dr. (now Sir Herbert) Warren, the President, received him in the quadrangle.

It was a momentous occasion when the Prince took his first evening visit round the famous college with his tutor, who explained the history of the famous buildings and other interests. The Prince did not speak much. He was awed, as must every young man be, by the quiet atmosphere of traditional learning and illustrious memories which pervades these precincts. Clad in cap and gown he walked across the flagged stone pavement of the cloisters and, as he came up to one of the Gothic windows, looked wistfully beyond and fell into a deep reverie. The shades of the glorious departed have messages for Kings and Princes as well as for those of lesser estate.

That evening he dined in hall. What a contrast with his Royal predecessor who had, three hundred years before, graced Magdalen with his presence! When

Prince Henry, son of James I, and the Prince of Wales at that time, was entertained in 1605 at Magdalen; he dined in solitary state in the middle of the high table, surrounded by his suite, while the students, garbed in their robes, humbly seated themselves round the wall and awaited the Prince's pleasure. When he had eaten, the Prince seized his wine-cup and drank the health of Magdalen and its scholars, referring to it as "his own college."

Our own Prince Edward could still say the same, but not with pomp and circumstance. This was the last thing he desired.

There was a marked difference between the conditions under which the Prince conducted his stay at Oxford and those which appertained during King Edward's University life. The Prince's grandfather, for instance, did not slip into college life with that ease and lack of ostentation which characterised young Edward's entry into Magdalen. Conversely, a special house in Oxford was engaged for King Edward's residence during term and a great deal of his instruction was given to him personally at this house, while he matriculated as a nobleman and wore a special cap and gown. In effect, King Edward never belonged to Christ Church, the college to which he was attached formally. What complete absence of elaborate display characterised the younger Edward's residence at the famous University! He was to be treated as an ordinary member and to matriculate as a commoner. No exceptional treatment was meted out to him except the very modest suite of rooms on the north and quiet side of the cloister, overlooking the Chapel and Hall and the "New Buildings." Even his equerry did not reside in the college. The outer room of the Prince's suite on No. 4 staircase was tastefully furnished with

Sheraton pieces, and adorning the walls were old plans and maps of Oxford, Winchester, and other historic places. The inner room, however, was more congenial and warmer in colouring. There were a few good pictures, including prints showing game-birds.

As a military career was already planned for the Prince after his Oxford days, the subjects he studied were modified from the usual course, and he concentrated on history, geography, French, German, English literature, political science, and political economy. Despite the modifications necessary in the Prince's education—he had always had to study twice as rapidly as other young men in order to cover the ground in quick time—he attended, unlike his grandfather, the ordinary lectures and took his essays to the President. He also attended lectures not delivered in Magdalen; his course of study demanded that he should attend the professorial and inter-collegiate lectures delivered by the college tutors, and open to any undergraduate.

Though he was somewhat longer in settling down than the average "freshman," he soon made up for lost time. None of the Prince's activities were obscured from his colleagues; they knew his comings and goings, his intimate friends, his disappointments, hopes, and ambitions.

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His Royal Highness has never had any literary ambition; he has always preferred active to passive pursuits. But at Oxford he learned to put together very fair original compositions which earned the commendation of the President, Sir Herbert Warren. To-day, in his thirty-sixth year, the Prince shows no special interest in authorship, but often finds pleasure and satisfaction in answering personally part of his private correspondence.

In his desire to progress as quickly as possible, Prince Edward found that he preferred the system of writing his work and having it criticised rather than attending the general lectures. He was not by himself, however, in this predilection. He soon acquired an astonishingly good memory for both fact and figures, while later he developed an uncanny memory for faces. The latter was well illustrated in the Great War, when he could greet soldiers whom he had met in France in post-war London, much to their mystification and delight.

When the first whisper went round that the Prince was destined for Oxford, speculation amongst the undergraduates was rife as to which college would receive him. Opinion finally settled that the honour would fall upon Christ Church, the late King Edward's college. Surprise and not a little consternation were felt when fact proved speculation to be wrong. It was suggested at first that Christ Church was no longer the "purple riband," until one student cleared doubt by explaining: "Of course, the Prince of Wales wishes to come into contact with the ordinary Tom, Dick, and Harry—what then is the use of his coming to Christ Church!" A subtle implication, perhaps, but typical of the amusing jealousy displayed by the undergraduates.

The Prince of Wales was not following the accustomed course in taking up his studies at the University; indeed, apart from isolated cases, it had always been deemed inadvisable for the sons of Kings to mix freely with the commoners. Even King Edward's restricted career at Christ Church had been considered as a violation of Royal convention, albeit arrangements had been made to preserve his dignity to the utmost and uphold his elevated position as far as was possible. The

manner of the Prince of Wales's entry into Magdalen; therefore, was something of a distinct departure from Royal precedent; but neither Prince Edward's dignity nor his outlook appears to have suffered by this early cutting away of the ropes of restriction which have shackled members of the Royal Family for so many generations.

The Prince was allowed an entirely free hand at Magdalen; and for the first time was not seen so much in Mr. Hansell's company. Apparently suitable companions were not selected for him, as so many people believed at the time. He attended lectures freely with the other undergraduates and dined with them in hall and frequently talked without reserve in the Junior Common-room. In short, he could truly say he was "of Magdalen."

With his tutors he was charmingly polite and always attentive. Between the late Sir William Anson and the Prince there sprang up a warm friendship—a bond which made the one eager to learn and the other anxious to impart.

Naturally, the young Prince revelled in this new-found freedom and extracted from it the maximum enjoyment. He met all types of men; from the provincial scholarship student to the wealthy cultured men from the great public schools. When he left Oxford, he was representative of the best product that our Universities can develop.

An attempt to curb his freedom by the students themselves was frowned upon by Edward. The story is told of the little party at which the Prince had agreed to attend on the strict understanding that there were to be no speeches. As the dinner was drawing to a close, however, one of the students called to the Prince for a speech. Despite the previous injunction, the cry

was immediately taken up, only dying down when the honoured guest rose to his feet. The noise subsided, but the Prince waited, tapping the table with his fingers impatiently, until there was complete silence. All eyes were turned upon him expectantly. "I wish you fellows wouldn't make such a fuss!" the youthful orator declared, and then continued his meal amid a somewhat awkward silence.

The pursuits in which the young Prince indulged when study hours were over were many and varied, but were not of the "strenuous" order; he recognised that his slender physique could not take a fair chance against such giants as studied with him, and he contented himself with shooting, motoring, running with the beagles, riding to the hounds with his equerry, playing golf, tennis, polo, and association football. Not a little of his time was devoted to the O.T.C., in which he took a great interest. This training was to stand him in good stead later on when he took up the duties of a soldier in real earnest. Though the Prince was occasionally seen on the river resplendent in his purple blazer, he had not the satisfaction of rowing for or coxing home Magdalen. After arduous practice at "soccer" and receiving many hard knocks, Prince Edward won a place in the Magdalen second team. How must some fortunate men to-day recollect with a smile the time when they splashed mud over the good-humoured Heir to the Throne in one of those inevitable collisions round the home goalmouth! The Prince found much enjoyment in polo at Oxford—a game in which he subsequently played with King Alfonso of Spain, a really crack player, and acquitted himself wonderfully well. On fine mornings he would be up and doing good practice in the Port Meadow. Later he kept half a dozen polo ponies at Oxford.

As had been the case at Dartmouth, the Prince experienced those same misgivings that he might prove inferior when compared with his colleagues. But he need have had no qualms on this account, for there were forty-nine other "freshmen" who came up with him who were torn with the same hopes and doubts as their distinguished colleague.

The Prince did not expect to prove himself a formidable champion in athletic achievements, or to elevate himself to such a pinnacle of knowledge and learning that his fellow-undergraduates would seem dull and backward in comparison. He had no especial wish to shine in anything—all he wished to do was his duty, and that thoroughly!

Because of his complete absence of conceit it was not long before even those who had looked askance upon the probability of a Prince being human voted him "a good fellow." Indeed, after the novelty of having the Prince of Wales amongst them had worn off, his contemporaries neither went out of their way to converse with him nor shrank from chaffing him if opportunity occurred. He was one of them—and that summed up the situation in a few words.

Life at Oxford was decidedly pleasant. This mixing with all types of men—heirs to old titles equally with sons of manufacturers—was bringing about a remarkable change in the Prince's outlook. The purple robes of State were rarely glimpsed in these peaceful days of 1913 so far as the Prince of Wales was concerned; not, however, that his democratic status reacted on his dignity. He was still the Prince of Wales.

There was a great danger, not unknown to his parents, that the Prince, in his earnest desire to be "one of the crowd," might please a certain section of His Majesty's subjects, yet might, from the viewpoint of the great

Colonies, and even other European countries, belittle the dignity of the Crown. The Prince, however, has never been unmindful of his Royal position, and whereas he at first signed his name as plain "Edward," when occasions demanded his signature later he used the title "Prince of Wales," and to-day just signs himself "Edward P." But there was never any real chance that he would jeopardise his position, for beyond his normal personal wishes, which he felt justified in satisfying, the Prince strictly kept in mind the fact that the duty of Princes in constitutional countries is not to force upon the people a dominant or outstanding character, but to retain all the sacredness of historic traditions and to show the world an attractive, amiable personality which is able to keep pace with changing social conditions and appreciate their significance.

Some may have considered the Prince too young to appreciate the necessity of adjusting his outlook to meet changed circumstances and conditions inevitably resultant upon race-progress. That he contradicted these opinions is exemplified in his discussion of the Eton "topper" so redolent of apparently meaningless tradition, when the Prince prophesied that in the future it would be bound to disappear whether we liked it or not.

The public-school spirit so manifest in the youthful Prince of Wales did not, as it so often does, rob H.R.H. of his individuality. He possessed two entirely different sides: one the almost casual self-unconsciousness of the ordinary undergraduate, perceptible when he was half-listening to the "talk" of the Union Society—sometimes insufferably wearisome—and the other when he was surprised by some fellow-undergraduate enjoying his own company; on such occasions proving the same thoughtful, rather wistful—can the Prince's demeanour

be better described to-day?—boy as he was when home ties were first broken at Osborne.

Actual contact with men whose portraits, sayings, and deeds are chronicled the world over has not made the Prince cynical. He is as fresh and enthusiastic in his appreciation of really great men as any commoner, and of inventors and explorers is not above hero-worship. Signor Marconi's first wireless experiments greatly interested him as well as Claude Grahame-White's experiments in flying. No one was a keener admirer of that early hydroplane which this pioneer airman experimented with at Cowes in 1912, and when Graham-White circled round the Solent at night-time, with his aircraft illuminated in outline by electric globes, the Prince dearly wished to try a flight. But, of course, his father could not allow him. Disappointed, the Prince watched wistfully the notabilities who accompanied the airman on short flights. To-day times have changed and an airplane is now part of the regular method of transport used by H.R.H. to fulfil his duties.

Apart from a few public ceremonies in which the Prince took part, his studies at Oxford were not unduly disturbed until the early spring of 1913. Then, in order to further broaden his education by travel, it was deemed advisable that he should again visit the Continent. There was no hint of the wide-world upheaval in 1913, when the Prince left London to pay the first of his two visits to the German Empire.

Again as the "Earl of Chester," he visited the great industrial centres of Coblenz, Düsseldorf, Heidelberg, Stuttgart, and Darmstadt. The prime reason for his visit, similar to that of France, was in order that he might improve his knowledge of the particular language, and to this end Professor Fiedler, Professor of German at

Oxford, accompanied him. During his stay many of the beauty-spots of Germany were visited, and the Prince expressed his great delight with the splendid scenery of the Taunus Forest and the district around Weisbaden.

At Stuttgart he was the guest of the King of Württemberg at Wilhelm Palace for some days. He spent many enjoyable hours riding through the Black Forest; attending at the Court theatre; and generally making himself conversant with the surrounding district. On one occasion he journeyed to Canstadt drill-ground in order to witness the arrival of an airship which was being tested for duration flight. Although the Zeppelin was delayed, the Prince was greatly interested in the masses of soldiery who were at the time being paraded.

It seems grimly ironical to recollect that the broken, exiled figure at Doorn gave instructions that the son of his Royal English cousin should be taken to Friedrichshafen to inspect the airship works there. The Prince was received and greeted by Count Zeppelin, who conducted his guest through the building yards and the motor manufactory. It was even arranged that the Prince should take a flight in Z4, the latest war Zeppelin which had just been constructed. The weather, however, was not suitable for flying and the flight did not take place. The Prince, however, had the privilege, as indeed it was in those days, of witnessing a war Zeppelin leave its moorings and take the air.

Having had his curiosity and sense of adventure whetted, it was not surprising that a few weeks later, when in England and camped at Mychett Lake with the members of the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, he should press for a taste of the thrills of aviation. While at Aldershot he drove over to Farnborough and was allowed a half-hour

cruise in the airship *Beta*. He expressed himself very pleased with his new experience.

He visited the Fatherland again in July, and stayed at Berlin, Dresden, Leipzig, and Prague, his hosts being from time to time the German Emperor, the King of Württemberg, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

Returning to London, invigorated by his new experiences, the Prince continued his studies at Oxford, where, he was delighted to learn, he was to stay a second year. But that second year had scarcely run its course before the gathering war-clouds broke and the world was plunged into the greatest of all wars.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"DYNAMITE" WALES AT G.H.Q.; ACTIVE SERVICE AT LAST

ONE mild Sunday afternoon in November 1914, King George secretly left Buckingham Palace in the company of his private secretary, Lord Stamfordham, and Colonel Clive Wigram, His Majesty's equerry. After reaching the Kentish coast, the little party was rowed across to where the great mass of a destroyer lay at anchor and went on board. Twenty-four hours afterwards the King's subjects were informed, to their surprise, delight, and anxiety, that His Majesty was in France and that his son the Prince of Wales had met him on the field of battle. Not for four hundred years in English history had such an event occurred!

The utmost secrecy was of necessity observed in the newspapers at the time regarding the King's whereabouts, for although the Kaiser in an Imperial Command to the German Air Force gave express orders that if the presence of any of the British Royal Family was discovered in France they were not to be placed in danger, there was always the possibility that unwittingly a Fokker or a Gotha might bring about the death of the King or the Prince of Wales.

The Prince looked very young when, by the side of Sir Pertab Singh, and behind his father and Albert, King of the Belgians, he watched the grand march past of the Belgian troops in December 1914. His figure had not yet reached that maturity which now characterises H.R.H. Slim and with a slight stoop—inherited from his father—there yet appeared good scope for much physical development. Those who saw the Prince at

Oxford and then again in 1918 were surprised at the way in which his shoulders had gained a useful breadth and the general fitness of his bearing.

The King and his son were in the midst of the bursting howitzer shells round Lille and Ypres, and though there was a guard of airplanes continually circling round the heads of the Royal party during the King's stay in France, no such precautions were taken when H.R.H. went about his ordinary duties as A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Sir John French.

Accompanied by the Prince, King George cheered the wounded in the various base hospitals and at General Headquarters. The French Premier, M. Viviani, General Joffre, and M. Raymond Poincaré took the opportunity of motoring over to British Headquarters and there discussing the military position and the *moral* of both armies with His Majesty, and to further cement the warm friendship between the two countries.

Nearly eighteen months had elapsed since the Prince had last met M. Poincaré. It was on June 23rd, 1913, that the Prince left for Portsmouth in order to receive President Poincaré, the French Premier at that time, on behalf of his father. The Prince had always been reserved when meeting people for the first time in an official capacity, and on this occasion there was no exception. Thanks to his stay in France, however, H.R.H. had a masterly command of the French language, and when his first shyness had worn off, he was soon conversing with the distinguished visitor in his own language. It was not until they arrived at Victoria Station, where the King was awaiting them, that H.R.H. realised that not one word of English had passed between them. The smiling Premier, rather to the Prince's embarrassment, warmly congratulated him on his fluent command of the French language.

How different were the circumstances of this next meeting!

That night in the late autumn of 1914, a dinner was held at the British Army Headquarters at which the Prince of Wales was present—not in his capacity as the Heir to the English Throne, but as the A.D.C. to Field-Marshal Sir John French. Perhaps one of the most outstanding characteristics of this dinner was that the Prince, in his position as a junior officer, did not seek to contribute to the general conversation. He realised tactfully that this was a meeting of trained experts, and although he would be listened to with respect, nothing that he would say could be seriously entertained in the interests of the Allied cause.

His Royal Highness knew that the Great War, which had so suddenly arrested his own future plans like so many thousand others, was not his own particular war, nor his father's. He was serving his country in an attempt to end war for all time, and to crush the Imperialism and militarism of Prussia and of all countries. Whether England—or the throne of England—survived was not the only matter of importance. Other great issues lay at stake. In his studies of history the Prince had found that the wars of his ancestors' days had been fought for issues so narrow that the final count had only affected their own immediate longing for power or preserved their already held estates.

It is conceivable that when the young Prince was looking forward to joining his regiment after Oxford days, he had in mind a life of satisfying self-discipline as exemplified by peace-time soldiering—a life in which sport, travel, and tradition played every part. There might be slight military activities, too, to uphold Britain's trading rights, or to keep tradition inviolate.

But this was not a war to uphold tradition, to protect

the English race or British trading interests; it was a war to protect and save the whole world from a world-domination that could only bring misery and ruin in its train and indignity to the British Empire.

The Prince had no illusions about the War. He knew that there was little glory to be gained by the victor or vanquished, and that for the most part it would resolve itself into day after day of unceasing vigilance, of trifling duties—men are not always killing in war-time—of fights against cold and heat, of hunger, disease, and other privations; of dour struggles against depression, fear, and home-sickness. He had no hate for the German people—it was not people we were fighting, but a system. Torn from the University from under the very eyes of his watchful tutor, and thrown out into the maelstrom of a world-conflict, out of the adolescence of the schoolboy Prince was born a virile man with faculties sharpened by reserve and an intensive study of his fellow-men.

In the summer of 1914 H.R.H. was a pleasant, amiable personage, whose slight figure was portrayed periodically, either with or without a few accompanying notes, in the social news pages of the great London newspapers. Strange as it may seem to record in 1929, there was little in those days to indicate in the King's eldest son the possession of a striking personality, of a nature imbued with self-less, sportsmanlike attributes—a nature eager to join in the democratic pursuits of the people and give a new meaning to Royalty. The "Prince of the People" had not been born; the people were not ready for him, nor he for them!

To-day, hundreds of thousands who have never heard the Prince's deep, pleasant voice, who have never shaken hands with him or even seen him in the flesh, "know" him as intimately as any public figure in the country.

In those tense, far-off days, when the rumours of war cast their dark shadows over the whole of Europe, when the great British nation read in its newspapers with dismay that diplomatic relations had been broken off between this country and Germany—there was the young English Prince still at Oxford.

Very little had been heard or chronicled of his activities and character. Proud of him? Yes! All Englishmen were proud of their Prince; but they were proud because he represented all the best traditions of the British Monarchy.

But the Prince was not content to remain a tradition; he had realised from an early age the value of tradition, but the value of lively activity he had realised of more vital importance. So that, while the majority of the people regarded him as a romantic, unreal figure on the eve of the Great War, apart from, yet part of, the country, veiled by the mysticism of Edwardian royalty, the young Prince of Wales was busy preparing himself in all earnest to take his part in the Great War of the nations in which he considered himself but a cipher.

Had he wished, the Prince could have been given a high rank in the Army and joined Kitchener's staff in London, and still maintained his self-respect and that of the people. The latter rightly did not expect the Heir to the Throne to jeopardise his life.

Instead, H.R.H. chose to begin at the bottom and take his chance along with the rest.

A prince does not necessarily make a good soldier. The Germans thought otherwise, however, and while Lieutenant Edward of Wales was doing his bit, content at being merely a unit in the British Army, the Crown Prince William of Germany was assuming a much more spectacular rôle in keeping with the continental viewpoint that a member of the Royal Family is, by virtue

of his position alone, a leading light in all spheres of activity.

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At the very outset of the War, the Crown Prince took up a high commanding position in the German Army, but the gross blunders he afterwards perpetrated, resulting in the loss of tens of thousands of German soldiers, brought out in full measure the wisdom of our own War Office in their decision to put proper soldiers in command, dispensing with any attempt to glorify the Army by placing members of the Royal Family in positions for which they were not fitted through lack of experience and training.

At first, the British nation was slightly amused though proud at the idea of the young Prince of Wales wanting to serve in an active capacity on the actual field of battle. They had expected that he would serve in England as a matter of course, and regarded the wishes of H.R.H., if the truth were told, as a laudable attempt on his part to appear willing to take risks which he well knew would never be granted him. But when he persisted in his appeal to be sent to France and the public heard that the King and Queen put no obstacles, from a private and personal viewpoint, in the way of the young Prince's wishes, they quickly changed their minds and saw, for the first time, that the boyish Prince in their midst had indeed become a man and a man whose wishes were not to be easily thwarted. Deep admiration mixed with concern for his safety grew in the hearts of all Englishmen both at home and abroad. Everyone discussed the grave consequences that rested upon the Prince's going to France, and many pointed out that an exceedingly serious situation would arise if the Prince of Wales was killed in action.

The Prince had not underestimated the dangers of modern warfare; his was not the ebullient ambition of an irresponsible youth over whom the War had cast a dramatic glamour. Many warnings he received. His reply to Lord Kitchener on the question of going to the Front was brief and comprehensive: "Have I not four brothers?"

"If I were certain you would be shot," replied Kitchener, "I do not know if I should be right to restrain you. What I cannot permit is the chance, which exists until we have a settled line, of the enemy securing you as a prisoner! You have a lot to learn about soldiering yet. When you have learnt a bit more—perhaps then you may go to France!"

Chastened by the words, which he realised in his heart were true enough, the Prince accepted the great soldier's ultimatum with good grace, and, without showing any bitterness at his great disappointment, set about to improve himself in Kitchener's estimation.

His eagerness to fight proved, beyond doubt, his love towards the country over which he will some day be called upon to rule. But it brought to light another fact—a more significant fact. It showed that, unlike many Princes before him, he did not live for the day when he would succeed his father and occupy the throne. "I have four brothers!" the young Prince had said. There is no ignoring the implication the words convey.

"It will be a proud day for me when I leave Oxford to take up service in a regiment," H.R.H. said to his mother on one occasion, for since the Navy had been denied him, he had, without losing time in vain regrets, substituted for the lost ambition, another. When he had uttered the words, however, he could have had no idea how soon his proud day was to arrive, when he would call upon himself to press into service every

energy he possessed to protect his country and that of Britain's allies from the menace with which they were suddenly confronted.

On August 10th the Prince of Wales left the comforts of Buckingham Palace and proceeded to Warley Barracks to join the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to which regiment he had two days previously been gazetted as a second lieutenant. In his well-fitting uniform, the Prince looked very slight and youthful.

His days at Oxford had broadened his outlook on life tremendously.

Up to the time of his leaving the 'Varsity there had been more than a hint of shyness about Prince Edward's dealings with his fellow-men, not quite so marked, since he was older and could disguise it, but present nevertheless at the outbreak of the War. In his new job the Prince realised that shyness and embarrassment could serve no purpose. There was discipline to be maintained, and he knew how quickly the men took advantage of a lax officer.

His energy and his personal interest in the men of his platoon was soon rewarded, however, and he made rapid strides in his new career as a soldier. Although not excessively robust at this time, the Prince proved himself extraordinarily active and wiry, and his powers of endurance surprised his fellow-officers.

In mid-September, when the Grenadier Guards were to leave for France, the Prince thought that his chance had at last come and that his great ambition was now to be fulfilled. For days he awaited with excitement the appearance of his name "in Orders" to prepare to leave for the Front. But a second time H.R.H. was doomed to be bitterly disappointed. Summoning him to his office one morning, his Colonel informed him

regretfully that he was not to take his platoon to France. In reply to the Prince's disappointed question, he was once again informed that he was, as yet, not considered "quite prepared" for active service in France.

This continual disappointment might well have upset the ambitious poise of the Prince. If he was indeed not proficient enough to go to the Front, then the fault lay with himself—so H.R.H. figured to himself. Therefore once again he applied himself to his duties with added vigour.

On one occasion as the Prince, together with part of the 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards passed through London, he was recognised in one of the officers. Immediately vociferous cheers were raised, but for once the young soldier was unable to acknowledge the expression of loyalty. Now he was an officer in His Majesty's Forces. He had discarded the mantle of Prince for the more sombre khaki which he was to wear until the end of the War.

There were occasions when the young Prince came to the conclusion that it was indeed his Royal rank that kept him in England. Was he ever to cross the Channel? or was he, by one excuse or another, to be kept prisoner at home? The answer to these perplexing questions was not long delayed, and eventually the Prince received the welcome and long-awaited news that he was fit for France! But once again disappointment dogged him, for *en route* for France news reached him that he had been appointed Aide-de-Camp to Sir John French at General Headquarters and that he was not destined to join his regiment in the firing-line, as he had hoped. However, he was to have the great consolation that he would be overseas with the Forces and on Active Service.

If ever the Prince of Wales felt the restrictions of his

position to the full it was during those early days of the Great War, when he grew tired of asking the authorities to forget his rank and allow him the privileges and responsibilities of every other Englishman.

The authorities, however, were on the horns of a dilemma. Whatever the private wishes of the Prince, no unnecessary risk could be taken with the life of the Heir Apparent to the Throne. Certainly, as the Prince himself had pointed out, there were four brothers to follow him, but it had to be taken into account that should any harm befall the young Prince, the first to ask why his life had not been more strictly safeguarded would be the people themselves. Truly the authorities were in an unenviable position! Then, too, there was the added risk that the Prince might be taken a prisoner of war in France. The result on the *moral* of the British troops if the Prince of Wales had been in the enemy's hands would have been disastrous.

But the Ministers of the Crown might well have saved themselves such trouble in mapping out the Prince's activities in France. It is difficult at any time to keep a determined young man in check, and the Prince, now he was actually in France, was quite prepared to wait his opportunity for adventure. He realised from the very outset that his movements were keenly watched. He was given work, important work, too, but it kept him well behind the firing-line, and he was not hood-winked by the motive.

Some typical stories of H.R.H.'s determination to be just an ordinary Staff officer during his days in France are told. One afternoon, for instance, much to the chagrin of General Headquarters, Lieutenant Edward of Wales was found to be missing. After a little casual searching, uneasiness turned to dismay, for the Prince was found to have borrowed a motor-cycle from a

dispatch-rider and to have ridden off in the direction of the front line. At once Staff officers roared off in powerful cars to overtake the truant, and a wild chase over the various sectors commenced. Night had fallen when one of the Staff officers, seeing a light beside the road, stopped to ask if the Prince had been seen to pass that way. Imagine the astonishment of the Staff officer when he discovered the Prince, covered from head to foot in mud, sitting playing cards with a party of French troops in the light of a candle. Near by the motor-cycle was hopelessly wrecked. The Prince had struck a shell-hole and gone "over the top!"

Because of his hot-headed desire to be in the thick of things, H.R.H. became known amongst the General Staff as "Dynamite" Wales, as he was liable at any moment to "go off"!

It was not to be thought for a moment, however, that the Prince of Wales was unduly headstrong or that he regarded his position lightly. He never forgot that he could not be as other men. There must, of necessity, be placed some restrictions upon his activities, but he considered, and rightly too, as he eventually proved, that he could "do his bit" in active warfare without exposing himself to undue risk. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the Prince did not realise, to the extent that the senior officers did, the nature of his standing as a Prince of a constitutional country. No man blamed the Prince for being denied actual fighting service; indeed, it was not wise, for obvious reasons, to allow him to take risks which might possibly hint that the importance of the British Throne and the equal importance of preserving its heirs was in any way lessened by the War.

The Prince of Wales was warmly welcomed when he made his first appearance in France, for it was felt

that, even though he might never experience the discomforts of the trenches, his presence over there would do incalculable good in influencing and maintaining the high *moral* of the troops. His action, too, had a direct influence upon recruiting at home; his earnest desire to do his bit quickened those who were tempted to hang back in those early days.

The unexpectedness with which he arrived at General Headquarters is amusingly portrayed in the following story which H.R.H. loved to relate afterwards.

He was standing one day near a company of infantry waiting to go up the line wearing a new khaki uniform and very light-coloured puttees when an "old Sweat" near by, looking at H.R.H. and thinking him a new officer "just out," remarked to his pal:

"He's a nice-looking young chap, and I bet he can sing all right!"

The slender legs of the Prince and his canary-coloured puttees were no doubt responsible for this humorous remark.

In November 1914 the whole of the British Army went into mourning when Lord Roberts, as a result of a chill contracted whilst carrying out his duties in France, died, thus bringing to an end an honoured and distinguished military career. The Prince, at that time on leave in England, at once crossed over to France in order to pay a last token of respect to the gallant soldier by accompanying the coffin from France back to England.

When the Prince of Wales paid a surprise visit to Rouen in December 1914, he was received by the cavalrymen who were stationed there at the time in no half-hearted manner. During his three days' stay at Rouen he inspected the arrangements which had been made at the station for tending the wounded soldiers, and stayed

and chatted with many of the injured, showing a keen, sympathetic interest in their welfare by his questions concerning their private affairs.

The War had been in progress nearly two years when the Prince earned promotion to a captaincy. In the meantime, however, he had witnessed a great deal of the activities at the Front, visiting the danger-zone on several occasions. It was on these visits to the trenches that the young officer had his first experience of the terrible dangers with which the men were hourly confronted. On one occasion the Prince left his car for a short while in order to carry out some duty with which he had been entrusted, and on returning, he found, in place of the automobile in which he had been riding such a little time before, a mass of wreckage, the result of a German shell; his chauffeur, who had been with him since his days at Oxford, had been completely blown to pieces. H.R.H. himself delved in what was left of his clothing and wrapped in his own handkerchief the man's personal effects, which on his return to England he conveyed in person to his chauffeur's relatives.

CHAPTER NINE

H.R.H. ON ALL FRONTS

AT no time in his life has the Prince of Wales been so very much his own typical self as during the months he spent in France on active service. Here he found the ideal outlet for his tremendous energy, for his innate love of adventure and the company of his fellow-men.

The Prince will always regard the period he spent as a young officer tramping the muddy roads of France in the Great War as the happiest days of his life; and although he is an enthusiastic anti-war advocate, he will remember his war-time service with affection for the remainder of his days.

From 1914 to 1918 he was able to achieve the great longing that had been either consciously or unconsciously in his heart for many years—to drop for a time the “Prince” and become an ordinary officer of His Majesty’s Army. The Great War gave him this chance, and when he went to France he did so with an almost fanatical enthusiasm.

While the Prince treasured his *incognito* during his time in France, those at home in England eagerly awaited news of H.R.H.’s adventures as a soldier, for while on the other side of the Channel the Prince was merely an officer, at home he was still very much the Heir to the Throne.

In fact some little dissatisfaction was felt in England that the people were not given adequate details of the Prince’s life at the Front.

But one of the reasons why there was such a paucity of information with regard to the Prince’s activities in the war area was because few people over there were in a position to say what exactly did happen to the

Prince from day to day. Sometimes he was to be seen bumping in his grey car along the shattered streets of some shell-blown village; at another time he would be glimpsed asking his way of a guard in the devastated area; then, again, he would be stood at ease, chatting in a trench, to the delight and admiration of the fortunate men beside him. It must be admitted that his restless activities obscured any chance of there being a definite record made of his every movement. Then, again, so many obviously exaggerated reports trickled through various sources of the Prince's movements and sayings that the newspapers were chary of reproducing them, and thus their editorial care might well have suppressed quite authentic details.

Once when the Queen was talking to a Belgian refugee at the Victoria Station Canteen, London, she was surprised to hear that her companion's son had recently seen H.R.H. walking swiftly down a certain road in a village in Flanders, alone. Suddenly an enemy Taube came roaring overhead and began to bomb the neighbouring houses. Pulling his steel helmet more securely on his head, the Prince ran for shelter, which was the cellar of the village post-office. Here he found several wounded men lying, awaiting the ambulance to take them to a base hospital. They were being attended by some French nuns. When the ambulance and doctors eventually arrived, they found the Prince in his shirt-sleeves holding bandages and hot water for the ministering nuns. When the Queen heard this, one is not surprised to hear that her eyes shone with pride.

It would have been very difficult for a reader of newspapers to gauge definitely what were the exact duties of the Prince at the Front. But we have Earl (then Sir John) French's own statement to throw light

upon this question. "*He acted,*" runs the official dispatch, "*on my staff as liaison officer. Reports from the General Officers commanding Corps and Divisions to which he has been attached agree in commending the thoroughness with which he performs any work entrusted to him. H.R.H. did duty for a time in the trenches with a battalion to which he belongs.*"

The *Journal Officiel* of Paris also published the following extract from an Army Order:

"*H.R.H. Edward Prince of Wales, Staff-Captain in the 14th British Army Corps from July to October 1917, in the region of Boesinghe-Langemarck, by ensuring liaisons up to the first lines under bombardment, contributed very effectively to the close co-operation in the battle of the 14th British Army Corps and the First French Army.*"

That he was in touch with the rank and file is illustrated by a line or two from a letter which a Corporal in the 10th Hussars (The Prince of Wales's Own) writes: "The Prince of Wales has given a cup to be run for a cross-country race, dismounted. He is a thorough sport!"

Probably the proudest moment of the Prince's life was when, in 1916, the King of England visited the Front in order to make a tour of the trenches and inspect the troops which were doing so much to stem the devastating surge of the German millions over French territory. Every soldier who was present when His Majesty risked his life to witness, in person, the conditions under which his men were fighting, will remember the loyal ovation which the Army accorded the King. It was a proud moment for the British soldier. But the Prince of Wales was no less proud to be called upon to act as *cicerone* to his Royal father, and to conduct him

through the various trenches which he knew so well, and explain the various points which claimed the King's attention.

The Prince held out strongly, during his war service, against any attempt at differentiation between himself and his fellow-fighters. But he was not always successful. Nevertheless he could truly remark after the War that he had "roughed it with the others."

"*I must do my duty and put up with the hardships just like the other fellows!*" the Prince said once when suggestions were made by Earl Haig with a view to securing his personal comfort.

Once, when a party of soldiers, including the Prince of Wales, halted at a village one night after a strenuous day's marching, it was discovered that there would be a shortage of billets. Some of the officers would have to "camp" as well as they could under the circumstances. When what billets that were available had been apportioned to the senior officers, it was discovered with dismay that the Prince was without a bed. When the fact became known, several of the officers at once offered to resign their billets in order that their Royal colleague might rest in comfort. But the Prince refused all such offers. "I have been unlucky," he remarked with a wry smile, "but I can manage quite well on the floor," and throwing his knapsack down for a pillow, he laid down on the floor, covered himself with his "British-warm," and was soon fast asleep—tired out.

The Prince did not spend the whole of his time on the French front, however, although for services rendered he earned for himself the coveted French decoration, the Croix de Guerre. In 1916 he was attached to the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force as a Staff-Captain and spent some little time on the Egyptian front, later paying a visit to the Italian front to witness the

gallant fight which our southern allies were fighting up against the combined Austrian and German troops.

The Prince did not by any means have an easy time during his stay in Egypt. On frequent occasions he had to ride across long stretches of sun-scorched desert and he experienced all the tortures of a "tropical thirst." By this time he had grown to learn something of the psychology of war, and perhaps at last had realised that he was not altogether his own master and that for the sake of his country it was his duty to take every care of his own safety, much as he disliked the idea. After his early escapades in France he saw that it was not exactly "playing the game" to be trying constantly to avoid his "wardens" (as he humorously called those Staff officers who were detailed to "watch" his movements). Within certain limits—he was only a young man and impulsive at that—he kept away from the danger-zones in accordance with High Command's express and earnest wishes. With his usual chivalry the Prince did not wish any officer to get into trouble through his running into danger and risking his life.

During an inspection of an Australian Infantry Brigade under Sir Archibald Murray, there were wild scenes of enthusiasm. When the parade dismissed, the soldiers rushed with true Australian democracy to shake the Royal officer by the hand.

The sun-tanned, horny-handed men of the Colonies, out of touch more or less with the immediate influence of the Royal Family, were not unduly impressed at first with the news that the Prince of Wales was serving with H.M. Forces. Essentially democratic, they could only judge a man's worth by his attainments and not by his reputation. It needed actual contact with H.R.H. to bring out demonstrations of their latent loyalty. When they had seen him genuinely "roughing it" and under

the same conditions as themselves, they were totally unreserved in their appreciation of the Prince's modesty and unostentatious pluck. "He's a dinkum 'Aussie,'" they voted him in the picturesque phraseology of their race. In his turn, the Prince paid a significant tribute to the services of the Overseas troops by entering Valenciennes on Armistice Day attached to the Canadian Corps.

While at the Headquarters of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force the Prince spent a great deal of his time with the troops and made many friends amongst the British, Australian, and New Zealand Divisions. There were scenes of intense enthusiasm as H.R.H. rode through Khartum, where the streets were lined with troops. While in Egypt he paid a short visit to Cairo, and stayed at the British Residency and took lunch with the Khedive.

The Great War had not waged for two years before the Prince of Wales, with a foresight that would have done credit to the most mature statesman, realised that terrible hardships would have to be faced by the relatives of those "killed in action." In order to alleviate in some way their distress, the Prince inaugurated a Fund bearing his name, and published immediately the following appeal:

"BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"All must realise that the present time of deep anxiety will be followed by one of considerable distress among the people of the Country least able to bear it.

"We most earnestly pray that the sufferings may be neither long nor bitter. But we cannot wait until the need presses heavily upon us.

"The means of relief must be ready in our hands.

To allay anxiety will go some way to stay distress.

"A national fund has been founded, and I am proud to act as its treasurer. My first duty is to ask for generous and ready support, and I know that I shall not ask in vain.

"At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the heart of the British people that I confidently make this most earnest appeal.

"EDWARD P."

The response was immediate, and the subscriptions mounted quickly until well over a million pounds had been received. By the end of 1917 the total donations had reached the stupendous figure of over six million pounds.

The Prince played a dual rôle during those harrowing days of the War. Dividing his time between the fighting areas and home, he was able to do useful work in all quarters. Early in 1916 he took the chair at the initial meeting of the Statutory Committee of the Naval and Military Pensions Act, in London. The work of the Committee was to deal with pensions and allowances to be subsequently granted to those who had been engaged in the War, and their wives, families, and dependents. During his speech the Prince spoke of his good fortune in already being able to associate himself with the men at the Front who had shown such dauntless courage and cheerful endurance. "There is a class," the Prince continued, "to whom the whole sympathy of the nation will go out, and who may count upon the hearty consideration of this Committee, those who in the prime of manhood and vigour of health have been permanently disabled. Although they will receive substantial pensions from the State, our special duties will be to initiate schemes of training and of finding employ-

ment, and thus enable them to feel that they are still active members of the community."

It speaks much for the Prince's wisdom that he could look so far ahead. His studies of the workings of the Government departments had shown him that their methods, just and generous though they might be in allotting pensions to disabled soldiers and their dependents, would not be able thoroughly to investigate and satisfy individual and exceptional cases. It was highly desirable that a more or less independent Committee should be established to look into such cases, and the Prince of Wales threw every energy, so far as his work at the Front would allow, to further the praiseworthy aims of the Pensions Committee.

The Prince has ever had the needs of the ex-service-men at heart. He has always attached the greatest importance to the future and welfare of these unfortunate victims of war. At a special meeting of the Royal Patriotic Fund Corporation held at the Conference Hall, Whitehall, early in 1916, the Prince laid before the Committee the urgent need to look after the stricken interests of the wounded soldiers.

"*It is the will of Parliament,*" the young speaker declared, "*that pensions and allowances, alike for widows and dependents and for the disabled, should be given on a far higher scale than in any previous war or in any other of the European countries taking part in this war. These pensions and allowances will be paid by the State as a right, through the usual State departments. But Parliament has gone further. It has said: 'That is not enough. . . . It will be necessary, if we are to adopt a rule of equality of sacrifices, to supplement in some cases, and if we are really as a nation to love and honour our stricken heroes, to see that they are provided, not alone with pensions, but with some employ-*

ment suited to their new and perhaps painful conditions, and, if necessary, that they receive a training to enable them to adapt themselves to these conditions.' To supplement the flat rate of pensions when necessary, there will be a joint effort of the State, local authorities, and voluntary associations, and the setting in motion of a network of machinery covering the whole country. Any State grants which may be made from time to time—and already the Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to ask Parliament to start us on our way—will, I hope, be used, in the wealthiest areas at all events, to supplement and stimulate, not to supplant and suffocate, local effort and local generosity."

It would have been a simple matter to keep from the Prince of Wales the actual sights of the maiming of men; but he was persistent in his demands to visit personally the front-line trenches. On the way he often met long processions of wounded soldiers, and always he had a cheery word for them and often emptied his own cigarette case amongst them. On one occasion he came into contact with a band of German prisoners, many of whom were wounded. Crossing over to them, he chatted with them in fluent German for a few minutes and with his usual inimitable charm. On many occasions the soldiers were surprised to look up and find the Prince actually in the trenches beside them. Indeed, it is reported that the young officer once penetrated to within thirty yards of the enemy, and as he stood chatting with a Tommy, a bullet from a German sniper's rifle struck the man and he crashed to the ground, shot through the chest. At once the Prince knelt and administered first aid until a stretcher came to carry the wounded man to a dressing-station.

The Prince was always interested in the activities of the British airmen, and would openly show his excite-

ment when witnessing a fight between our own planes and those of the Germans. He would cheer as loudly as anyone when, after a breathless chase, a British machine overtook and brought down the enemy. On one occasion, after witnessing a thrilling combat in the air, in which the British plane was victorious; the air-men landed only a short distance from where the Prince was standing. At once he rushed to the spot before the pilot "took off" again, and heartily congratulated them on the excellent manœuvre and the tactics they had employed in bringing down the enemy machine, which had intended dropping its bombs on a hospital a few miles behind the British lines, and near which the Prince was at that time stationed.

It was a scattered Royal Family in those days. King George was here, there, and everywhere during those war-years. One day he would be visiting ruined streets in London and commiserating with the unfortunate victims of the enemy bombs; the next he would be reviewing troops and offering words of steady hope and cheer. Then the newspapers would be full of his latest surprise visit to the trenches, often by destroyer. It is not generally known how many personal risks the King took during those black days of 1914-1918. Throughout all he maintained an almost unbelievable calm. Like his son the Prince of Wales, he was one of the few who did not cloud his vision and view by hysterical outpourings of hate regarding the common enemy. The only time he was moved to anything like a public show of feelings was when he saw the mangled remains of some children after one of the frequent air-raids on London streets. "There is no telling what *they* will do next." The deep undercurrent of disgust mixed with stern anger gave a clue to the King's real feelings. If he was not demonstrative, there was no doubt of the

torture and misery in his own soul as he saw for himself the vile and cruel vengeance which the enemy were wreaking within his very country.

When the King's horse bolted at the Front in 1917, as a result of the cheering of the troops, His Majesty sustained a very nasty fall, and it speaks very well both for his physique and his philosophical indifference to personal injuries that he so quickly recovered from an accident which might well have proved fatal.

Queen Mary, using Buckingham Palace as her headquarters, spared herself in no way to help on the cause of the War. She, too, saw France, and it speaks much for her family pride when, in 1917, she asked at the Front, "Have you seen my son?" Visiting wounded soldiers, munition factories, and sitting on various War Committees, the Queen spent her days in restless and ceaseless work for all ranks and associated herself with the beloved Queen-Mother in producing and distributing comforts for the fighting forces.

Princess Mary also did excellent war work, both at home and in France in munition canteens, as a V.A.D. Commandant and in connection with Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps and the Y.W.C.A. movements. She proved an ever-present inspiration to the noble women who helped to win the War.

The Duke of York unfortunately was in indifferent health during the war-years and was invalided from his ship on two occasions. All the same, he managed to put in good service and was present in H.M.S. *Collingwood* at the Battle of Jutland.

Prince Henry and Prince George were still at school, the latter following the footsteps of his elder two brothers at Dartmouth. Prince John was only a boy.

The Prince of Wales when in the field adopted exactly the same means of letter-writing as his comrades-in-

arms. He used the ordinary Active Service envelopes and even made use of the Field-Card in advising his relatives that "I am quite well" according to the printed stereotyped wording on these documents. His letters to his family were always full of enthusiasm, although in the later years of the War the horror of the dreadful carnage began to tell on him as on everyone else, and his letters began to be carefully veiled hopes that the War would soon end.

The King of Italy had already conferred upon the Prince, the Knight's Cross of the Military Order of Savoy, and in May 1916 the Prince arrived at the Italian Military Headquarters. Great crowds gave the visitor an enthusiastic welcome as, accompanied by the King of Italy, he passed through the flag-bedecked streets in an open car.

Together with King Victor Emmanuel's A.D.C., the Prince visited the Isonzo front as far as Monte Nero, and then the Cadore-Trentino front, and next the Carso front, coming into close contact with the soldiers of our southern ally. Wherever the King of Italy went, there was a blending of the national colours of the two countries. The Prince concluded his visit to the Italian area with a short sea-cruise to Grado.

At this time rumours of the engagement of the Prince of Wales to the eldest daughter of the Italian Royal Family, the Princess Yolanda of Savoy, reached England. They were no doubt originated by the enthusiasm with which the Italian people greeted our Prince, together with the fact that he stayed as a guest of the Royal Family.

Although the rumours were officially denied from the outset, it was not until after the War that many people disbelieved the suggestions of such a marriage. Had not the Prince's mind been engaged with matters

of greater import, he would have suffered severe annoyance and distress at such a senseless invasion of his private feelings. Since then many similar rumours have been current from time to time, but the Prince has had to bear the extreme annoyance they have caused to his sensitive mind in silence. Unfortunately a Prince Royal cannot defend himself against rumour.

CHAPTER TEN

H.R.H. "CARRIES ON"

A PART from his very great affection for his family and in particular his devotion to his brother and sister, the Prince of Wales has always treasured the greatest respect for his tutor, Mr. H. P. Hansell, guide, philosopher, and friend from his childhood until the attainment of his majority. Mr. Hansell is no longer attached to the Prince, but holds the position of a Gentleman Usher to H.M. the King, an honour granted following his lifelong devotion to the Heir to the Throne.

Never has there been greater attachment between master and man than between H.R.H. and Mr. Hansell, and to the untiring energies of this great scholar the popularity of the Prince of Wales to-day is in some measure due.

Despite his being at the Front, the Prince kept in constant touch with his late tutor. H.R.H. now began to reap in full where Mr. Hansell had sown, and the Prince with his spontaneous gratitude was quick to realise that but for the careful training which had been given to him both as a child and while at Oxford, he might have failed in this crucial test of his manhood—been weighed in the scales of war and been found wanting.

It is not difficult to imagine with what pride Mr. Hansell watched his young charge disporting himself with such gallantry in France, and the letters that passed between the Prince and his late tutor were full, on the one side of boyish enthusiasm and confidence, and on the other of wise counsel and advice and respectful and genuine commendation.

Those who have come into contact with the Prince

and who know him intimately cannot but pay tribute to his well-balanced mind and orderliness in all he does.

This has never been better illustrated than during the war-years, when he seemed to keep an eye on everything that happened both in France and at home. Hearing of the attempts in England to defeat the German blockade by the intensive cultivation of small-holdings, the Prince at once inaugurated a scheme on the Duchy of Cornwall estate at Dartmouth, and had the satisfaction of seeing many acres of the largest enclosures of grass-land prepared for food cultivation. The idea of commencing farming on intensive lines on the Prince's Cornish estates had been first mooted, however, early in 1913, and operations had commenced then. Crops had been sown and cattle installed in the pasture-lands, but the Prince had, owing to subsequent activities, been compelled to devote his time to other interests than farming. At the same time it is significant of his love of the land that he mentioned, while in Paris before the War, that nothing would please him better, if he had to have a landsman's life, than to settle down as a gentleman-farmer! Since, he has been able, to some extent, to realise this ambition on his ranch in Canada.

The Prince celebrated his twenty-first birthday at the Front, and in accordance with his wishes, the following intimation was made from Buckingham Palace:

"While deeply appreciating the wishes expressed by many public bodies to present addresses on the occasion of his coming-of-age on the 23rd inst., the Prince of Wales, being at the Front, wishes that all congratulations, public or otherwise, should be postponed until the conclusion of the War."

For the same reason the Prince decided not to make any appointments to his Household.

Nevertheless, quiet celebrations took place in England, and the Prince was the recipient of hundreds of telegrams from all over the world. One, in particular, from the Town Council of Chester, read:

"We rejoice in the noble example you have set to the Nation, and pray that no harm may befall you, and that you may soon return with the victorious British forces, when we may be privileged to welcome you in the Capital of your Earldom."

The King of Italy also conferred upon the Prince the Order of the Annunziata, carrying with it, as is the custom, the relationship of cousin to His Majesty.

During the whole of the four years of the War the Prince of Wales never stayed away from the various fronts for long. He paid several flying visits home, but they were not to be regarded as leaves, for on all occasions he made good use of his time spent in England. He visited the hospitals for the wounded, attended the meetings of those public bodies to which he was associated in some manner or other, and travelled from one end of the country to the other fulfilling public duties. Although he was so young—younger in every sense than his years—he gained no little reputation for delivering telling and forcible War speeches. As Mr. Balfour said of him, "He shows an admirable lucidity and restrained eloquence whenever he speaks of the War."

In January 1917 the Prince made one of his frequent rush visits to England to attend the meeting of the Prince of Wales's Committee for the Care of Soldiers' War Graves held at the War Office under the Chairman-

ship of Lieut.-General Sir Nevil Macready, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

"I am glad," the Prince said on this occasion, "of the opportunity of being home on leave to meet this Committee, to whom will be entrusted the care of the graves of our soldiers after the War. I have been able myself to see something at the Front, in France and Belgium, of the reverent and efficient manner in which the work of the Graves Registration Unit is being carried out. Speaking as a soldier, I should like to say how close is the feeling of sympathy which exists between the men at the Front and the people at home in regard to this work."

A few weeks later the Prince brought over dispatches from Sir John French to the Secretary of State for War, and then spent two or three days' well-earned leave in the peace of Windsor Castle before returning once more to the Front. At Windsor the war-worn young Prince in his well-worn khaki regaled his father and mother with stories of France, though tactfully he kept back many of the dangers which he had faced and the discomforts with which he had had to contend. He was at this time able to meet his father almost on an equal footing, as man to man, and offered the King cigarettes just as he had done to his comrades at the Front. Together the two soldiers—father and son, King and heir—talked military "shop" with all the enthusiasm of Staff officers, and His Majesty was never tired of hearing from his son intimate stories of the War showing with what splendid spirit the allied troops were bearing up under the tremendous privations of modern warfare. And was any other father in England prouder of his soldier-son than was the King of the Prince of Wales?

The ordinary rank of soldiers would have quickly

discerned in the Prince's activities among them any hint of condescension and would have quickly detected any attempt on his part to "mix" with them on any but a downright comradely basis. When the Prince asked for a light for his cigarette or asked for a cigarette, it was not because he wished to be considered friendly, but because he really needed a light or a smoke, and in bringing his personal needs before the humblest soldier showed that even a Prince is at best a man indeed.

The Prince took a great delight in inspecting troops during the War. Many may have thought that H.R.H. found pleasure in thus parading his rank and wondered whether he appreciated the toil and care as well as administrative abilities which go to make a successful parade. The Prince has seen both sides of the picture, that is probably why he is always so ready to inspect parades. He knew on board the *Hindustan* what feverish work lay before a parade inspection by some high officer, and what attention to the minutest detail was necessary before the parade was ready. He knew too, from the days when he stood on parade himself, that nothing delights the heart of either soldier or sailor so much as an appreciative, intelligent inspection which is something more than a mere "look-over."

After his short leave in the autumn of 1917 the Prince of Wales returned to his duties with reinforced vigour. Even at this time he did not look a day over sixteen years of age, and was a source of constant admiration to all ranks of the Army, many of whom had the satisfaction of meeting him face to face in the war-area. "He is only a boy, but he has a tremendous lot of courage," wrote a soldier to his family, discussing his meeting with the Prince.

Early in February 1918 the Prince returned home from Sir H. Plumer's headquarters in Italy. ("Home"

to all members of the Royal Family is Buckingham Palace, as apart from Windsor, Balmoral, etc.) He was accompanied by Lord Claud Hamilton. The Prince looked very fit; his fair face was tanned with constant exposure to all weathers, his fair hair seemed brighter than ever, and his eyes still held that merry twinkle which he inherits from his father, though we do not often see it in His Majesty nowadays.

The Prince had returned to take his seat in the House of Lords. The War could not kill every British tradition!

The last ceremony of its kind had taken place fifty-five years previously, when the late King Edward had taken his seat as the Prince of Wales. King George, it may be noted, took his seat as the Duke of York, prior, of course, to his father's ascent to the Throne.

In order to have the ceremony without a hitch, the scene was rehearsed the previous day.

The Prince wore his military uniform, over which was placed the scarlet Parliamentary robe and ermined collar of a duke; the Prince also wore the collar of the Order of the Garter. In the procession to the House of Lords the Prince was preceded by the Deputy Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, in sober black garments, the Garter King-of-Arms, resplendent in his many-coloured uniform, the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Privy Seal, and the Lord President of the Council.

The coronet of the Prince was borne next on a crimson velvet cushion by Sir Sidney Greville, and the Duke of Beaufort and the Duke of Somerset were H.R.H.'s supporters. The Prince followed next, attended by Lord Claud Hamilton.

Proceeding from the Bar up the House with the customary reverences to the Cloth of Estate, the Prince

passed before the Lord Chancellor, seated on his Wool-sack, who received from H.R.H. his Writ of Summons, and from the Garter King-of-Arms the Letters Patent. The Prince then proceeded to the table with his two supporters, and the rest of the procession was conducted by the Deputy Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod to the foot of the table. The Clerk of the Parliament then read, in a slow, deliberate voice, the quaint wording on the Letters Patent and Writ of Summons. His Royal Highness then took the oath and subscribed the declaration, afterwards being conducted to his chair at the right hand of the Throne, where he was covered. As he passed the Lord Chancellor, the latter raised his three-cornered beaver hat. The Prince carried himself throughout the ancient ceremony with a return of his boyish awe at traditional rites, and was obviously relieved when he was able to cast off his State robes and return in his ordinary military uniform to listen to the debate. Sitting where his father and grandfather had sat before him, he listened with the keenest interest to the various speeches.

The Prince now began an exhaustive tour of industrial areas. South Wales was the starting-point, and he was received amidst great acclamations. His next visit was to the Cornwall Estates of the Duchy. Here he spent a busy day inspecting the Wolfram mine at Kit Hill. It was a glorious early-spring day, and crowds of people welcomed him. With his usual desire to do everything thoroughly, he donned an overall and a miner's hat to which a Davy lamp was fastened, and walked through an underground cutting into an actual mine, stopping on the way to pay his "footing." This is an old Cornish custom, and consists in having one's boots wiped by the oldest miner present on payment of 2s. 6d. The Prince laughed heartily while the cere-

mony was being performed. During his inspection of the mine he used a hand-drill and chatted freely with the workers. He stayed for lunch at the mine buildings, and had the pleasure of meeting his brother Prince George, whom he had not seen for eighteen months. Prince George was still at Dartmouth. After a brief visit to Plymouth, the Prince returned to London to be present at an entertainment of the soldiers' children in the East End under the auspices of the Kitchener of Khartum Empire Association, a society formed by the late Lord Kitchener to assist soldiers, their wives and children. The Prince made a happy little speech to the children, in which he asked them to be as loyal to their country as their fathers and brothers had been, many of whom he had met at the Front.

From London the Prince now journeyed to the Clyde industrial area. While there he visited all the chief naval and mercantile works and shipyards, and had a special word of congratulation for a group of survivors from torpedoed vessels who had drawn up for his inspection. He also gave a special word of sympathy to the two stewardesses on the ill-fated *Tuscania*.

Everywhere was sung "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

While on the Clyde the Prince associated freely with the workers, as he had done with the soldiers in France, and drove a steel rivet into a ship's plate, remarking that though the work looked easy enough, it was jolly hard. He took a keen interest in all he saw, and when a naval gun was being tempered with oil, inquired what kind of oil was being used.

May 1918 represented the third anniversary of the entry of Italy into the War as an ally of Great Britain. England, always proud of the amiable relationship which for long years had existed and still exists between

herself and the people of Italy, had arranged some months before the date that a member of the Royal Family, perhaps the King himself, would be present at the quiet ceremony which was to take place on that day in ancient Rome. When the time came, however, the King found it impossible to leave his duties, and the Prince of Wales was requested to leave for Italy in order to represent the Throne of England.

The young Prince, wearing the khaki uniform of a British officer, arrived in Rome on May 23rd, where he was met at the station by the Duke of Genoa, Sir Rennell Rodd (the British Ambassador), and several other Ministers. Dense crowds had gathered in and about the station, and the Prince was given perhaps the heartiest welcome that has ever been accorded him in his life. Stories of the Prince's part in the War had crept into the Italian newspapers, and the people of Rome, who had not before met the young Heir to the English Throne in person, showed their admiration for the Prince in the only manner possible. Immediately he left the train, deafening cheers broke out, while from various quarters of the crowd came strains of the song, "Long Live the Prince of Wales." Almost every house in Rome flaunted a flag of one or other of the Allies, and the crowds which lined the streets marking the route the Prince was to travel cheered long and madly as he passed. As his car travelled alongside the Massimo Hospital for wounded soldiers, the convalescents crowded to the windows, waving their hands and shouting their greetings to the distinguished visitor below.

The Prince was to be the guest of Sir Rennell Rodd during his short stay in Rome.

The ceremony of the anniversary took place the following day in the Augusteum Hall, and the building

was packed to overflowing. After the National Anthem of each of the Allies had been rendered and a hearty welcome to the Prince of Wales had been given, he was called upon to speak.

Wild cheers broke out when the slight figure of H.R.H. rose to address the crowds from the Royal box.

"Your Excellencies, Ladies and Gentlemen,—Allow me first to thank you and all the people of Rome for the very cordial welcome which the venerable town has given me on the occasion of my first visit—a visit which I shall remember to the end of my life. I have come to you from the Front, on which our soldiers are fighting shoulder to shoulder to uphold the same ideals and to defend the same inalienable rights. I come to you to bring you a message of encouraging sympathy from the King my father, and his subjects in Great Britain and in the Dominions overseas. I come to you to assure you of the constant friendship and sincere affection of the British people for your nation, whose enlightened and precious sympathy is a proof of the creative unity of arms which nothing can again dissolve. In the city of Rome, the ancient capital of the world, the source of social order and justice, I proudly proclaim my conviction that the great object for which our two nations are fighting against the forces of reaction is inevitably destined to triumph, owing to the union of which our meeting this evening is symbolic."

The speech was only a short one, but at each and every pause the youthful speaker made, loud cheers broke out. For once the Italian people, a most courteous race, forgot the point of etiquette which demands that a Royal speech shall not be interrupted. But these were stirring times, and the mass of listeners were too overjoyed at the Prince's words to mind mere etiquette.

If anyone wished to know the Prince's faith in the

ultimate result of his country's struggle, in his speech in Rome is found a full and sufficient answer, for even at that moment the Germans were pressing harder than ever upon the combined French, British, American, and Belgian lines.

Only those who were of military age and were denied, for various reasons (which themselves they could not alter), actual participation in the combatant lines of our forces can appreciate the subtle distinction that was drawn by the men at the Front between active fighting soldiers and those engaged in administrative and other work which brought them probably within the fighting area but kept them out of the trenches. Even the Royal Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps, the Royal Engineers, and other service regiments were at times coolly regarded by the trench and artillery men. It was not fair, of course; but then nothing can be fair in war. Arguments were useless in those days; the actual fighting man received the praise, while too often the other services were referred to disparagingly.

The Prince realised the subtle difference between his own job and that of others. It was a bitter realisation, though not so to the matured, grey-headed Staff officers, who wisely knew that in the wheel of the war machine every unit is necessary.

Prince Edward took risks in France, but they were as far as possible minimised: he himself would be the last to deny it. That is why he referred to "*my insignificant part in the War.*" But there was no need for any apologia on the part of the sensitive young Prince. No one expected the Heir to the Throne to wield a bayonet or shoulder a rifle. Probably if he had done, and his wishes on this subject have never been doubted, the actual influence both on the result of the War and

the *moral* of the troops would have been insignificant compared with that which his presence alone effected. It was a harder, a thousand times harder, task for the Prince of Wales to reconcile himself to his "safety" duties than actual fighting would have been.

The Prince's part in the War cannot rightly be judged at its true value by the Prince himself. For once, in his sensitive deprecation of his own war-time efforts, the Prince forgot that his position must have inevitably made him different from every other man in France, from the High Command downwards. He was the only man in the British Army whose individuality was demanded by the Empire.

After actual events have blurred the immediate vision, it is the motive that counts in all human activities.

So with the Prince. Whatever his private views upon the subject, the whole world knows that he played his delicate, uncolourful, arduous part as only it could have been played by a man whose heart was in the right place and whose star was the star of duty and service to his fellow-men.

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The Great European struggle was over—ended as unexpectedly as it had begun—leaving everyone, both at home and on the various fronts, with a vague feeling of unreality. The Armistice meant to those in the Mother Country that they could go to bed to sleep without the horrible fear of the last four years that they might wake to find their homes a roaring hell from bombs of the enemy aircraft. It meant, too, a release from that harrowing anxiety of waiting for the morning's post, or the telegraph boy who might bring news of the death of some loved one. To the soldiers at the Front it meant cessation from the racket

of artillery barrage, more ghastly than the dreaded "gas."

But every Britisher hid his true feelings behind a mask of gaiety and jubilation.

What did the Prince of Wales think of this sudden cessation of hostilities?

With the whimsical outlook of youth, he experienced a few regrets that he would now be called upon to cast off the uniform of a soldier and don once more the robes of his Princeship. But never again could he be quite the same Royal Prince of Wales—that shy, debonair figure which had won its way into the hearts of the British people through his sheer boyishness.

Now he wished to be accepted as a man. He had won his spurs. Had he not mixed with men too long and too freely to be ever restricted as he had been in those peaceful years before 1914? His experiences—which no Heir to the Throne had ever enjoyed for hundreds of years, perhaps ever before—had made a lasting influence upon him. Henceforth, though he may be called the Prince of Wales, he would always remain "the People's Prince"!

The Armistice meant something else, too. It meant that the unfortunate men who had fallen into the enemy's hands would now be released and allowed to return to their own country. The Prince of Wales exhibited the keenest interest in the welfare of repatriated prisoners of war. On November 17th he attended in person at Dover and met a transport of 800 men recently released from German internment-camps. He arrived on the pier well before time and waited, chatting with his companions, until the shriek of sirens from boats and warships in the harbour heralded the fact that the prisoner-ship had been sighted.

It had been arranged that no one should be allowed

on the pier, but it was more than law and order could do to keep the anxious crowds in check, and they surged on to the pier, eager to meet their beloved relatives.

As the men landed, hearty and prolonged cheers broke out, while a band played the well-known strains of the famous marching-song, "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag!" The prisoners as they left the boat were formed into lines along the pier front, and the Prince walked down the files, chatting with the men and questioning them with regard to their experiences and their future plans.

He realised that the time was not far distant when he would have to bid good-bye to the soldiers who had been his friends. He expressed the wish, however, to be allowed to spend Christmas with the troops abroad. No one was really surprised, therefore, to read in the newspapers on Christmas Eve, 1918, that "the Prince of Wales is staying in Brussels, *incognito*."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

H.R.H. RETURNS FROM WAR

WHEN the Prince of Wales heard that the last shot of the Great War had been fired and that Armistice had been declared, he straightway sat down and sent a telegram to his father expressing his tremendous joy that England had emerged so victoriously from the great conflict.

Certain it is that the Prince welcomed Peace as much as any of the war-tired soldiers he had served with in France, but with his characteristic far-sightedness he did not waste time in joining in the peace festivities, but at once turned his attention to the problems with which he knew his country would be faced with the coming of peace.

He realised as much as anyone else that the return of the glory-covered troops from France would be quickly followed by the dangerous questions of employment, pensions, and the care of those whom war had maimed and crippled for life.

One of his first cares, however, was to show his great appreciation as Heir to the Throne to all the hardy Colonials who had rallied to their country's call. During the few months after the cessation of hostilities H.R.H. dashed like a veritable will-o'-the-wisp between the various British Colonial and Allied Headquarters both in England and France. Not only did he just want to say "Thank you for your services to England," but also to get to know personally the various Colonial people whom he was later to visit during his tours as England's ambassador.

It is well known now that the Prince has a great admiration and respect for those sturdy dwellers and pioneers in the Dominions Overseas; that admiration

and respect were engendered by frequent meetings in France with the Overseas troops, both in the firing-line and at the various base camps.

With his peculiar aptitude for grasping details and impressions, it did not take the Prince long to get to know the habits, ambitions, and outlook of the men of all our colonies—Canada, Australia, and New Zealand—who had helped the Allies to win the War. There was work—much work—to do in England, of course, but the Prince felt that both as an officer and Heir to the Throne he would be serving his country best by remaining with the demobilising Army.

January 1919 found him at the Australian Headquarters. He had spent just over three weeks in their company, living exactly as their officers and attended only by a young Staff captain. There was a complete absence of ceremony in the way His Royal Highness went among them, shaking hands here and returning a salute there; but what appealed most of all to the Australians was his good company. It was impossible to be either nervous or indifferent when the Prince of Wales shared their company. His ability as a raconteur kept the "Aussies" in continual good-humour, for he had a fund of good war-stories which he told with infectious humour; also he proved an excellent listener to the many and varied and not always innocent yarns of Australia's soldiers. The atmosphere of interest which revolved round these sons of the Great Commonwealth created in His Royal Highness a fresh longing—unsatisfied, or only partially so yet—to travel and see these men in their own countries, to taste the hardships and the joys of their manly, open-air life on the veldt; "way back," and on the prairie.

His rather old-fashioned courtesy held extraordinary charm for these men of field and camp-house; and they

had nothing but praise for his easy, democratic manner and extreme frankness. There was not a divisional race-meeting or a battalion football match at which the Prince was not present. From time to time he presented medals to those whose valour had been conspicuous on the field of battle. It speaks much for the Prince's stern devotion to his military duty that he refused all invitations to be present at celebrations in London on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas of 1918, in favour of the soberer festivities of the late battlefield and amongst his comrades-in-arms of the past war-years.

The Prince's next visit was to the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Quietly and unostentatiously he arrived at Coblenz and was received by General Dickman, who commanded the Third Army. His Royal Highness was the guest of the General during his stay. On the evening of his arrival General Dickman and the officers arranged a dinner in honour of their Royal guest. It was a momentous occasion, this meeting of the Old and New Country within a month or so of peace on the conquered enemy territory. Enthusiasm ran high; speeches were made and demanded; the amateur talent of the American soldiers was pressed into service in a pleasing impromptu entertainment which vastly delighted the Prince. The following day, tireless as usual, the Prince visited the IV Corps under General C. H. Muir, and took luncheon with him and the Headquarters Staff, returning to Coblenz in the evening, where he attended a ball at the Officers' Club, dancing with a number of American nurses. What a contrast to the shy, self-analytical young Prince who in France seven years before had confessed that he did not care for dancing!

So gratified was the Prince with the undoubted sin-

cerity of his welcome in the American ranks that he decided to prolong his visit, and further cemented the bond of friendship between the two countries by staying with them in the hour of victory. Crossing the Rhine early in the morning, he visited a Regimental Field Artillery and took lunch with Major-General Hines, commanding the Corps at Neu-Wied, and then journeyed to Cologne. During the actual activities the Prince had not seen a great deal of the American troops, though he had heard of their splendid work. This visit in the aftermath was as significant and pleasing to the Prince as it was to America.

And so the Prince passed from one strenuous post-war duty to another. Within two days of his departure from the American Army of Occupation he was presenting colours to three Battalions of Guards Regiments which had been raised during the War. He expressed the significance of the ceremony by alluding to "this hour of victory in a foreign land." Indeed the scene was momentous. The Prince stood with General Plumer and General Mathieson in the spacious square of a fine German barracks, where three months before German soldiery were being drilled with machine-like efficiency for the "Great End." In his speech the Prince, whose knowledge of historical detail has always been excellent, recalled the various battles in which the Guards had distinguished themselves and called upon them to uphold the tradition. Then, in the wooded Stadt Park outside Cologne, the Prince made further presentations to the 4th Battalion Grenadiers and Coldstream Guards, reminding them that the 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards was his own Regiment.

Eager to be introduced to all the fighting forces, the Prince now paid the New Zealand Expeditionary Force a gracious compliment by rushing to greet them prior

to their return to their southern homeland. Bumping along in his Staff car, the Prince tore up to their Headquarters one evening, and no one suspected until he was in their midst that the son of their King had paid them a visit.

The Germans, of course, were aware that the Prince of Wales was in their own country. Few recognised him, however, though he walked about the streets of Cologne like any other officer and even made several everyday purchases in the shops. His youthful appearance and the entire freedom with which H.R.H. went about deceived the German civil population as to his real identity. The few who did recognise him were astounded at the absence of the magnificent suite which they felt sure would accompany the Prince of Wales, and at the lack of display which had always heralded the movements of the Kaiser and the Hohenzollern Family.

The Prince worked harder during the first few months after the War than he had during actual hostilities. He spared no effort to meet and chat with every individual man, private and officer, and question them closely upon their future plans. He joined in their sports and at a shooting match was one of the competitors.

Fresh from this visit, he arrived at Gedinne in the province of Namur, and reviewed the Scots troops quartered there; then he gave his attention to the Welsh troops in France.

Queen Elena of Italy was at this time staying in Paris, and, taking the opportunity of again demonstrating England's appreciation of her Latin Ally, the Prince of Wales, together with Prince Alexander of Serbia and Monsieur and Mme Poincaré, old friends of the Prince, visited and dined with her. While in Paris, the Prince,

with that new-born desire for knowledge and information, visited the Press Club, which the French Government had provided for journalists and correspondents who would be in their capital during the forthcoming Peace Conference. The club was once the gorgeous palace of the late Monsieur Dufayel, and stood in the Champs-Élysées. That evening marked the beginning of the peace-time social world. In honour of the Prince, Lord Derby held a great dinner party at the British Embassy, followed by a brilliant reception.

Since the Armistice had been signed, the people of England had lived for the most part in a hectic maze of "celebrations." "The King" was the toast at every dinner, followed automatically by "Our Soldiers and Sailors," and the inevitable "Our Allies." But the Prince had been missed. During the War all-too-scant accounts of his activities had reached England, and the people were eager both to see their soldier-Prince and to learn something from his own lips, if possible, of his part in it. He could scarcely put off his return to England now, and March 1919 saw him back in London fulfilling a list of engagements which would have overwhelmed any ordinary man. But even in England, during his début at public functions, the Prince could not forget his associations with his soldiers and those of our Allies. He specially attended the farewell dinner at the Royal Aero Club given to Lieut.-Colonel W. Endicott, Commander of the American Red Cross for Great Britain.

The Prince, proposing the Colonel's health, said:

"When I accepted Sir Arthur Stanley's invitation to the dinner, I was informed by him that there would be no formal speeches and that the only toast, except those of the President and the King, would be that of Colonel Endicott, the guest of the evening. I am very

glad that it is my privilege to propose this toast, for I have, perhaps, seen more than most of you here of the splendid work of the American Red Cross in France, Belgium, and Italy."

The Prince's strenuous activities just after the War began to tell on his health, however, and the Royal physicians, noting the tired look in his eyes and that even his tireless energy and iron constitution were beginning to be affected by the strain, advised His Royal Highness to take a short holiday from his multifarious duties.

A little unwillingly and also because his mother backed up the doctors' suggestion, H.R.H. agreed to have a rest and left London to spend some weeks on his estates in the Duchy of Cornwall.

No sooner were the backs of the Royal doctors turned, however, than the Prince found further scope for activity amongst his tenants and interests on his Cornish properties. Characteristically, instead of resting in idleness, the Prince commenced to tour round his estates, to which during the War he had been unable to give his own personal attention.

The Prince has always taken the greatest interest in his own landed property, and second to his love for his E.P. Ranch in Canada comes that for the large estates he owns in Cornwall. It is no secret that he spends considerable sums of money each year in improving and further developing the estates in every possible direction.

During the War the Prince had attended occasional meetings of his comptroller and other officers connected with the Duchy of Cornwall, but, of course, he could give but the briefest attention to the matter before him. Now, however, he began to go thoroughly into the various problems of his estate. The Cornish

tin-mines, which have been worked since the landing of the Romans in Britain two thousand years ago and which attracted the ancient Phœnicians to this country, had been gradually failing. The Prince therefore set to work to see what could be done to develop and expand the natural resources. He installed new and up-to-date machinery—an expensive item—and was not only able to provide added employment for an increasing number of miners, many of whom had been hard hit by circumstances, but also put his own finances on an improved basis.

During his stay the Prince showed particular interest in the small-holdings, and paid calls at numerous country farms, chatting with the farmers, their wives and children, and inspecting the property and stocks. He drove through some of the most beautiful districts of Cornwall, and expressed his delight at the true-to-type Cornish splendour of the Kit Hill neighbourhood.

During his tour the Prince paid a visit to Dartmoor Prison, making a thorough inspection of the cells. He evinced the greatest curiosity in the bakehouse of the prison, and after taking a stir of a rice-pudding, asked several questions concerning the feeding arrangements of the prisoners.

The Prince also investigated the state of the housing on the property, and gave instructions for several alterations to be carried out. When, finally, he returned to London, it was with the knowledge that all was well in Cornwall.

One of the most remarkable developments noticeable in His Royal Highness after the War was his pronounced business acumen, inherited in some part from King George, who has always shown a personal interest in the management of the Duchy and is himself a very business-like man in private life.

Cornwall, which was constituted a Royal Duchy in 1337 to be given to the eldest son of the reigning King of England, has, besides mineral workings, two other industries, farming and oyster fishing. During the War, when England made a determined effort to be self-supporting, the oyster fisheries at Falmouth were revived after lying dormant for some years. The Prince took a personal interest in them, and then turned his attention to exploiting the land. Here several problems immediately arose. The nature of the soil was such that cultivation on a large scale by means of electrically driven machinery would not be an economically sound proposition. The Prince, therefore, decided that intensive cultivation on a small-holding system, similar to that which he saw in Northern France and Flanders, would meet the case. He thus inaugurated a small-holding system for the more independently inclined of his tenants. Knowing the difficulties before the workers, and to avoid disappointment to any workers who did not know the nature of Cornish soil, he stipulated that only those who were aware of local conditions should be given the opportunity to work the holdings. At the same time he determined to make the most of the soil. He instituted a large farming concern and ran it upon co-partnership lines, thereby giving his active support to a system of democratic and co-operative trading which marks him at once as a courageous business man, for, in England at least, the system of co-partnership trading has many sceptics. The Prince has, however, shown his deep interest in new industrial systems and is a keen student of the "Co-operative" movement, and has personally visited factories belonging to the English and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Societies. Eager to learn from both workers and employers with a view to exploiting

capital and labour to mutual advantage, the Prince can truly be called the most democratic and go-ahead capitalist in England to-day. His example might well be followed by many business magnates.

Not content with his farming ventures, the Prince turned his attention to an afforestation scheme. He proposed to plant trees each year on the eastern side of Dartmoor upon 250 acres of suitable land, thus providing work for many unemployed.

The Prince was quite aware that parts of his Kennington, London, property were in a far from desirable condition. Before, however, he began any schemes for improvement, he decided to become acquainted personally with his tenants. This decision showed that the Prince was more than an average psychologist. If he had put in hand improvement schemes without really knowing the class of tenant over whom he was the landlord, he might well have wasted money and caused dissatisfaction, for the poorer classes, though they welcome improvements to their dwelling-houses, naturally like to have some say in the matter of such alterations.

Accordingly, accompanied by his sister, Princess Mary, he spent first of all an afternoon at the Old Tenants' Hostel, where he chatted and drank tea with his tenants, Princess Mary acting as hostess.

One of his tenants proved to be the oldest clown in England, and the Prince of Wales was vastly amused and interested at the old actor's reminiscences. Later, the Prince visited his tenants in their own homes, much to their delight and surprise. "Gosh! there's the Prince," whispered one woman to her daughter, and there was a wild scurry to tidy up the kitchen. But the Prince was not dismayed. "I'll take a cup of tea with you, if you don't mind," he said, observing the tea-pot under the "cosy." And quite informally the

Prince took a chair and drank his tea and chatted "just like as if he was one of us."

"I'll never part with that cup!" said the good lady of the house, referring to the one from which the Prince had drunk, and to this day it is carefully preserved in the china-cupboard.

Demolition, reconstruction, and house-planning followed, and the Prince and his tenants had the satisfaction of seeing some of the eyesores of Kennington removed.

The Duchy estates comprise a part of London as well as parts of Devon, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Dorset, and the Scilly Isles. A large proportion of the Prince's revenue is obtained from the property situated in the London Duchy estate round Kennington, South London.

Thus, by his hard work on the Cornish estates, the Prince had materially helped to improve local Cornish conditions and relieve unemployment in the district. Moreover, he had done his part to further the industries of England. But his efforts were to have an even more far-reaching effect. Before many more years had elapsed the Prince was to have the satisfaction of knowing that he was consolidating the trade of Canada by exporting cattle and herds from his own estates in Cornwall to his ranch which he acquired in the following year.

Later the Prince was destined to prove himself a thorough "business-getter," as our friends across the Atlantic would say.

CHAPTER TWELVE

"FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW!"

THE Prince of Wales has always been interested in aeronautics. It will be remembered that he made his first flight in 1913, and that in 1928 he took up flying not as a pleasure but as the quickest method of getting about from place to place in the fulfilment of his duties. In March 1919 he visited, with his brother the Duke of York (a qualified pilot), the Handley-Page Works at Cricklewood and was shown round the factories by Mr. Handley-Page.

Few people credit the Prince with having ambitions in any particular direction. His position, they argue, prevents him from having ambitions. But why should it? The Prince's ambitions may not lend themselves to definite classification, but the end of them all is the desire to be of use, both to himself and the people. A comparison with his brother the Duke of York at this time brings to light a most significant difference of temperament. The two brothers were both taking aviation instructions, but whereas the Duke wished to qualify for a pilot's certificate, the Prince desired only to gain a little experience in flying, so that he would not be at a loss when associating with the R.A.F. to discuss intelligently problems of aviation. The Prince of Wales has never expressed any desire to become a pilot, although he has spoken with enthusiasm of the enjoyment aviation gave him. On one occasion he took an hour's flight in a Handley-Page machine and soared over Buckingham Palace, the Houses of Parliament, Fleet Street, and St. Paul's Cathedral, landing at last at the Cricklewood Aerodrome. After the flight the Prince questioned his pilot, Lieut. Carruthers, R.A.F., on the mechanism of the machine, and greatly

surprised that young officer by his knowledge of matters aeronautical. But, unlike his brother, his heart was more with the Army than in the thrills and adventures of the newest branch of the Services.

At this time there was a movement on foot, which had first originated after the Prince's Investiture at Carnarvon in 1911, to persuade the Prince of Wales to take up residence in his Principality, and for a certain season of every year to transfer his household to Wales. Several Welsh towns urged their claims upon him, and the people of Llandudno sent a special resolution to the Premier to ask him to use his influence in persuading the Prince to consider their town as a suitable residence. Lord Mostyn also announced that his beautiful house in Gloddaeth Woods, Llandudno Bay, was at the disposal of the Prince.

Much as he would have liked to avail himself of the wishes of his people, there were several obstacles in the way of the Prince following the suggestions put forward. Then, too, there would inevitably have arisen a feeling of jealousy amongst Welsh people whatever town or district he had chosen. Therefore, with the utmost reluctance he had to abandon the idea, for the time at least, and content himself with promising to visit Wales whenever he could find the opportunity. And he has kept his word. Were the Prince to marry, there is every reason to suppose that he might choose a residence within Wales, but at present his various duties are so onerous that London must perforce be his headquarters.

There followed a host of engagements in the spring of 1919. Every town and city was eager to confer upon the Prince some signal honour in appreciation of his services to the country and as a proof of their loyalty. The Prince was made a Freeman of the

Borough of Plymouth (he was already the High Steward of that town), and was admitted an Elder Brother of Trinity House, at the same time being called to the Bar at Middle Temple, where he was made a Bencher of the Inn.

In the great Elizabethan hall, the Prince, in evening dress, looked quite out of place, even though he wore the broad ribbon of the Order of the Garter across his breast and several other important-looking orders on the lapel of his coat. His sunburnt face and athletic bearing spoke more of open fields and sunlit country roads than the musty, confined chambers beloved of the legal fraternity. Nevertheless, when the barristers present shed their legal severity and sang lustily “ For he’s a Jolly Good Fellow,” the Prince regained his *sang-froid* and walked up the great hall with pleasing self-assurance to make his speech. He was in fine humour and caused the austere faces of his audience to relax on several occasions. The Prince said:

“ The Master Treasurer asked me if I had read the document I had signed; I could not say that I had. He has also said that I have not eaten the number of dinners which are necessary. I am afraid I have not, nor have I done many other things which I should have done. I feel very embarrassed standing before you in this gown. I cannot pretend that it makes me learned in the law, in fact I feel rather magnificently camouflaged! But I do want you to treat it as a symbol of my desire to study and associate myself with the great legal institutions upon which the stability and welfare of our great country so largely depend.”

It is impossible to record every occasion upon which H.R.H. attended a public function or ceremony. The Prince’s programme was filled without an hour to spare, for weeks, nay, months ahead. But this one ceremony

in which the Prince gave his opinion on the part he played in the War must be given at some length.

On May 29th, 1919, the Prince of Wales was admitted, by patrimony, to the Freedom of the City of London. The month before the King had approved of his son's promotion to Colonel-in-Chief of the 12th (Prince of Wales's) Royal Lancers and the Royal Scots Fusiliers, and the young Prince took this advancement as a direct assurance of his progress in the military career to which he had for the last few years devoted every energy.

There was something about the Guildhall ceremony which made it stand out apart from the various important functions at which he attended in 1919. There was no attempt made to elevate the Prince; indeed, it was merely offering to the young heir, without frills and edgings, that which was his right. And he, on his part, accepted the right with justifiable pride and gratification.

The Prince travelled from Buckingham Palace to the Guildhall in an open landau and gravely acknowledged the spontaneous cheers of the huge crowds which had lined the route. He was received at the entrance to the Guildhall by the Lord Mayor and City officials. After inspecting a Guard of Honour of the Honourable Artillery Company, the Prince was escorted to the platform where the presentation was to take place. H.R.H. was obviously nervous, but as he signed the Roll, thereby making himself the youngest Freeman of the City, his movements were quite dignified and confident. The Duke of York, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince and Princess Arthur of Connaught were among the members of the Royal Family present.

The ceremony was only a brief one, but the sincere speeches made it impressive enough. The Town Clerk

declared the order for the Prince’s admission as a Freeman of the City, and immediately after the patrimony vouchers were read. On the completion of these formalities, the Lord Mayor inquired who presented the young Prince as a Freeman. The honour fell to the representatives of the Fishmongers’ Company, who presented His Royal Highness as an Honorary Freeman of their own Company. Speeches followed and, amid loud cheers and acclamations from those present, the Chamberlain gave a brief résumé of the Prince’s past activities, making reference to the special interest which His Royal Highness evinced in the work of the Royal Academy and the British Museum, resulting in his being elected to the Standing Committee of the latter. After offering him the right hand of fellowship and greeting the Prince as “ a Citizen and Fishmonger,” he presented the young Freeman with a silver-framed copy of the Freedom, which the Prince gratefully received.

When the Prince of Wales stepped forward to speak he was cheered to the echo. He delivered himself in clear, steady tones, declaring his appreciation of the honour he had received. “ *I am deeply grateful to you,*” he began, “ *for allowing me to come here to-day and to claim that franchise the right to which I possess by patrimony. It is a special pleasure to me . . . to be presented to you . . . as a Fishmonger.*”

The Prince then spoke of the War in a serious strain.

“ *The part I played was, I fear, a very insignificant one. But from one point of view I shall never regret my period of service overseas. In those four years I mixed with men. In those four years I found my manhood. When I think of the future, and of the heavy responsibilities which may fall to my lot, I feel that the experience gained will stand me in good stead. . . . I am very proud to stand here to-day as your youngest*

Freeman, and you may rest assured that I shall ever be mindful of the duties which I now owe to my fellow-citizens, and that, with God's help, I shall strive to follow the example of those distinguished men whose names have preceded mine on the long list of the Freeman of the City of London."

A truly characteristic speech, once again showing that modest, God-fearing side of the Prince's nature which so endears him to the hearts of the British people. He had all along deprecated the danger he ran during his duties in France, but it was not until 1928 that Major C. H. Dudley-Ward, at the annual dinner of the London Branch of the Welsh Guards Comrades' Association, threw a new light upon this subject.

As Colonel of the Welsh Guards, the Prince responded to the toast of his health and said that unfortunately he had not had the privilege of actually fighting in the Guards Division, though he served in a unit associated with it.

Major C. H. Dudley-Ward replied that "It all depends on what you call fighting. I can remember when we were in the Houlthurst Forest; on the top of the hill we had a lot of trouble with a heavy French gun which had shelled us all day. We sent messages to say that we were being shelled by the French, but nobody paid any attention. We sent out runners, and got a reply that we ought to know the difference between German and French guns by that time. Suddenly we saw two figures coming along the hill. One of them was the Prince of Wales. When he got half-way up the hill the shells fell all around him, completely hiding him from view.

"Colonel Sterling, who was commanding the battalion, said: 'My God! They've got him!' But they had not, for we saw him legging it through falling

“ HE’S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW! ” 165

mud to a little German pill-box we had taken shortly before.”

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Now the strenuous days of the War were over, the Prince was compelled to turn his energies into other channels. He had developed a keen affection for the Army, but now that hostilities had ceased the Prince found himself less busy, despite the associations which he retained with his regiments. He spent a great deal of the later spring and early autumn of 1919 in devoting his attention to labour and housing problems. Since his close relation with working men at the Front he wished to learn more about the conditions under which they lived in normal times. Accordingly, he paid frequent visits to the majority of the working-class districts in London and inquired into and inspected the dwellings. He took a lively interest in the aims of various Housing Committees, and would undoubtedly have continued his good work had he not been called upon, in August of the same year, to carry out his promise to renew his friendship with the Canadian people, many of whom he had met in France. As it was, the work he had encouraged was left quite safely in other capable hands.

The “ brother-spirit ” which the War had fostered in our Prince had a sequel when, on May 2nd, he was admitted as a Freemason of the Household Brigade Lodge No. 2614, on the Register of the United Grand Lodge of England.

The Prince of Wales realised to an extent which none of his predecessors had done that, by virtue of his rank, he belonged to the people just as much as he belonged to his family, or even to himself. He lost no opportunity, therefore, of appearing in public whenever he

considered his presence was desired, until the figure of the Prince was as familiar as it is to-day.

Scotland has always shown a warm affection for the Prince, and he himself seems to reciprocate this feeling. In July 1919 he paid his second visit since the Armistice to their country, visiting Edinburgh to have the Freedom of the city conferred upon him. While there he inspected two detachments of 400 members of the Discharged Soldiers' and Sailors' Federation and 300 Comrades of the Great War, walking among the ranks and conversing with the men. As the Prince was about to leave to the accompaniment of hearty cheers, a one-legged hero stepped out from the ranks and cried, "Three more cheers for the fighting Prince!" The Prince turned round with his well-known smile and saluted in acknowledgment. At the station the crowds sang "Will ye no come back again?" and so moved was the Prince with the evident sincerity of this sentiment that he said he would visit them again as soon as circumstances would permit.

The Prince of Wales had already celebrated his twenty-fifth birthday, and, as was perhaps only natural, a certain amount of curiosity, not unmixed with speculation, was being entertained with regard to the marriage of the young Heir to the Throne. The Prince has made history in many ways, but his delayed entry into matrimony marks a particular exception to traditional rule when compared with the early marriages of Royal Princes during the preceding centuries. Hitherto, unions between Princes and Princesses were arranged at an extremely early age and often before the parties concerned were many days old. It must be considered that the Great War wrought many changes; not the least far-reaching of which was the toppling of some of the most influential Courts of

Europe, with the resultant diminution of eligible Royal brides. Had the Great European War never eventuated, it can only be a matter of idle speculation without any real significance whether the Prince of Wales would have agreed to a State marriage.

Previously, due either to marriage or some other reason, the eldest son of the Ruler had been established in his own household well before reaching the age of twenty-five years. King Edward, for instance, when Heir to the Throne, had been established with a separate household at a much earlier year, while George IV left the immediate family circle at an early age. Since celebrating his own twenty-first birthday, however, the Prince’s activities abroad had obviated any necessity of his having a separate establishment; indeed, at the age of twenty-five, the King did not consent to the Prince leaving home without very mature and anxious consideration. There was no doubt, however, that the Prince of Wales had proved his manhood, not only in the eyes of the people but, more important still, to the King himself, who alone knew any shortcomings in his son. The Prince’s intelligent capabilities with regard to the working of his Duchy estates, his masterly grip of the housing and labour questions, and lastly his own conduct in the Great War, all pointed to the fact that the young heir was a fit and proper person to gain, in full measure, his independence. Moreover, in view of his dignity it was desirable that the Prince should leave the protection of the family roof and stand on his own merits.

Accordingly, on July 1st, 1919, with his father’s full consent and approval, the Prince of Wales was established in his own quarters at York House, with the added dignity of having a separate Court Circular announcing his movements. It may be of interest to

reproduce exactly as it was issued the Prince's first Court Circular:

ST. JAMES'S PALACE, July 1st.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Capt. The Honourable Piers Legh, visited the "Eagle Hut" for American Soldiers this afternoon.

His Royal Highness, attended by Captain The Honourable Piers Legh, was present at the Regimental Dinner of the Royal Scots Fusiliers at the Piccadilly Hotel this evening.

Although the Prince was justly proud of the trust which had been placed in himself, it must not be imagined for a moment that the novelty of possessing his own private quarters eclipsed in any way his affection for the more modern but equally homely surroundings of Marlborough House or the courtly atmosphere of Buckingham Palace. He was still a frequent visitor to the family circle when not away on his subsequent missions of ambassadorship.

It spoke highly of the King's trust in his eldest son that henceforth, although still a bachelor, he should be allowed perfect freedom of movement. The past had shown what a simple matter it was for a Prince, once installed in his own establishment, to be beset by temptations of various kinds, and whilst no fears were entertained for the wisdom of the young Prince, it was necessary that he should be surrounded by a household who would maintain and further develop the high standard of personal conduct and morals which the Prince had already set for himself. The greatest possible care was taken in selecting the Prince's staff, and the men finally appointed were personages noted for their integrity and wisdom. Captain Lord Claud

Nigel Hamilton, who had been a constant companion of the Prince during the War, and the Honourable Piers Legh were chosen to act as equeries, while Sir Godfrey Thomas was appointed to act in the important capacity of Private Secretary to H.R.H. Sir Sidney Greville was the first Controller and Treasurer of the Household, and after his retirement some thirteen months later the position was held by Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey.

For the next few years, however, the Prince was destined to enjoy few of the comforts of his bachelor quarters. His time was spent, in the main, in gaining an intimate knowledge of the customs and temperaments of the peoples of the far-flung Empire over which he will some day be called upon to rule.

The Prince’s zealous attitude towards his duty was remarkable. The things he wished to do, the improvements he desired to bring about amongst the people, his earnest endeavours to associate himself with each and every post-war movement, together with his proposed extensive tours of the Empire and the Home Country, would require columns in which to record them.

The ceaseless round of arduous duties which the Prince had willingly fulfilled since his return to England from the Rhine at last took their toll. He had been run down for a few weeks, and, catching a chill, he succumbed to a slight attack of influenza which compelled him to cancel a few of his arrangements, much to his disgust. He was well again and quite fit, however, before he proceeded upon the first of his great Imperial tours.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

FIRST CANADIAN-AMERICAN TOUR, 1919

WHEN King Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales, visited the United States of America in 1860, actual preparations for the trip were commenced many months ahead, while the staff which accompanied him was comparatively large compared with the small band which embarked on H.M.S. *Renown* with the Prince of Wales for Canada on August 5th, 1919. Nor were the young Prince's plans cut and dried with that same precision which marked the former-mentioned tour.

Comparisons are generally odious, but it is necessary to make these remarks in order to show quite clearly the changes brought about by the "new Royalty" of which the present Prince of Wales can rightly claim to be the pioneer. In making his brief preparations for his first Canadian tour, the Prince of Wales kept in mind the fact that his reception might make it necessary to enlarge or modify his programme to suit circumstances, and also he left a small margin of time officially unaccounted for so that he could meet the people out there in a personal capacity.

The Prince has always had a great affection for the hardy but none the less honest-minded Westerners with whom he had entered Valenciennes in 1918, and he had promised himself the privilege of renewing the acquaintance and seeing them in their own country at the very first available opportunity. That the Prince of Wales had won his way into the hearts of the Canadians was evinced by the wonderful greetings which everywhere awaited him, greetings which so touched the young Prince that he there and then

decided that the West should be his playing-ground on every occasion when he could indulge in the luxury of a holiday.

Huge crowds gathered at Portsmouth to wish the Prince Godspeed on this his first series of Empire tours. Six days later H.M.S. *Renown* anchored in Conception Bay, Newfoundland; and on landing the day following, the Prince was given the first taste of what his reception was to be at every point visited during the whole of his stay in the Dominion. Despite the inclement weather, dense throngs had assembled to give the young Prince a right cordial reception in a true, whole-hearted, Western manner, and he was literally mobbed by the Newfoundlanders, many of whom he had met personally in France.

Wet weather seemed to follow the Prince during the first few days of his tour, and he arrived at Saint John, New Brunswick, three days after setting foot on Canadian soil, accompanied by drenching rain. The downpour, however, had not kept the enthusiastic crowds from assembling to give him a tremendous ovation and welcome to their part of the Dominion.

After inspecting and conversing with soldiers at Saint John, the Prince gave a little impromptu speech, at which, with wild cheers, the crowds broke through the ropes and, stampeding into the enclosure, surrounded the astonished Prince in a dense swirling mass of humanity. Astonishment on the part of the Prince, however, soon gave way to real pleasure. Laughingly he took as many of the hands as possible which were outstretched to him and gave them a hearty shake, conversing with those fortunate enough to be nearest him in that unaffected, charming manner which is so much responsible for his popularity. Later, in his

speech at the Town Hall, the Prince put into a few words the genuine pleasure which his rousing welcome to Canada had given him.

"This is a red-letter day for me," he declared, "... a day to which I have eagerly looked forward and which I can never forget. At the same time I do not feel that I come to this great Dominion as a stranger, since I have been so closely associated with the Dominion troops throughout the War. . . . I want Canada to look on me as a Canadian, if not actually by birth, yet certainly in mind and spirit, for this, as the eldest son of the Ruler of the great British Empire, I can assure you that I am."

The Prince called at Halifax, the capital of Nova Scotia, on his way up the mighty River St. Lawrence to that historical city of Quebec. At Halifax the same intimate greeting was re-enacted, the crowds refusing to meet their distinguished visitor in any but a hand-to-hand way. In one day alone the Prince shook hands with well over two thousand Canadians, his right hand becoming so numbed with the task that he had to bring his left into action.

The Prince arrived at Quebec on May 21st, where he was received by the most important persons in the city. *"C'est lui, le Prince!"* the French descendants shouted; *"Hello, Prince!"* called the English section. The scheme of decoration could not have been surpassed; Quebec was a riot of colour. But the Prince had little time to view the Royal magnificence of the scene during his drive through the city, for his attention was too fully focussed on the active demonstrations of loyalty on the part of the people who lined the route; although from time to time he was just able to glimpse and enthusiastically praise the wonderful railway and docks, whose presence struck an odd note of comparison

with the historical and traditional atmosphere of the city as a whole.

It must not be imagined that no anxiety had been felt at home concerning the fate of the young Prince on this his first independent visit to a part of the British Empire. No one doubted the loyalty of the subjects over in the Dominions, or feared that any harm would befall the youthful ambassador. Rather were the Prince's parents afraid that the Westerners, noted for their undemonstrative nature, might be more or less indifferent to his presence amongst them; and nothing would have proved a greater blow to the Prince of Wales, imbued as he was with the idea of instituting a feeling of good-fellowship between himself and the peoples of the Empire. As soon as reports of the wonderful reception which had been accorded him came through to England, anxiety gave place to lively pleasure and, more important still, produced in the people at home an even greater confidence in the Prince to weld the parts of the Empire in a firmer whole.

There were those also at home who imagined, cynically, that the Prince was adopting an artificial pose in this alleged desire to visit Canada. This small minority of sceptics, however, soon admitted their error. The Canadians judge a man as they find him, and had the Prince in any way tried to approach them in an insincere, patronising manner, they would, to use their own words, have had "none of him." As it was, however, they found in him a man with a set purpose, eager to learn something of their ways, something of the manner in which they made their living, and something of the conditions under which they brought up their families.

From Quebec the Prince travelled to Toronto, the capital of Ontario, and the "English capital" of the

Dominion, where his reception, if that were possible, outdid any other he had received whilst on Canadian soil. During his stay in Toronto, the Prince had an ambitious programme to fulfil. He visited the University (where he received the degree of LL.D.), the General Hospital, inspected troops of war veterans in various parts of the city, as well as satisfied a number of other engagements too numerous to mention in detail. During his drive through the city the enthusiasm of the crowds rose to such a pitch that the Prince had to climb out of his car and seat himself on the rear so that the Canadians might the better see him. The Prince's hat was never on his head during the whole of the journey. A little incident at Toronto illustrates better than words can explain why the Prince was received so warmly. While he was inspecting a body of troops he came upon a party of wounded veterans and stopped to chat with them. Suddenly a gust of wind blew off the cap of one, whereupon the Prince ran after and recovered it. Before forty thousand on-lookers he walked back and replaced the cap on the cripple's head.

Ottawa, Canada's capital, was the next to receive the Prince of Wales. Here again the Prince was literally besieged by the masses, who defied the resistance of ropes and barriers and surged forward to shake hands with the visitor.

The Prince had come to this city intent upon doing great things, but the strain of the last fortnight had taken its toll upon his vitality and, seeing the wisdom of medical advice, yet chafing at it nevertheless, he consented to cancel his arrangements for a few days. The public reception ceremony, however, he refused to cancel. Ottawa turned out *en masse* to show the Prince what they thought about him. On September 1st the

Prince formally laid the corner-stone of the new Parliament building, but finished the day by taking a leading part in the *Labour Day Procession*. This was one of the Prince's many personal triumphs. It had been feared that certain "undesirable" features might take place on this particular day and all except the Prince himself were worried. But "a man's a man for a' that," and the Prince of Wales was cheered so lustily by the Labour crowds that they might have been Constitutionalists.

The Prince visited, in turn, Montreal, Port Arthur, Fort William, and Winnipeg, and at the latter town the reception was so exuberant that fears for the Prince's safety were entertained by his staff. The Prince managed to keep his feet as well as his good-humour, and satisfied the masses as best he could by shaking with both hands, right and left, amongst those nearest him. Whilst at Winnipeg the Prince had the opportunity of visiting the world-famous Grain Exchange, whence millions of bushels of wheat are sold each year, and was much gratified at this demonstration of British enterprise.

During the passage of the Royal train across the Dominion the entire route was lined by enthusiastic crowds after the manner of troops lining a processional route in London. Characteristically the Prince insisted upon drawing up at several wayside stations on his way from city to city, and which were not on his programme, in order to greet the less fortunate citizens of the smaller townships and accept, in turn, their enthusiastic welcome. It was such examples of thoughtfulness which genuinely impressed the people of Canada.

The Prince travelled northwards from Winnipeg, passing through the prairie lands to Edmonton, the

capital of Alberta, thence on to Calgary. An amusing report comes from the prairie town of Saskatoon. Witnessing the exciting performance of a party of cow-punchers one day, the Prince waited until the end of the programme. Then, to the astonishment of everyone present, he jumped on to a bronco and, motioning the cowboys to follow, led an exciting race for a short while.

The way in which he kept his seat in the midst of the whooping cowboys did more than anything else to ensconce H.R.H. in the heart of the Canadians. The horse being the primary mode of transport in the prairies, the fact that the Prince was a good horseman flashed across the Dominions like wildfire and banished the last little reserve that the Westerners had, for the Prince had indeed proved himself one of them and a man.

At Calgary, near the Rockies, the Prince attended a citizens' lunch, after which he gave a speech embodying some of the impressions he had gained during his stay in the Dominion. "*The farther I travel through Canada,*" the Prince declared, "*the more I am struck by the great diversities it presents; its many and varied communities are not only separated by great distances, but also by divergent interests.*"

The Prince, experienced in farming and cattle-breeding by his activities on his Cornish estate, was particularly interested in the prairie regions of North-west Canada, and forthwith decided to purchase for himself a ranch in Alberta and transfer some of his English cattle there as feeders.

After initiating himself into the rough splendour of the Rockies, the Prince of Wales arrived at Vancouver Island, where he was greeted by a mixture of Canadians and Americans. The people over the border had no

intention of being left out of any excitement which might be going on so near at hand. American war-ships were at anchor in the bay. As usual, the Prince's first thoughts were for those who had fought in the Great War, and he shook hands with numerous veterans. He did not as yet, however, pay a call upon the American sailors.

Victoria held a particular fascination for the Prince, and he stayed there for several days, visiting, of course, the points of interest in the neighbourhood. On one occasion the Prince and his party journeyed over to Shawnigan Lake, where the lumberers were hard at work.

Before his tour was completed according to the official programme, the Prince could say that he had practically seen Canada from end to end, having travelled well over ten thousand miles in North American territory. Everywhere his reception had left nothing to be desired, and he had fulfilled his ambition to learn more of the gallant Canadians who had rallied round the standard at the first call from the Mother Country in 1914.

From Vancouver the Prince worked his way back to Montreal, making a second call at Winnipeg to bid a temporary farewell to the West, for, as he told them, he would be returning soon to take his place amongst them as a fellow-rancher.

At Cobalt and Timmins the Prince held up his return journey to visit the mines in the locality, at Cobalt actually descending to inspect a newly found vein which had been honoured by his name, "The Prince of Wales Stope." The inhabitants of Cobalt "*gave him the town to do what he liked with.*" They liked his attitude immensely. Perhaps they had expected to find a superior young man who would be inclined to regard

them as an overseer might. But during the whole of his tour the Prince approached everyone and everything he saw as a student who had much to learn. It was this unassuming rôle which made such a deep and pleasing impression upon the people.

Visiting several places *en route*, including a short stay at Niagara to see the famous Falls, the Prince arrived at Montreal for the second time on October 27th, 1919. Altogether more than fifty towns had been officially visited, though this number included by no means the frequent informal stops which had been made at intermediate stages at the Prince's own request.

The Prince's tour of Canada had been one of pleasure on both sides from beginning to end, and when, finally, the Prince journeyed to Halifax to bid his revoirs to Canada as a whole, a slight feeling of gloom damped the ardour which had so marked the reception accorded him a few short months before. Partings are always hard! Sir Robert Borden's words in his farewell speech sum up the *raison d'être* of the young Prince's mission, apart from the personal wish he had to visit the Dominion. "*In the Dominion of Canada we notice constantly the need of a better understanding with each other, to be followed by more co-operation. How much more do we comprehend the need for such in the world-wide community of nations who owe allegiance to the British flag. It is also true of an understanding between the Sovereign and the people that there should be that mutual service so needful in the preservation of institutions. That has been given by the visit of His Royal Highness.*"

The Prince's visit over the border-line into America was an unexpected development in His Royal Highness's Canadian tour. It was over fifty years since the

Americans had welcomed a Prince of Wales in their own country, and after hurried negotiations with England, the young heir obtained his father's permission to visit the vast neighbouring continent.

The Prince of Wales entered American territory at Rouse's Point, arriving in Washington on the day of the first anniversary of the Armistice. President Wilson was indisposed at the time, and the honour of receiving the young Britisher fell to the happy lot of Mr. Lansing, at the time acting as Secretary of State. Everywhere the Prince was welcomed in thoroughly trans-Atlantic fashion, the wealthy American business men feeling a fatherly pride in greeting the "young boy." The American Press made a special feature of welcoming the Prince, and for several days devoted considerable space to publishing accounts of the movements of the Royal visit. On the day of his arrival the Prince was the guest of Mrs. and Miss Wilson to tea, the President being much too ill to be present. Before he left, however, President Wilson was able to greet H.R.H. in person, although necessarily the meeting was of only short duration.

From Washington the Prince proceeded to New York, where the rousing cheers which met him as he drove through the streets were one of the features of his visit to America. *En route*, the Prince had a remarkable reception from a number of American ladies. Later he summed up this first visit to the U.S.A. in the remark: "They 'Princed' me so much I expected at any minute to bark!"

The Prince's part in the War had not escaped the notice of the people on the other side of the Atlantic, and his unassuming manner and simple wonder at the sights he saw endeared him to the hearts of those who found in their own country no use for Royalty.

The human side of the Prince was constantly revealed during his tour in the West. He thought nothing of keeping his train waiting beyond scheduled time in order to finish his chat with a war-veteran on the station platform, and it was a common occurrence to find him fingering the medals on the breast of some crippled soldier, eagerly questioning him as to his adventures "over there."

Much as the Prince would have liked to stay longer among his new-found friends, and much as the Canadians would have wished to keep him among them, the time had arrived when duty demanded that the Prince must return to England. H.M.S. *Renown* had completed her visit to the West Indies and was even now patiently waiting to take back the Prince and his staff to London.

The Prince left the shores of Canada with happy thoughts in his mind and happier words in his ears. For, like the people of Scotland, who just a year ago had expressed the same sentiments, the Canadians' last words to him were, "Will ye no come back again?"

Though the Prince did not speak of his admiration for America until on his Australian tour, he then confessed, "*I always feel happy amongst Americans and in American territory, because American life appeals to me greatly, and I have many American friends.*"

CHAPTER FOURTEEN
THE AUSTRALIAN TOUR

IT would not be politic to say that H.R.H.'s Australian tour was the most successful of his journeyings in the Colonies, nor should it be placed on record that he enjoyed this tour the best of all, but the Prince created in the Antipodes a greater furore than in any of the other countries he had visited.

The Australian and the New Zealander do not take readily to a newcomer, whether he be Royal Prince or a commoner, and although the whole Commonwealth looked forward with eager excitement to the visit of H.R.H., they did not expect that he would win so readily their whole-hearted affection and approbation.

To-day, however, they will tell you in Australia that the Prince is almost a "dinkum Aussie," and they look on him as their own especial object of loyalty to the British Crown.

After the Prince's epoch-making tour in Canada he looked forward with almost boyish eagerness to his trip to the Antipodes, and his own strenuous activities in assisting to prepare for the tour were clear evidence of his excitement at once more to be blazing his Royal trail.

For weeks the household staff of the Prince were extremely busy; an Empire tour is not planned in five minutes. The Prince himself was also fully occupied making the necessary personal arrangements, and leaving his financial affairs in capable hands; for even a Royal Prince must keep his house in order while he is absent from it.

Therefore, it was not without a feeling of relief to the Prince and his entourage when, one chilly March morning, the Royal party went up the gangway of

H.M.S. *Renown*, which lay, a huge grey mass, in Portsmouth Harbour. Before the echoes of the salute from the ancient *Victory* had died away, the big battle-cruiser was sliding out on her memorable voyage to Australasia with the good wishes of the whole country behind her.

Though the tour did not start for the eagerly awaiting British public until the *Renown* reached Barbados, the Prince had already settled down to life once more at sea, and it is H.R.H.'s own opinion that some of the happiest days of his life have been spent at sea on board H.M.S. *Renown* with the officers who were his shipmates during this and other tours.

The Prince insisted that there should be no undue ceremonial in connection with his presence on board. He took part with the officers in the usual deck-games; inspected, with the Captain, the parades of the men; and dined either with the Captain and his own staff or invited various officers to his own suite, where he insisted on the conviviality of the ward-room.

During the mornings he would read in the quiet of his own cabin, refusing to disturb the ordinary routine of a peace-time battleship. It must not be thought that the Prince regarded his tour as a holiday, but during the days spent at sea he always relaxed as much as possible in order the better to withstand the sterner demands made on his physique when on land.

The Prince believes in being fully prepared before he embarks on any of his Empire tours. It is not sufficient for him that his staff look after the various and intricate travel arrangements. He always insists on doing his own share of work towards making the tour a success, strenuously and thoroughly. Those who read the newspaper reports, recording as they do only

the social side of the Prince's movements, can gain only a very incomplete survey of his travels.

There was a tragic incident which subdued the Prince and indeed the whole ship's company just before the *Renown* reached Barbados. A marine fell overboard during a rough sea, and despite the utmost attempts to save him, he was drowned. The Prince attended the funeral service, which was held in the forecastle, and sent a radio message of condolence to the lost man's relatives.

The first break in the Australian tour was made at Bridgetown, the capital of Barbados. As soon as H.M.S. *Renown* dropped anchor off the island, she was surrounded by boats of all kinds, and as their occupants cheered, the Prince stood at the top of the gangway saluting and smiling with evident pleasure at the warmth of his reception.

The Prince's leisure had come to a temporary end. There were speeches to make; ex-servicemen with whom to chat and shake hands—hundreds of them; sugar factories to visit and look over. Throughout the whole city, crowds lined the route and made a startling relief in black and white, for on this occasion the white inhabitants forgot colour distinction and stood shoulder to shoulder with the natives in their eagerness to see and acclaim the Prince. This was perhaps the first meeting between the Prince and some of the black subjects of his father in their own land. True, H.R.H. had met and reviewed Indian troops in France, but this first meeting between the King's black subjects and himself lent a unique newness to this reception in the island of Barbados.

Negroes and negresses stood in a black serried mass, nearly all their heads swathed in Union Jacks! As H.R.H. passed slowly through little villages of wooden

huts, he frequently alighted to pass a pleasant word with the inhabitants and to inspect the school children or boy scouts. At the State dinner held in the evening the Prince was received with a storm of applause. He contradicted the rumour that part of the West Indies was to be sold to America, a rumour which had in some way become current at that time.

"*The King's subjects are not for sale!*" the Prince said quietly, and the uncontrollable cheers that followed this simple statement proved conclusively that once again H.R.H. had conquered all hearts.

From Barbados in the Caribbean Sea, H.M.S. *Renown*, escorted by H.M.S. *Calcutta*, flagship of the West Indian squadron, entered the Panama Canal, where three American Service aeroplanes hovered overhead to welcome the Heir to the British Throne. On the first lock a squad of American soldiers was drawn up as a guard, and as the battle-cruiser came abreast of these they presented arms and a band struck up the British National Anthem. A slim upright figure in the uniform of a Naval captain stood on the quarter-deck at the salute—H.R.H. Presently he went ashore, inspected the guard of honour, shook hands with the officer in charge and invited him to lunch on board H.M.S. *Renown*.

With his usual interest in constructive enterprise, the Prince inspected the Control House of the famous canal, in which the great locks and gates are manoeuvred. The Panama Canal is one of the wonders of modern engineering; dredgers are continually at work keeping the bottom clean, for there are often landslides from the treacherous banks which at times almost silt up the navigation passages. Such a slip actually occurred while H.M.S. *Renown* was passing through. With extraordinary skill, however, the Cap-

tain managed to manipulate the difficult passage. The battle-cruiser now began to drop lock by lock to the level of the Pacific, and at Panama further progress was suspended again while H.R.H. received on board several officials and dignitaries. He also paid a formal visit to the President of Panama.

During the stay of the Prince in Panama the city, with Latin enthusiasm, proclaimed a holiday in honour of the occasion, and while H.R.H. attended a ball that was given in his honour, the whole of the miniature republic gave itself up to festivity and enjoyment of the Royal visit.

An incident occurred at the dance attended on this occasion by the Prince which is so very typical of his humanity and his hatred of snobbishness. During the evening it was noticed that the Prince chose as his partner a very pretty girl whose dancing greatly pleased him. After a time the unrest amongst the more important feminine guests communicated itself to the Prince's staff, who were informed that the chosen partner of H.R.H. was but an assistant in a drug store. It was also hinted that ladies more important socially were awaiting the honour of a dance with the Prince. Tactfully the matter was broached with the Prince and the fact of his partner's humble occupation communicated to him. His reply to the veiled reproach was typical:

"An assistant in a drug store!" he said. "Well, it must be a jolly good drug store!"

Afterwards he fulfilled his "duty dances," and then returned once more to the partner of his first choice.

San Diego (California) was the next port of call. Here, six American destroyers met the *Renown* and escorted her into the harbour, where Admiral Williams, who flew his flag in the *New Mexico*, boarded the

Prince's ship. Later, the Mayor of San Diego, accompanied by influential residents, also came on board to pay their respects. The welcome given to H.R.H. in the town was typically American. The route was made impassable by the crowds and fresh arrangements had to be made on the spur of the moment. A gigantic open-air organ was installed and pealed forth diapason chords. There followed an official dinner and a ball, the brilliance of which surprised even the wealthy inhabitants. The Prince entered into the spirit of the festivities with great zest, and the good-humour of the crowd was a pleasure to behold, especially when Mr. Wild, the Mayor of San Diego, in a happy little speech of welcome gave his opinion that the Prince was a "jolly good fellow," to the accompaniment of the broadest of smiles from H.R.H.

The Prince can never be called selfish or thoughtless. On all his tours he has taken a personal interest in the men of all ranks who have accompanied him on his travels. He asked specially that the crew of the *Renown*, all who could possibly be spared from duty, should be allowed to take advantage of the fine weather and the chance to see the beauties and wonders of this part of California. As a result over 1,300 sailors were entertained lavishly by the generous-hearted people of San Diego.

But the Prince had to keep to his time schedule, and, however much he would have liked to continue his visit among the pleasant West American folks, he had not to forget his objective.

The Hawaiian Islands were the Prince's next stepping-off place, and here the official American welcome was only equalled by the native one. Smiling Hawaiian maidens in grass skirts presented the Great White Prince with a wonderful offer of fruit of all kinds from

their island, and insisted on decking him out with ropes of flowers. Smilingly H.R.H. submitted to all these demands on his person. Before leaving, the Prince paid due respects to the remaining members of the Royal House of Hawaii, remnants of a fast-disappearing race.

Ever keen to indulge in sport, the Prince tried his hand, or rather his hands and feet, at surf-riding, for which the Bay of Waikiki is famous. To the surprise of everyone, H.R.H. managed tolerably well to extract a maximum amount of enjoyment from this difficult sport with the minimum of practice, although he sustained with the utmost good-humour several duckings. But then he is a born sportsman!

But soon the Prince was to pay his obeisance and pass through an ordeal at the hands of a monarch even more powerful than his Royal father. One morning at breakfast the Captain of the *Renown* received a note signed by a member of the Prince's staff, Captain Dudley North, R.N., which we give here in full:

"His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has not yet crossed the Line. I am desired by H.R.H. to say that he is looking forward with interest to his meeting with His Majesty King Neptune and Amphitrite his wife, and also to his initiation as a Freeman of His Majesty's domains.

"The following members of the staff have crossed the Line and are entitled to wear the various classes of the Order of the Bath bestowed on them by His Majesty:

"Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey has crossed the Line on upwards of 200 occasions; in fact, for some time this officer is understood to have supported himself

on it. It is understood that he has been strongly recommended for the order of the 'Old Sea Dog.'

"Captain Dudley North has crossed the Line nine times, and has been personally decorated by His Majesty.

"Lieut.-Colonel Grigg and Lord Claud Hamilton have already crossed the Line—the former twice, the latter four times. These officers have, however, stated that owing possibly to some special favour, or else to some serious pre-occupation on the part of His Majesty, they were not privileged to undergo the full ceremony of initiation. They are all the more anxious, therefore, on this account, to pay every respect to His Majesty, and not to presume on his former graciousness. In expressing their duty to His Majesty they await with great humility the verdict of his most excellent Court as to whether they will be required to be initiated or not.

"The following members of H.R.H.'s staff have not yet crossed the Line or had the honour of an audience with His Majesty:

"Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., Captain the Hon, Piers Legh. The Bears will, no doubt, attend to these gentlemen!"

On the morning of the mysterious proceedings, the "Companionship of the Royal Order of the Equatorial Bath" was conferred upon the Prince, and H.R.H. replied to King Neptune with a few verses which had been specially composed for the occasion, ending with the plea:

*"I know I'm for it, King—so, boys,
Don't let me keep the party waiting!"*

The fearsome-looking Bears now took the proceedings in hand.

With the exception of the call at Fiji, where the Chiefs made their peculiar tributes to the Prince, the voyage was uneventful until the *Renown* reached Auckland on March 24th, 1920, after a strenuous voyage of 14,000 miles. In New Zealand's fine harbour a heterogeneous fleet, composed of every manner of craft decorated with every kind of bunting and flag, assembled round the *Renown*. Bands played lively tunes, children on board the smaller boats sang and cheered, and in their midst the smiling Prince, above the bridge, saluted his greeting. Here at last was the starting-point of the Prince's Australasian tour.

The Governor-General came on board amidst the playing of a full brass band, and the Prime Minister, members of the Cabinet, the Mayor of Auckland, and many other important officials and officers awaited on shore to greet the Prince to their country. The ride to the Government House was triumphant. The Prince, overwhelmed by the warmth and sincerity of his greeting, stood up in his motor-car with tears not far from his eyes. There were no half-measures about the greeting. The scenes of enthusiasm that followed were unprecedented in the twin islands of New Zealand.

On Anzac Sunday the Prince attended the religious service held in St. Mary's Cathedral and later at the Town Hall, and once more donning khaki took his place to honour the glorious dead.

The Maoris were gathered in strong array and performed their native dances and ceremonies for the benefit of their honoured guest. One of their Chiefs afterwards read an address in which the Maoris gave their staunch promise that they would be true till death, and bade the illustrious Prince return to Their Majesties bearing the renewal of their oath of loyalty.

Hearing late one night after his engagements were

finished the weird though musical playing of Maori music outside his bedroom window, the Prince, without saying anything to his staff, walked through the windows of his room, which was on the ground-floor, and went in search of the melody.

He found a group of natives not far away playing and singing to themselves in a manner that is quite characteristic of these people. For an hour the Prince sat with them while they played to him; then, rising to his feet, he gave them ten shillings each and returned back to bed, tired but satisfied after his strenuous day.

While in New Zealand a strike of the railway workers suddenly dislocated the travel arrangements of the Prince's party. But when concern was reaching its tensest point, there came a message from the strikers that they were willing immediately to carry the Royal train anywhere and would see that it was not delayed. It speaks much for the loyalty of the New Zealand workers that they could so unselfishly put aside their personal grievances in order not to cause the Royal guest any discomfiture. With the splendid efforts of the Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. William Massey, a settlement was effected within a few days and the tour continued. Nevertheless, time had been lost and had to be made up later by cutting out certain engagements. During the time he was waiting at Auckland, the Prince made the most of a bad job and paid many visits both private and semi-official. Afterwards, at Franktown, the railwaymen announced through one of their spokesmen their regret that the Royal tour had been delayed. "It was not much trouble to me," the Prince smiled in reply.

The inspections, visits, and ceremonies in which the Prince took part must have proved very arduous, and it is a matter of wonder that he was able, considering

the great demands imposed upon his physical as well as mental energies, to keep a smiling face and a cheerful word for all throughout the whole of his journey. His interest was unflagging, whatever was presented to his attention. During one stretch of the train journey the Prince boarded the foot-plate and, after a little coaching, drove the train at the rate of nearly a mile a minute for a considerable distance.

He never forgot the primary reason for his visit, however, and whenever industrial areas were visited or when he was shown New Zealand products, he showed the keenest interest. His mind was gradually being filled with commercial information of the most important kind, and what he learned in his Australasian and subsequent tours has inspired him, as nothing else could have done, to fulfil his rôle as the Heir to the Imperial Throne. He noted with appreciation and enthusiasm the small-holding schemes practised in New Zealand and was greatly impressed with the robust health of the people. In one of his speeches he confessed to a liking for farming and referred to his own scheme in Alberta, which, with characteristic deprecation, he referred to as "in a small way."

The reception which was accorded the Prince in all parts of the country was tremendous. Even the most advanced Labour sections admitted candidly that here was no well-advertised publicity campaign for Royalty, but a significant demonstration of Australia's sincerity and loyalty towards the Crown and undying support of the Mother Country. The people did not know how to excel each other in making striking innovations to meet the Prince's eye. Once, when the Prince's train was passing through a series of villages at night-time, huge bonfires were lighted near every homestead in greeting to him. The sight from the train was wonder-

fully spectacular. Often he received more than a dozen loyal addresses in one day and must have inspected daily tens of thousands of ex-servicemen, children, and other organised processions, while the people who shook him by the hand and received his smile must have been legion.

In his farewell message to New Zealand, the Prince said:

"I have felt from end to end of the Dominion that there is nowhere a British people more set in British traditions or more true to British ideals. I have found the strength of your loyalty to the Empire and its Sovereign as keen and bracing as mountain air."

It was with regret that the Prince left on board the *Renown*, yet he was filled with pleasant anticipations on the eve of his visit to the Mother Island-continent.

The Prince had more than his fair share of rough sea-weather on the journey. On approaching Melbourne, the fog grew so thick that the Captain of the cruiser dare not move, despite the impatient requests of the Prince. Finally, wireless messages were sent to the Australian Fleet asking for destroyers to be sent to their help. The Prince was most keen to make a landing in Melbourne without delay. He knew there would be thousands of people waiting in the streets of the port and pictured their intense disappointment should he not turn up at the appointed hour. In response to the wireless request of the *Renown*, H.M.A.S. *Anzac*, a fine destroyer, came to the rescue and landed the Prince and his party in Melbourne harbour.

When the Prince entered Melbourne, the streets were thronged. From every window, roof, and balcony there hung flags and tokens. Immediately the Prince received twenty addresses of welcome, to which it

was physically impossible to reply in person. Mr. Hughes's welcome summed up the sentiments of all Australians: "*The people of Australia see in you the things in which they believe!*"

There followed days in which the Prince was borne in a whirl from one function to another, while over all hung the cruel pall of grey weather. Despite the sleet, rain, and fog, the patient, good-humoured crowds waited hours for a mere sight of the Prince. They crowded the processional route and would not be satisfied until they had shaken hands with the eldest son of King George V. There had been a generous margin of time allowed to account for any delay caused by welcoming demonstrations, but this was all too inadequate. Before the Prince had been in Melbourne twenty-four hours it was evident that the programme would have to be seriously curtailed. So enthusiastic was the reception and so great the demand resultant upon the physical energies of the visitor, that the Press made appeals to the public with a view to sparing him for the remainder of his tour.

From Melbourne the Prince made triumphant progress to Western Victoria through the Werribe Plain, where he saw with wondering delight the blue hills, the oat-fields stretched out for miles, the tall gum trees. Geelong with its agricultural and shipping industries, Colacand, Camperdown, Ballarat—all were in turn visited by the Prince. At the latter town the Prince opened an Arch of Victory conceived by Messrs. Lucas & Co., underwear manufacturers. He was presented with a set of embroidered pyjamas, in the manufacture of which every employee of the firm had taken a hand. While at Ballarat the Prince gave a speech in the pouring rain. The crowd was so dense that they could not all see him and only those immediately round the plat-

form could hear his message. So large was the crowd that on the fringe a concert was being conducted in honour of the Prince while he was giving his speech. The Prince was drenched to the skin; his hair was matted to his forehead, and his clothes hung limp about his person. But he did not mind. He had been informed that the rain broke a long drought season, and so he saw no reason to grumble; indeed, he shared the pleasure of the inhabitants at this benefit to the crops.

It was inevitable that the strain of such arduous public work should make its mark on the Prince's health, and he was ordered by his doctor to take a week's rest free from all publicity. The people did their best to allow him this short holiday without interruption, but the Prince was not sparing of himself. He played golf, rode, danced, and before breakfast each morning ran for a mile. When at last the time came for him to bid farewell to Melbourne, the crowd would not restrain itself, and it is miraculous that the Prince escaped without injury. He left Melbourne for Sydney with the words ringing in his ears, "Australia is proud of you!"

Sydney, the seat of Labour, gave the Prince no less enthusiastic a reception. During the greater part of his stay in this city he wore a plain grey jacket and soft brown hat. Immediately his unostentatious appearance captured the hearts of everyone, despite the forecast that there were many who would be but lukewarm in their welcome to the distinguished visitor.

On the contrary, about 20,000 demobilised men broke work, sought out their old war khaki, and voluntarily formed themselves into units over half a mile long for the Prince's inspection. Behind him were 30,000 spectators and thousands of bath-chairs contain-

ing invalided soldiers to his left. H.R.H. shook hands with every disabled man present.

From Sydney the Prince travelled to Canberra, the new capital, which was then only a city of foundation-stones, later journeying to Queensland and visiting Brisbane. Then, boarding the *Renown*, the Prince travelled 2,000 miles by sea to Western Australia. Again he encountered the roughest of seas, and when Albany was reached, a small boat had to convey him and his staff ashore.

Albany, Perth, Fremantle, Pemberton—all of them saw the Prince. He never grew bored or tired with the sameness of his welcome; always his fresh, manly smile and sincere words of congratulation and thanks to the ex-servicemen greeted the people wherever he went.

On the journey back through Perth there was a railway accident which might well have cost the Prince of Wales his life. The Royal train, consisting of nine corridor sleeping-coaches, was proceeding slowly—there were cattle on the line—down a single track in a swampy Australian forest, ten miles from Bridgetown, when the rails gave way owing to the rain-softened track. Two coaches were overturned, and it was nothing less than a miracle that no one was injured except the Prince's surgeon, who suffered slight abrasions. His Royal Highness was upset in his coach, and when extricated would not leave until he had gathered together his papers. On the lineside, to the anxious inquiries of the Prime Minister and other officials, he made light of his mishap and jokingly set their minds at rest by remarking that "this was not on the official programme," and lighting his pipe continued to assist his staff to salvage his own personal effects.

There was of course no small consternation through-

out the Empire when the news of the accident was made known, and, in Australia, thanksgiving services were held in the cathedrals and shoals of telegrams were sent to H.R.H. congratulating him on his miraculous escape. At an address following the accident the Prince apologised for being delayed, but tactfully did not mention the accident so as to spare the people any anxiety that it had affected him in any way.

Throughout the whole tour the Prince enjoyed every moment of his existence, despite the strenuous demand made upon his time and strength. He endeavoured to get as much sport as possible out of his leisure time and found great fun in kangaroo hunting, when often he was in the saddle for a whole day on the run.

While in New Zealand many were the attempts to snapshot His Royal Highness. One little girl he espied vainly struggling to focus him. Quickly he ran up to her and posed. Then just as she was about to snap him the Prince looked up at the sun and, telling the maiden to hold on a second, explained to her that the sun must not shine on her camera-lens. He instructed her where best to stand and then put on his most charming smile. It is such little spontaneous and chivalrous incidents that have endeared the Prince to the whole British Empire.

After visiting South Australia, the Prince left Adelaide for Tasmania. By this time his voice had almost given out, owing to the strain imposed upon it by frequent speech-making, and at Hobart he whispered his reply to the address of welcome. Leaving Tasmania for Queensland, the Prince again visited Sydney, where he spent a few days in a private capacity before finally leaving the Commonwealth.

His farewell message to the "Diggers" indicates the impression which he received on his great tour and is

full of earnest appreciation of the people with whom he had mixed for the last few months:

"I am very sorry that my first visit to Australia is at an end. . . . Throughout the Commonwealth I have been impressed by the fact that the Australian people as a whole have just the same free and gallant British spirit at home which the 'Diggers' showed so splendidly during the War. . . . I refuse to say good-bye. I have become so fond of Australia now that she can never be far from my thoughts, wherever I may be; and I look forward most keenly to the time when I shall be able to return. My affectionate best wishes to her people, one and all."

On the way home the Prince called at, amongst other places, Samoa, Honolulu, Mexico, Panama, Trinidad, Demerara, Grenada, Dominica, Antigua, and the Bermudas.

One dull October morning the *Renown* steamed into Portsmouth Harbour, bringing with it the Prince, tired out and happy in the knowledge of duty well done and well appreciated, but withal an uncomfortable restriction about his throat when he remembered the warm friendships he was leaving behind perhaps for many, many years.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE INDIAN TOUR

THE Indian tour of the Prince of Wales of necessity differed in many respects from those made in other colonies. Here he had to keep up his dignity more as Heir to the Throne and Empire and eldest son of the great British Raj.

Amongst the natives of India it was impossible to resume the friendly bonhomie which the Prince had liked to adopt in his other tours. When it was intimated to H.R.H. that it was thought that a tour of India would be desirable, he realised without any instruction that here he would have to uphold tradition and precedent in a manner which had not been necessary or desirable in Canada and Australasia. He knew that it would be more or less a State tour, where he would be forced to appear in the glitter of his many uniforms and by dignified bearing keep up the prestige and power of the British Raj before the eyes of Native India.

The Prince's Indian tour was by far the most important of all his travels, for here he was to move amongst a people not strictly British by race as the Canadians, the Australians, and New Zealanders. India being strictly monarchist and having Royalty and a native aristocracy of its own, the Prince travelled to India as representative of his father, and with all the ceremonial which, while he disliked, he knew was as necessary now as it had been unnecessary during previous tours.

The preparations for this the Prince's third tour were even more careful and strenuous than had been those previous to the departure for Canada and Australasia.

It was perhaps significant that he had left his Indian

tour until he had had experience of ambassadorial duties in Canada and Australia. The Indian tour was, as we have already pointed out, the most difficult task the Prince had yet had to face.

He left Portsmouth on October 26th, 1921, travelling again on board H.M.S. *Renown*, which he regarded as much home as York House in London. After a short official visit to Gibraltar, the first important duty of the tour was to open the new Maltese Parliament in Valetta, which he did with the usual dignity he displayed on all such occasions.

While in the Mediterranean he also visited the Mediterranean Fleet and boarded H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, on which his younger brother Prince George was serving as a midshipman. Here he accepted dinner in the gun-room with the other "snotties," and an evening was spent such as was very dear to the Prince's heart. The young Prince George did the "honours" on this occasion with true nautical hospitality.

When, early one morning, the *Renown* slipped into Bombay Harbour, the Prince was already on the quarter-deck with his eyes fixed upon the land in which for the next few months he was to be the central figure. The Prince had always longed to visit India, for he remembered vividly the stories told him as a boy by his father after King George's tour in the *Orphir* when he was Prince of Wales; it is not surprising, therefore, that H.R.H. was eager and anxious to see all he could of the greatest of England's colonies.

Lord Reading, the Viceroy, received His Royal Highness as he entered India amidst a scene of unrivalled splendour. Wearing white naval uniform, the Prince saluted gravely the large crowds that had gathered to greet him. The occasion called for dignity; H.R.H.

typified all the prestige of the British Raj as he officially saluted India.

The Prince now received in order of precedence Indian Princes, Chiefs, and officials, and then read the King's address. Speeches finished, he entered the Royal carriage and proceeded in solemn state on a procession through the town, a slim upright figure seated beside the Viceroy, Lord Reading, who towered beside the Royal visitor.

During the Prince's rather short stay in Bombay his staff and the Police were a little uneasy with regard to his safety. Unfortunately, at the time of the Prince's arrival Bombay was in the midst of a native upheaval, which, while invariably ending as a storm in a tea-cup, might, at this time, constitute a menace to the personal safety of H.R.H.

While the Police took all the precautions they could to ensure his safety, the greatest safeguard, strange as it may sound, was the Prince himself. With that impelling charm of manner which is the real secret of his popularity, he won even the hearts of the native agitators, so much so that for the period of H.R.H.'s stay in Bombay they forgot their differences and ideals of a "Black India" and joined the crowds to do homage to the young Prince who represented the very pillars of their political aversion! Such, as I have said, was the impelling force of the Prince of Wales's dynamic popularity.

Towards the end of his few days' stay in Bombay the Prince had vindicated his own opinions, and it was quite evident to the acute observer that the political agitators had discovered that their grudges did not lie against the handsome young white Prince. As far as was possible, the Prince had disarmed criticism and offered a friendly hand, even to the agitators.

"*I want to know you all!*" he said, and so that he could see and be seen he stood up in his car, laughing away the fears of his guard.

The Prince's next mission was to visit Poona to lay the foundation stone of the Shivaji Memorial. The scene was one which could only be enacted in India. Every imaginable colour was displayed on the route; brocaded elephants pounded majestically along amidst the shrill cries of native boys. Veiled women looked stealthily towards the young Prince, and all the spices and aromas of the East pervaded the atmosphere.

"*I like India,*" said the Prince to the Viceroy before he had been in the country many days.

The Prince was determined, however, to use his own methods to gain the hearts and friendships of Native India. On one occasion after a ceremony was concluded, he left his staff and mixed freely with the crowd, to the apprehension of the Police officers guarding him. But within a few minutes he had accomplished his purpose, he had won the hearts of the native population of India. It was a triumph of determination and will-power.

The Prince spent three days at Lucknow, during which time he had an exceptionally heavy programme to fulfil. It was fortunate, too, that his visit was not a short one, for it gave him the opportunity to "convert" the disloyal faction and prove that he had no connection with their grievances. Before his departure these self-same natives who had vowed to wreck the tour were cheering as enthusiastically and fervently as the patriotic Overseasmen.

Despite his heavy engagements, the Prince was able to turn to the lighter side of life in Lucknow and often figured at race-meetings.

"*Games played in the right way,*" the Prince de-

clared to the students of King George's Medical College, Lucknow, "*develop those very qualities which we must closely associate with the term. . . . The combination of points in a true sportsman must be seasoned with the spice of determination and courage.*"

The wisdom of a man can often only be gauged by his utterances. The Prince had shown ever since those far-off Oxford days an uncanny wisdom with regard to the psychology of youth. It is the secret of his youth which seems loth to leave him. He will never "grow up" in the sense that King Edward grew up into a genial *l'oncle*. The Prince had studied youth, its aims, its ideas, its failures. He is passionately interested in youth, and is probably the greatest non-academical expert on the subject. In his interest in the younger generation he has a message for older people, too, for youth is but the foundation of maturity, a simple fact we are surprisingly apt to forget.

But not all the Prince's hours were spent at work in India; he rode almost daily, and also enjoyed the exhilarating sports of pig-sticking, duck-shooting, horse-racing, big-game shooting, paper-chasing, and polo.

H.R.H. saw much in India which to him was novel and new, although to old Anglo-Indians it possessed but little interest. For instance, on one occasion he was astonished to see some natives dancing upon red-hot cinders, who then presented themselves to the Prince to prove that they had not sustained any burns. He also witnessed performances by the ubiquitous sword-swallowers and the native jugglers.

At Lucknow great anxiety was felt both for the success of the tour and for the Prince's personal safety. Lucknow has always been a hot-bed of sedition and conspiracy, and already it had been declared in certain

quarters that deliberate plans had been made to spoil the Royal visit. Rumours had reached the Prince's ears, but nevertheless he insisted upon carrying out his programme to the letter. His arrival at Lucknow was greeted by a mixture of loyalty and passive indifference, the majority of the bazaars and shops being closed by special order, as in Bombay.

The Prince was received by the Governor and various other high officials, and it was noticed as the day progressed that enthusiasm for his presence increased instead of diminished, even in those quarters where, earlier in the day, there had been sullen silence. Another triumph for the Prince was when, at the Gaekwar of Baroda's party in his honour, Hindus of every caste mingled together in a united attempt to welcome the Prince. Those who know their India will realise to the full exactly what this almost unprecedented occurrence meant.

During his journey through India the Prince grew more and more attracted by the life of the country. He saw so much that appealed to him, in fact, that his staff continually had to remind him of the time schedule of the official programme. It is not difficult to appreciate the fact that H.R.H. became a little bewildered by the Eastern splendour which surrounded him. The magnificence of the Courts and palaces of the Indian Princes who entertained him contrasted vividly with the atmosphere of Buckingham Palace and the other European Courts the Prince had visited. Perhaps naturally enough the Princes of India vied with each other to surround the Royal guest with lavishness and luxury.

All India set itself out to give the Prince a good time. Banquets after banquets with dances to follow. In the daytime engagements occupied every

hour, and except during his sleeping hours the Prince had very little time to himself. At each stage of his journey he accumulated presents and souvenirs, and these became so numerous that they could not be carried on the Royal train and had therefore to be dispatched to Bombay for shipment in the *Renown*.

For some time, under the subtle poison of Ghandi, India had been in the throes of a political whirlpool. With the visit of H.R.H. the situation improved, and unconsciously the visit of the Prince of Wales dealt the Ghandi cause a death-blow from which it has never recovered.

As one Indian Prince remarked at a banquet,

*" East and West
The Prince brings rest! "*

The peculiarities of the Indian natives did not in any way dismay the Prince. He was able to make allowances for things he did not understand; no one can call the Prince insular! At the same time, however, he was determined to make them see his side of the picture, and by a wonderful combination of winning friendliness, tact, sympathetic understanding, and appreciation of their treasured customs he taught them much of the true nature of Englishmen.

The Prince's reception at Benares was a great contrast to that of Lucknow and Allahaban, at which place feeling was so high against the Royal Prince that hardly a soul was seen in the native city from the beginning to the end of the Prince's stay of just over the clock-round. The Prince was not dismayed. A more sensitive man might have suffered remorse or anger, but Prince Edward regarded it only as a spur to greater endeavour to win the people over to Britain.

At Benares the young Prince was greeted loyally by the crowds who waited to see this marvellous Englishman. Dense masses followed him to the building of the Hindu University, which the Prince had consented to open officially. During the ceremony the degree of Doctor of Letters was bestowed upon him.

The Prince has always had a great interest in modern education, not for itself but for what fields it can open out for youth. Quite recently the Prince subscribed £500 towards a fund for providing facilities for teaching natural science in the school of Christ's Hospital.

It was whilst in India that the Prince shot his first tiger. Immediately after the termination of his engagements in Benares, the Prince was the guest of Maharaja Sir Chandra Shumshere Jung at a big game hunt in Nepal. Then, his short holiday over, the Prince visited Patna (Bihar and Orissa) before proceeding to historical Calcutta.

In spite of doubts, Calcutta was a success. After attending the Indian New Year procession, he was unable to get away owing to the enthusiasm of the crowds. He spent a quiet Christmas Day, but more than made up for it during the following week.

After Calcutta the Prince journeyed to Burma on board the R.I.M.S. *Dufferin*. The happy Burmese greeted him enthusiastically and arranged a special comic pageant for him of mock elephants, lions, tigers, giraffes, and goats. The Prince applauded frequently and was seen from time to time laughing in a very hearty fashion.

In Burma the Prince walked among the people with perfect freedom, and when he left he sent a radio message to the Governor, Sir Reginald Craddock: "*Please assure the people of Burma of my gratitude*

and my affection for them. . . . It is with deep regret that I leave."

At Madras the Prince received a Royal reception before putting in some busy hours at Bangalore, Mysore, and Hyderabad, where the Nizam gave in his honour perhaps the most magnificent banquet throughout the tour.

The Prince pronounced Bhopal a good "spot." The Begum of Bhopal is the only woman ruler in Asia, and the Prince paid a warm tribute to her services to the women of her country. At the Durbar the Prince and the Begum sat upon thrones of turquoise and gold in a white marble hall.

Gwalior gave the Prince a warm greeting, and then, before visiting Delhi, the Prince stayed at Agra to see the immortal Taj Mahal.

In the course of one of his speeches at Delhi the Prince of Wales gave a rather mordant opinion of some tourists. "*There are, I believe, some persons who come from England, and after spending even fewer weeks than I have in this country give their valuable views and impressions about India to the public. You must not expect me to-night to disturb their monopoly; I am content for the present to remain a reverent student of the many wonderful things which the book of India has to unfold.*"

While the Prince was in Delhi, reports came through to England that his car had been fired at on the road between Delhi and Patiala. Consternation at once broke out, until the matter was officially explained. It appears that while one of the staff cars was travelling along the road, it was hit by some object, close examination of which ruled out the possibility of a bullet. It may have been caused by a stone kicked up by the car itself, and in any case it was not thought that any

violence had been intended, since according to official arrangements the Prince's party was to have travelled by train, and no one was aware of the changed plans beyond H.R.H.'s own staff.

It is interesting to note that amongst the Indian Princes who welcomed the Prince was Ranjit Sinhji, the cricketer, whose opinion of the Prince was: "*The lovable, the tactful, the experienced ambassador of fellow-feeling and friendship between all the scattered parts of the Empire.*"

The Prince had been studying Hindustani during his tour, and managed a little speech in this language when he presented colours to the 16th Rajputs.

Delhi thoroughly exhausted the Prince, so that when the time came for him to visit Lahore, he was advised to cancel this part of the tour. His answer cannot be given better than by explaining that he had a magnificent reception there, to the great wonder of the agitators.

The Prince visited an Indian fair while in the neighbourhood of Lahore. As he rode on to the fair-ground he was pressed by many Indians. There was no hint of unfriendliness about them, however; they seemed more curious than anything else to get a closer view of the Prince of Wales. Despite the political unrest which was perhaps more marked in Lahore than elsewhere in India, the Prince mingled freely with the natives. From his pavilion the Prince witnessed the festivities got up in his honour, which consisted chiefly of tugs-of-war, wrestling matches, acrobatic performances, and feats with trained animals. There were also weird roundabouts, fireworks, cinema shows, and, last but by no means least, exhibitions of native dances.

Representatives from districts around Lahore were present, some having travelled over a hundred miles

to view the double attraction, the Prince of Wales and the mela.

Over 20,000 people were present on the fair-ground, and it was a significant fact that, at the mercy of this mob as the Prince of Wales undoubtedly was, there was not one hostile sign during the whole of the day!

Peshawar, the Khyber Pass, Rawal Pindi, Kapurthala, all were visited, and then the Prince reached Karachi, where he boarded the *Renown* for Colombo, to enjoy a game or two of polo after he had completed his long list of engagements.

The Indian tour had been an arduous one, but the indefatigable Prince of Wales had still another visit to make. He proceeded onward to Japan, to be received with the greatest possible welcome. During his short stay in this Oriental land, the Prince made a firm friend of the Prince Regent.

When the Prince landed home towards the end of June 1922, it was with the knowledge that he had completed an almost impossible task, for, single-handed, he had truly knit India a thousand times more firmly to the Empire.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE PRINCE OF EX-SERVICEMEN

THERE is one cause which will always ensure an immediate interest and response from the Prince of Wales. No matter how fully occupied he may be, how tired his various engagements have made him, or how inconvenient it may be to himself, the Prince will always give his whole-hearted support to any undertaking or enterprise which will benefit and alleviate the lot of the ex-serviceman.

Had the Great War never taken place, the Prince of Wales might never have achieved the world-popularity which is his to-day. His experience in France imbued in him a knowledge of mankind and human nature that it would have taken him years to acquire in the ordinary paths of Princeship.

The Prince has championed the cause of those who suffered through the War from the date of the Armistice. He has even devoted part of his income to the assistance of those who were his comrades in France, and as President of the British Legion he has done more for ex-servicemen than practically any other man living.

This may seem very fulsome, but let actions speak for themselves, for it would be more than this volume could contain to chronicle all the Prince's activities on behalf of those who came back from "over there" to a "land fit for heroes."

On one occasion during a sports rally of the British Legion at Wembley Stadium the winners of the race for the blind were being guided to where the Prince of Wales was to present them with prizes. Suddenly H.R.H. broke off his conversation with the late Earl Haig and, in order to get to the ground quicker, vaulted a barrier and moved swiftly forward to meet the sight-

less heroes, to save them the difficult necessity of negotiating the stairway to his box. There, with a friendly handshake and a cheery word, he presented the prizes amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, who quickly appreciated the Prince's chivalrous action.

At Birmingham, during one of his visits to that city, H.R.H. noticed a one-legged ex-serviceman wearing Service medals was being pushed about by the crowd that had collected to cheer him. Just as the Prince's car came abreast of the man his crutches were kicked from under him, and he would have fallen but for a saving arm—that of the Prince—which shot over the side of the open car. "Hold up, old man," smiled the Prince, and enabled the man to keep his balance until his crutches were retrieved from beneath the feet of the crowd and restored to him.

A service man himself, the Prince of Wales has the greatest affection for all those in or who have been in one of the Forces.

Perhaps because as a boy he entered the Navy through the usual channels, H.R.H. likes best of all the sea services, the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine. Thus it gave him the greatest personal pleasure when he was given the first appointment of Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets. Later he became an honorary member of the Mercantile Marine Service Association, a shipmasters' organisation with its headquarters in Liverpool. This society exists to ameliorate the conditions for officers on board ships. Captain Fortay, the President, stated at the annual meeting of the Society, after the Prince's admission, that he hoped the National Maritime Board would suitably mark the occasion of the Prince of Wales taking command by further improving the conditions for officers. "*I feel*

sure," he said, "*that no British shipowner would send His Royal Highness to sea in a two-watch ship.*"

By joining these societies and associating himself with various bodies and guilds, the Prince is sometimes able to achieve in one hour what deputations and suggestions have been trying for years to bring about. Such is the Prince's popularity that no body with which he is associated would, for one moment, allow anything unworthy to happen or to exist in their administration.

The Prince is always at home with seamen. When pinning the medal for gallantry upon the breast of Coxswain Spurgeon, of Lowestoft, at the Central Hall, Westminster, in March 1928, the lifeboatman expressed his wish that the Prince would come to Lowestoft.

"*I should like to very much,*" the Prince replied.

"*We have some very nice ladies in Lowestoft, sir; I am sure you would like them,*" added the coxswain.

This persuasive argument amused the Prince's sense of humour. He burst into hearty laughter and promised to do his best. The joke was so good that the Prince passed it on to the French Ambassador, who sat close beside him, and the Frenchman shared the joke.

Every word that the Prince utters in public is eagerly read by thousands of people both at home and abroad, and since the popularisation of radio broadcasting, the Prince has been brought even more into touch with the peoples of the Empire through his speeches. His speech at the annual banquet of the Company of Master Mariners was distinctly heard in Capetown—and fully reported the next day in the newspapers there.

There is no doubt that modern inventions and the facilities for travel which characterise this generation

have added greatly to the Prince's ability to make himself so widely known. His latest effort to give as much of himself and his services as possible has been to take up flying.

"*I am taking up flying in my old age!*" he remarked, just before his first flight.

Once again certain well-meaning people raised the question of whether the Prince of Wales should indulge in frequent aeroplane flights, but there were many supporters for H.R.H. on this occasion. They explained that while the dangers of flying are not very great, they do exist to a certain extent, but that as the Prince would always be accompanied by an expert pilot and have the best possible machine, the chances of accidents would be reduced to a minimum.

At the same time there is not much chance of the Prince indulging in much flying. Few towns have aerodromes sufficiently near to make flying worth while on provincial visits.

When the Prince embarks on his visits to industrial areas and towns his time is fully occupied for days before the visit is commenced. The Prince will do nothing by halves. If he is going to spend a day in Hull, for instance, he will memorise much that has been written about the town and its industries and will study recent issues of the local Press to get some idea of progress and the aims of the city. He will also look up any item of historic interest which he can use in his speeches (he is fond of history), and will often prepare himself, draft speeches. As a rule, however, his visits are so extensive and frequent that it would not be possible for him to prepare personally a reply to every address of welcome. In such cases, a draft is prepared by his secretary, and the Prince reads this carefully and makes what alterations or amendments or

additions he considers necessary, and often memorises the whole speech.

Before he sets out upon his visits to provincial towns he has a consultation with his staff as to the most suitable attire to wear. Thus, in a northern agricultural town, you will see him photographed wearing tweeds; while if he is on a visit to an important northern city he will appear in a smart bowler hat and lounge suit of some sober cloth, with possibly a light grey overcoat. As in everything else, the Prince is meticulous to a degree, and it is perhaps not generally known that he chooses all his own clothes and gives personal instructions as to their care. Londoners know him best in his silk hat worn at a slight angle and morning coat. But H.R.H. undoubtedly looks best in uniform. The Prince possesses perhaps the largest wardrobe of any man in the world. But his extensive wardrobe is part of his stock-in-trade as Prince, and if he were allowed to follow his own inclinations he would possess only the usual number and assortment of clothes possessed by a well-dressed, sport-loving young Englishman.

There are always some incidents in his tours and visits which are not on the official programme. They speak of his warm sympathy and sincere regard for his fellow-man and give illuminating little flashes into the human side of his character.

During a visit to Leeds the Prince was so touched by the condition of many of the patients in the General Infirmary that he sent a nurse to his motor-car for a quantity of roses which had been presented to him earlier in the morning. He himself carried the flowers and laid a number of them on the white coverlets of the beds. When his supply was exhausted, he sent for the roses in the vases which decorated his car, and distributed these too!

Another little scene was laid on the Doncaster Station platform. The Mayor and many other civic dignitaries awaited His Royal Highness to alight from the train. In the doorway of his Pullman coach the Prince hesitated and gazed anxiously back into the compartment. There was a short bark and a pleased "wuff," and a terrier wagged her tail as she caught sight of her Royal master. "*Take care of 'Cora,' won't you?*" the Prince called to the attendant as he stepped on to the platform to gravely welcome the representatives of Doncaster.

During his West of England tour the Prince, sitting on a bundle of straw, descended by a rope-and-pulley railway into a steep declivity. In deference to his safety the truck attendant descended at a very slow speed, but the Prince grew impatient. "Faster!—faster!" he called, and soon he was rattling down the 45 degree gradient at a tremendous rate; but the Prince thoroughly enjoyed the thrill.

On the same tour he was showered with roses, and in some of the villages his path was strewn with blossoms. At a little place called Sticklefall a maiden attempted to throw a bunch of roses into his car. Her aim was not quite true, however, and the roses fell on to the road. The Prince immediately stopped his car until the girl had recovered her roses, then he took them personally through the window.

The shyness with which the Prince is credited; however, is something of a myth. King Edward, probably the most insouciant monarch that history has ever seen, and whose *savoir-faire* was a byword in every capital of Europe, was not immune from times of personal embarrassment and *mauvais quarts d'heure* himself. Too much really is made of the Prince of Wales's shyness. Granted that occasionally he passes his hand to

his tie to straighten an imaginary twist, granted that occasionally he looks a trifle bewildered or confused, and that he has quick, nervous movements, these signs are not confined to shy people. As a matter of fact, the circumstances under which the Prince lives, day by day, are not calculated to engender that reposeful poise which was possible and so desirable in the spacious Victorian days. Most of our young people are shy when confronted by spectacles and ovations which are accompanied by emotional experiences.

It is perfectly true, however, that the Prince is high-strung. Who would not be so in his position? But this does not mean in any way that he suffers from nerves or requires any kind of temporary or permanent medical attention. His is a tense nature, easily moved when not confronted with affairs of State, either to sadness or gaiety. Coupled with the fact that he lives constantly at a high pressure, his nature is eager and he is apt to be impatient of delays of any kind. This is always a characteristic of impulsive, generous temperaments. The Prince, too, smokes a pipe. Strange how little habits have such significant results. It is a well-known fact that cigarette-smokers are apt to be nervous and irritable and of unstable concentration and fitful in the pursuit of duty. One had an example of this in the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, who smoked as many as a hundred cigarettes a day. The very fact, however, that the Prince prefers a pipe is a sufficient indication to many psychologists that behind his superficial "nervousness" there is a steady poise, deliberate and unfluctuating.

There is one subject which is, to say the least of it, a very delicate one, yet upon which the Prince is always vastly amused, though at first it caused him annoyance. It is the efforts of matchmaking admirers of his to find

a bride. Successively suitable ladies have been "discovered" in America, Italy, France, Spain, Norway, the Balkans, Australia, Canada: indeed, in every country and State in the world. Whether they failed to suit the Prince or not is unknown, but the fact is that he never saw but two or three of them in person, and to the delight of some and dismay of others still remains unmarried to-day. But not all the matchmakers are of the same type. Some will state that they know "on the best of authority" that the Prince's engagement to a certain Princess will be announced shortly, while others commit themselves to no more than vague forecasts and supposedly shrewd guesses in the dark. All of them are wrong. The Prince is reported to keep an album full of cuttings containing reports of his various impending "engagements" which he shows to the favoured few whom he entertains at Marlborough House. Whether this is true or not—and we can well believe it—there is no doubt that the Prince takes all these rumours in good spirit.

It is not easy to define H.R.H.'s outlook upon marriage. It is certain that he regards the sanctity of marriage so seriously that he will not be thrust into a marriage of convenience; but whether his sustained bachelorhood is due to an inherited indifference to the company of ladies or whether it is due to shyness of their charms, many people would like to know. The Prince does not view with equanimity any persistent attempt to shred him of every vestige of privacy and in his biography one must constantly bear this in mind. At the same time, there is no mystery about him of any description and he would be the last man in the world to wish to keep from the public any details concerning himself which were, in his opinion, likely to be of interest and help them

to understand his peculiar problems, his ideals and his ambitions.

The Prince has no doubt inherited from his father a preference for the company of men. King George is always at ease and very happy with his male friends, though he can be a charming companion to ladies. The Prince inherits this trait. Shy with ladies he is certainly not. One has only to remember that in pursuit of one of his favourite indoor pastimes—dancing—he is constantly to be seen dancing with pretty partners of all classes of society and is voted a charming and pleasant young man entirely free from awkward constraint or nervousness. At one dance the Prince piloted his partners through the dense throng of revellers and moved shoulder to shoulder with shop girls, farmers' daughters, typists, and factory hands. Every few steps he bumped into somebody and offered and accepted apologies. "He is just like dancing with any ordinary man, except that he is a better dancer," was the opinion of one girl with whom he danced.

Retaining the best of the so-called old-fashioned beliefs in his creed of modernity, the Prince is a firm disciple of the belief that there is no use in marrying without love. Because he has not yet experienced that emotion in its true intensity the Prince does not get married. That is all there is to it. Journalists and gossip-writers may make more colourful reasons on the subject, but they will all be using their own imagination unaided by fact.

The Prince of Wales, at 35 years of age, is still a bachelor. It is interesting to note the marrying ages of Heirs-Apparent in the past. His father, George V, was twenty-eight, Edward VII was twenty-two, William IV was fifty-three, and George IV thirty-three. The latter was Prince of Wales for fifty-seven

years—longer than any of his predecessors; but even that record was beaten by Edward VII, who was Prince for fifty-nine years. Five times there have been two Princes of Wales in one reign—under Edward III, Edward IV, Henry VII, James I, and George II. Only two Kings have been succeeded by their grandsons!

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

SECOND CANADIAN-AMERICAN VISIT

WE now return to the true mechanics of this biography. For the past four years the Prince's life had been a particularly strenuous one. Indeed, ever since he left Oxford to take his part in the Great War, H.R.H. had had very little time to think of holidays. Now, however, in the summer of 1923, he decided to take a complete rest from his work and spend a short time on his ranch in Alberta.

This visit to Canada being of an entirely private nature, it was made known that the young Prince did not intend to take part in any official engagements during the time he was in the Dominion. In the past it had been hard for the youthful Prince to find peaceful seclusion; wherever he had gone, people had always found something for him to do, and he, generous and considerate almost to a fault, had always been willing to shoulder this extra work. But on this special occasion the Prince really intended to go holiday-making, and for once he kept his word and declined all invitations of a public nature.

Before his holiday commenced, however, there was much work to be done at home. As President of the British Empire Exhibition, the Prince found a great deal of his time taken up in completing the necessary arrangements to make the Exhibition the success he desired. Towards the end of June he invited and entertained a party of Press magnates to luncheon in the Exhibition grounds at Wembley, to inspire them, as he explained, with an enthusiastic interest in a project of the highest Imperial importance. Earnestly, and at some length, he spoke of his eagerness to make the

venture a success both as regards home trade and industry and that of each and every Overseas Dominion. Despite the set-backs he had had to face, he assured the gathering that the organisation of the British Empire Exhibition was now on an indisputably sound basis, and that there could be no obstacles in the future to hinder or impede progress. It was a brilliant success the Prince of Wales was striving to attain—not merely a moderate one! He went on to say that it was a bold challenge which the Empire Exhibition made to the world when it undertook the task of launching this venture so closely upon the immediate chaotic industrial aftermath of the Great War. But now that the challenge had been made, it must be carried through to a successful conclusion. The world, in other words, must be shown that the British Empire possessed that same unity, courage, and perseverance in peace-time as when confronted by the stress and strain of war.

The Prince had not been slow to observe and appreciate the help and support which the Press had voluntarily given him regarding his past appeals and public work, and on this present occasion he exhorted them to assist him once more—not as a personal favour, but because the venture was worthy, really and truly, of their support. In conclusion, the Prince remarked on the bad times which were being experienced equally by individual trader and large capitalistic concern, and paid a tribute to the whole-hearted manner in which they had backed up the enterprise of which he was President.

After the luncheon the Prince conducted his guests round the grounds in order that they might see how work was progressing.

The British Press has always been a good friend to the Prince of Wales. Once, at a newspapermen's dinner

at which the Prince was present, he admitted the fact. "*The Press and journalists have always been very good friends to me,*" he said. "*But I have one bone to pick with them!*" After a slight pause the Prince went on to explain. It appeared that the Prince was once stabling his horse at a wayside inn when the landlord said: "You look extremely like the Prince of Wales!" Receiving an evasive answer, the landlord added: "Yes, I have seen a lot of photographs of the Prince of Wales, but you look a good deal younger!"

A subtle insinuation which some of the younger members did not at once understand!

The Prince, who was in high spirits at this particular function, went on in humorous vein: "*We have our morning journals, and by a wise dispensation of Providence we have our evening journals as well, so that if the morning papers make a slight error, their evening contemporaries can set them right.*"

The Prince of Wales has many journalistic acquaintances, and he frequently begs them to spare him from the publicity which they strive to give him.

Although the long-delayed holiday was drawing near, the Prince was not content to idle away his time in the seclusion of York House. Action had grown into a habit with him, a habit which the Prince has never been able to shake off. Despite the formidable programme he had just fulfilled, he set out upon a tour of Western England. He visited Bath, made an extensive tour of the Somerset manors, toured the mining districts, conversing freely with the miners, proceeded by motor through various towns and villages of Dorsetshire (honouring the late Thomas Hardy by a visit and taking lunch with him), completing his tour at Weymouth. The North of England also had the pleasure of welcoming the Prince, and in the Newcastle

district he put in strenuous hours visiting the mining districts, inspecting ex-servicemen, and going over the famous factory of Armstrong Whitworth's.

In the same month, July, His Royal Highness also paid a visit to Nottingham, where he interested himself in inspecting the lace factories, tobacco factories, and various other large works.

Before leaving for Canada the Prince had just time to snatch a few days' refreshing change on the spacious Deeside, where all members of the Royal Family turn with a sigh of relief for a few quiet hours amidst the keen, clean mountain air.

On September 6th the Prince left Portsmouth on the Canadian Pacific liner *Empress of France*, en route for Calgary. His staff was composed of Sir Godfrey Thomas, Bart., Sir Walter Peacock, and Brigadier-General Trotter. At first the Prince had intended travelling as the Duke of Cornwall, but later he decided to visit his ranch as Lord Renfrew.

There were many who were a little sceptical about the Prince of Wales's ranch in Alberta. What did an English Prince want with a ranch in Canada? Many thought that the impressionable young man had been fascinated by life in the West as seen by an onlooker, and wished to pose as a cowboy himself. Although in his wide Stetson hat and buckskin trousers the Prince looked every inch a rancher, he had a definite purpose in mind when in 1919 he gave instructions for the purchase of "E.P. Ranch." Those people who doubted the real "genuineness" of the Prince's ranch had either overlooked or were ignorant of his real personal activities on his extensive Duchy estates in Cornwall. For some years he had been studying cattle breeding, amongst other pursuits, on his pastures, and during his previous visit to the Dominion he had con-

ceived a way in which he could materially assist the Western stockbreeders.

Though he was not primarily concerned in making profits, he hoped to make his farm pay its way, although within reason he was prepared to sacrifice, providing he could encourage the further breeding of livestock in Canada. To this end he engaged Professor W. L. Carlyle, an acknowledged expert on farming, as his manager and controller. That Professor Carlyle has been successful is evident by the many prizes his master's stock has won at shows and exhibitions. One of the Prince's best heads was "King of the Fairies"—a shorthorn bull which twice won the Grand Championship at Calgary Exhibition.

Many people might imagine the Prince's ranch to be a large palatial *affaire de luxe*. In truth, however, it is very much the same as any other Alberta ranch-house, small and unpretentious. The ranch-land itself extends over several thousands of acres; the pastures are very fine, and there is ample room for farming on a very large scale in the future. The exact position of the E.P. Ranch is at Pekisko, High River, some seventy miles south of Calgary, and the Rockies are easily discernible in the west. An interesting fact is that the Prince's cattle are kept out of doors all the year round and consequently are of a very hardy type.

The Prince of Wales arrived at Quebec on September 12th, 1923. His *incognito* was respected and the reception accorded him was quiet but none the less cordial. After remaining in Quebec for a day, during which he played golf and attended a dance in the evening, the Prince passed on to Ottawa and Winnipeg, reaching his ranch five days later. He was greeted by Chiefs of the Stony Indian tribe, who welcomed him as "Chief Morning Star!"

Installed on his ranch, the Prince gave himself up to complete relaxation and was an eager participant in all the usual farm jobs, from hay-making to rounding up the herds with his outfit. He led a quiet, simple life, far removed from that usually associated with the popular conception of His Royal Highness. It was his first view of the ranch which had been bought on his behalf four years previously, and he expressed himself delighted both with the ranch itself and the progress and development which had taken place during his long absence.

The Prince did a great deal of shooting during his holiday, but he was never so happy as when, mounted on his "bronco," he was out with his cowboys rounding up the herds.

September 28th was the Prince's "at home," and during the day over three hundred neighbours paid him a visit from far and near. *"Fellow-Albertans, you are welcome, and I hope you will enjoy your outing. My ranch is open to you to-day; go as far as you like."* Such was the Prince's hospitality, and his neighbours soon made themselves at home on E.P. Ranch. In company with their host they inspected the ranch buildings, the pastures, and the herds, while the Prince conversed with them as, like indeed he was, a "fellow-Albertan." Never so happy as when amongst men, the Prince was soon laughing and joking with his visitors, but always the business element was apparent. He talked "shop" with these hard-headed ranchers and displayed his stock with no little pride. But the Prince of Wales is always the Prince of Wales, and when the inevitable demand came for "snaps," he pulled a wry face and posed patiently but good-humouredly.

The Prince's all too short holiday came to an end

at last, and on October 2nd he left Calgary for Winnipeg, where he spent a quiet day or two on the golf course before proceeding to Ottawa. Although it was understood that this was quite an informal visit, the town was decorated in honour of "Lord Renfrew," but Canada showed that she could respect the Prince's personal wishes to remain *incognito* where occasion demanded!

For a few days he remained at Ottawa, spending his time playing golf and squash-rackets, and attending private informal dinner parties and dances. Then, on October 13th, the Prince arrived once more at Quebec to board the *Empress of France*, which was bound for Southampton. Here, for a few brief moments, at the request of the officers and men, he dropped his *incognito* and received the customary salute.

A week later he was in Southampton, and those who saw him could not but say that the Prince had benefited by his holiday. It had been noticeable how strained he had looked as a result of his recent strenuous activities, but as he stepped on to the pier, he looked more virile, keen-eyed, and lively than he had done for many months. Naturally, he was questioned as to what he thought of his ranch. "I am satisfied," was his verdict, and the Prince, being a man of few words so far as his own affairs are concerned, meant more than he actually said.

In England once more the Prince took up his duties exactly where he had left them off. He had not been at home a fortnight before he was fulfilling public engagements in North Wales, Dundee, Edinburgh, as well as attending meetings of the various organisations and movements with which he had associated himself. The British Empire Exhibition, too, again claimed his attention, and he paid frequent visits to Wembley

to acquaint himself with the progress that was being made in the construction of the buildings.

In the spring of 1924 the Prince paid a short visit to France and proceeded to the Riviera, but he returned to London well in time to take his place as President at the opening of the Wembley Exhibition on April 24th.

The Prince had reason to be proud of his project now that it was fructifying. The whole exhibition was a marvel of human achievement and foresight. Before Wembley was opened there was proof in the great industrial palaces side by side with the brown mud walls of some African possession that trade would follow on a scale never known before. All the vast resources and products of the whole British Empire were co-ordinated and congregated within Wembley Park.

In the speech in which the young Prince called upon his father to open officially the British Empire Exhibition this fact was tensely explained with lucid eloquence:

"As President, I ask you graciously to declare open to your people the British Empire Exhibition. . . . I hope, sir, the result of this Exhibition will be to impress vividly upon all the peoples of your Empire the advice that you have given to them on more than one occasion, that they should be fully awake to their responsibilities as the heirs of so glorious a heritage; that they should be in no wise slothful stewards, but that they should work unitedly and energetically to develop the resources of the Empire for the benefit of the British Race, for the benefit of those other races which have accepted our guardianship over their destinies, and for the benefit of mankind generally. . . ."

The speech was broadcast throughout Great Britain.

On August 25th, 1924, the Prince of Wales departed for his second visit to the Alberta ranch and to accept the invitation of the American President to visit the United States. Sailing on board the *Berengaria*, the Prince arrived at New York four days later, when he received a warm welcome. The following day he proceeded to Washington to meet the President, Mr. Coolidge. The Prince was only in Washington just over two hours, and in order to keep his appointment at the White House it was necessary to drive rapidly through the streets in his car. The people of Washington, however, were determined to catch a glimpse, even if it were only a fleeting one, of the Royal visitor, and crowds congregated along the route which the Prince was to take.

Outside the White House, too, several thousands of people had accumulated in order to see the youthful guest of the President alight.

President Coolidge gave his guest a cordial welcome, and after introducing him to Mrs. Coolidge and John Coolidge, the little party sat down to luncheon. The visit to America and Canada was again in the nature of a holiday, although the Prince attended several functions during his presence in the United States.

The Prince indulged in an orgy of sports, both as a spectator and an actual participant. He was keenly interested in baseball, but did not show any eagerness to include the game in his repertoire. It is, by the way, rather singular that the Prince has never shown any keen allegiance to "King Willow," considering that games are his *forte*!

Although the Prince's stay in the States was not a long one, it did not lack for enthusiasm, and before proceeding to Canada to spend a short time on his

ranch, the Prince sent the following farewell message to the people of America.

"Your President and all his fellow-citizens with whom I have come in contact have united in giving me the right hand of good fellowship; very many others whom I have never met have taken the trouble to write me kind words which have touched me deeply."

When the Prince returned from Canada he was struck with the possibilities of emigration as a means of solution to the unemployment problem in England, though, unlike many more zealous enthusiasts, he did not at any time consider that in emigration alone lay the full remedy for this pressing social question. The Prince is very much against the idea of untrained young men proceeding overseas with a view to finding work when they get there. He knows that the Dominions, too, have their own Labour problems, which the indiscriminate influx of British-born youth does not help to improve.

Discussing the question of emigration, the Prince said:

"Those of us who have been overseas know how different conditions are over there. It means hard work, sometimes even harder work than in the Old Country, but in many cases the opportunities are better."

The Prince is very interested in the "back to the land" policy, but he realises that it is useless putting men to farm-work unless they have a special vocation for it. In agricultural matters the Prince is not as conservative as some people would like him to be, and favours both the small-holding system and co-operative trading principles. He is of the opinion that it is of more moment to exploit the wealth of the land than to argue about how such exploitation is to be achieved. As has been remarked before, the Prince is no theorist.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

TÊTE-À-TÊTE WITH THE PRINCE OF WALES

WHEN a Prince, King Edward could not, in the truest sense of the word, be called his own master. His every action was approved and sanctioned, or disapproved, by Queen Victoria, who watched over and guarded her son's activities with a jealousy based upon the long-preserved tradition of Royalty. From the very first, however, the present Prince of Wales showed signs of breaking away from strict paternal authority: not that he has ever violated any wish of his parents, or run counter to their dictates, but he has a decided mind of his own and never hesitates in his purpose when once he has convinced himself that it is right. Indeed, the Prince has every respect for his father's wisdom and seeks his advice and co-operation before taking any step of a serious, far-reaching nature. On those occasions when parental opposition has to be met, the young Prince does not ride rough-shod over advice which does not correspond with his own ideas. There is nothing headstrong about H.R.H., but he is not afraid to back his opinions against those of others and can offer reasonable and satisfactory motives for his actions that favour opposition.

Partly due to the spirit of the age, partly on account of the departure from tradition in his youthful upbringing, but more particularly owing to the innate assertiveness which is distinctly present in the Prince's character, these are the three factors which account for the change which has taken place in the attitude and outlook of our present Prince of Wales compared with those of his predecessors.

All this being so, the Prince's conduct when at home in London is not remarkable. He employs his own

methods of working: he accepts or rejects the proposals made to him on their own merit; he deviates from his original programme if circumstances warrant, and he rarely hesitates to cancel a private engagement if a more important function demands his presence.

The Prince of Wales has been called the best-dressed man in the world. This is, of course, a vulgar exaggeration, and it is certain that the Prince has no ambition to aspire to such a title. He dresses well, of course, as well as any other English gentleman, for he is mindful of the fact that Englishmen have the reputation of dressing better than the men of other nations. With it all the Prince is a worthy model to copy in the matter of dress, for his is the acme of quiet good taste and gentlemanly refinement.

Good taste in selecting clothes is not an exclusive attribute of Royalty, for, in the past, Kings and Queens have shown uncommonly peculiar tastes in dress. Even King Edward was guilty of deviating from the soundest conventions at times. A man, however, be he a royal prince or a commoner, cannot be judged too much by the clothes he wears. Like the Prince Consort, many men have but little interest in the clothes they wear, and are content to leave the choosing of their garments to anyone who cares to take the interest in their dress which they themselves lack. The Prince of Wales, on the contrary, however, takes an intelligent and lively interest in his wardrobe, and though he has definite ideas of his own particular cuts and styles, and occasionally overrules the advice of his tailor and valet, no one can accuse him of too much originality on this score. He follows his own tastes to a large extent, but a feature of his garments is their masculinity.

The Prince is indeed a fanatic for detail, and possesses a happy knack of producing a neat effect in the blend-

ing of his dress from the tip of his well-brushed silk hat to the toe of his patent-leather shoes.

Although the Prince requires the services of two valets, he personally superintends his own wardrobe and regularly inspects his clothes in order to see that they are well preserved and that his stock is not too extensive. He does not believe in purchasing clothes above his ordinary requirements.

The Prince has many followers in the matter of dress, both here and on the Continent, and any little deviation he makes from the current fashion is slavishly imitated in many quarters. Nor does this imitation confine itself only to Europe. America, in particular, takes a keen interest in the Prince's mode of dress, and frequently copies innovations instituted by the Prince in London.

As a rule, H.R.H. has a horror of appearing different from other men, but in the matter of dress he can carry uncommon fashions (before they are imitated) with perfect ease and shows no embarrassment on those occasions when he happens to be dressed differently from his companions. On one occasion when he was attending a banquet with his father and brothers, the Prince of Wales was the only person present who wore a flower in his buttonhole. It would have been quite an easy matter for him to remove it without notice, but the Prince preferred to follow his own fancy and the blossom graced his lapel throughout the function. On another occasion the Prince violated popular custom by appearing at a reception in a dinner-jacket with a white vest, when for many years a black vest had been considered the proper complement.

Until quite recently the wearing of gloves was deemed strictly essential both in the street and at social functions. Frequently, however, the Prince casts his

gloves when out-of-doors, whilst in the ballroom or at dinner he has completely suspended the use of gloves, an etiquette which has since been almost universally accepted. Once the Prince of Wales rose to dance with a cigarette between his lips, and for a moment everyone thought that this was the introduction of a modern fashion. But it was a mistake on the Prince's part, of course; a mistake for which he apologised, and instantly corrected.

While at home, there is always plenty of work to engage the Prince's attention. When not on his tours about the country, he attends to the affairs of those bodies and institutions whose aims have appealed to him sufficiently to gain his active co-operation. On those few days when, perhaps to the surprise of H.R.H., he finds himself with no engagements, the Prince passes his time in visiting his parents and other members of the Royal Family. Although firmly established in his own apartments, he does not lose sight of his family for long, and nothing pleases him better than to accompany his parents on their duties when his own official programme allows of it.

With all eyes focussed on the Prince of Wales, eagerly awaiting some news of his engagement to a suitable future wife, the surprise was great when the announcement was made that the Duke of York was to be married before his elder brother. A Royal marriage never fails to awaken enthusiasm in the hearts of every English man and woman, and as soon as it was known that Prince Albert was to marry Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, everyone wished eagerly for the day when the happy event had been arranged to take place.

The wedding ceremony was performed on April 26th,

1923, the Prince of Wales acting as best man. Dense crowds had gathered to catch a glimpse of the bridegroom as, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry, he drove to the Abbey. Throughout the wedding service the Prince of Wales betrayed the slight nervousness which he felt, but when he handed the wedding-ring to the bridegroom he seemed to have regained his *sang-froid*. The Prince followed the newly married pair to the vestry after the ceremony, signing the register there.

The Prince's wedding gift to the happy bride and bridegroom took the form of a large, beautifully upholstered motor-car, while as a separate present for the bride he presented her with a fur stole.

From July 1919 to November 1927, the Prince of Wales was in separate residence at York House, a part of St. James's Palace. But the Prince saw very little of his establishment, for even when in London his engagements were so many and varied that private leisure was the exception rather than the rule.

At one time St. James's Palace, a very close neighbour of Buckingham Palace, was the chief Royal residence in London and is reported to have been originally designed by Holbein. Repairs and alterations have wrought great changes in the old Palace, however, and little of the original building now remains.

The Prince's bedroom at York House is a particularly small one, adjoining which is another apartment which the Prince uses as his "den." Conspicuous on the wall of the study is a photograph of Princess Mary, while there also hangs an oil-painting of his mother. In this, his own particular room, the furnishings are good but not ornate, his large, workmanlike desk striking a peculiar contrast to the rest of the old mahogany Chippendale furniture.

The Prince when at home commences work promptly on the stroke of 10 a.m. The rooms on the ground-floor of York House have been turned into a suite of offices where work the Prince's staff. The Prince himself has a remarkably large amount of clerical work to perform. His mail, which is, as with all Royalty, very large, receives immediate attention each morning, necessitating the personal attention of the Prince and his private secretary. H.R.H. keeps a strict eye upon the expenses of his household, and this entails frequent audiences with his Comptroller, who attends to the financial side of the Prince's affairs.

The staircase leading to the first floor of his residence is broad and intricately carved, and forms a marked change from the stiff, modern apartments of the ground-floor. On the first floor, where the Prince has his living-rooms, there is a most cosy atmosphere; for here is the scene of the Prince's private life, where he can sit at ease in his own armchair, reading his book or paper, and enjoying a quiet hour free from the strain of his many functions. There is nothing spectacular about the Prince's life at York House; it is quiet, simple, and homely. Quite a large portion of the Prince's spare time is spent in carefully perusing the newspapers, for, although the Prince holds no brief for scandals, gossip, or sensational news, it is imperative that he should keep a sharp eye on the national events, economic situations, political crises, and so forth, in order that he can better carry on his work.

Like every man, the Prince has his private interests, and chief amongst his hobbies is the collecting of silver pieces. Occasionally the Prince purchases new books in order to keep his library well equipped. In the quiet of the evenings the Prince enjoys nothing better than an hour listening to his new gramophone records,

which he keeps remarkably well up-to-date. Amongst his repertoire are many old-fashioned songs, although the major portion of his records comprises dance tunes.

Seated in his easy-chair with his favourite pipe between his teeth (the Prince does not favour cigarettes as a rule), and a good mystery story in his hand, there is not a happier man in the world than the young Prince. He has a fair library at his disposal, and although the names of most of the great writers appear on his shelves, the Prince prefers good sea-yarns, adventure stories, and detective fiction. He is by no means regardless, however, of the profit to be obtained from studying heavier literature, but the perusal of this type of reading is left for working hours. The Prince believes in having a thorough rest when he is off duty.

Photography was at one time a fascination for the Royal bachelor, and he can show many interesting snaps of his pre-war travels as well as many of the beauty-spots of England and especially the district round Balmoral, Scotland. The albums in which these snaps are kept are neatly classified, each photograph being fully described beneath.

It has been said that the Prince's multifarious interests are one of the reasons why he does not get married. This is a poor argument really, for most married men have hobbies, and indeed their wives encourage them to possess one or more.

Some little surprise has been expressed by not a few people that the Prince does not turn his energies to literature and produce either works of fiction or travel. There is no doubt that the Prince could do justice to either of these forms of authorship, but he has no inclination in this direction. He professes wonder at

the method in which writers work and admits that he does not know how they "do it." In any case, he has so little time that original literary composition is beyond the Prince's scope. He makes up for this, however, by his stories. The Prince is a born story-teller and can create a vivid word-picture, and, accompanied by restrained gestures, can enthral his audience; yet you must catch him in the right mood, for, generally speaking, the Prince is not loquacious by any means.

To sum up the Prince's private and leisure life takes but a few seconds. The very atmosphere of his apartments is one of simplicity, and a shrewd observer might at once see the lack of feminine hand in its furnishing and display of manly bric-à-brac. Everywhere are reminders that the Prince of Wales is not, strictly speaking, a stay-at-home man. Nevertheless, uninterrupted as he generally is when staying in his bachelor quarters, the Prince is happy enough when at home, and perhaps it is the knowledge of the limited time which he can spend off duty which makes his leisure hours so valued by himself.

Of one thing, however, there is no doubt. The bachelor Prince is in no way different from the energetic Prince which the people know only too well, except perhaps that when at home he is just a little more self-indulgent than usual. The Prince of Wales has the greatest affection for his bachelor home, and some of his happiest moments are spent in the seclusion of his own "den" at York House—with his pipe, his books, his gramophone, and his Cairn terrier "Cora."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

SOUTH AFRICAN TOUR

NO other Royal Prince has been such a globe-trotter as the Prince of Wales. He will never rest content until he has visited every country of interest, especially every part of the British Empire.

Having visited Canada, America, Australasia, India, the East, and most Continental countries, West and South Africa now claimed the Prince's attention. Perhaps during his previous tours the remarkable enthusiasm for his personal qualities which had been recorded had obscured the real nature and *raison d'être* for his Empire tours. The Prince was not merely "doing" the Empire, that is why the word "tour" is so misleading in this case. The Prince's globe-trotting is precisely and definitely ambassadorial missions carried out with a strict eye on this essential. That he partook in many sports and recreations while abroad was emphasised unconsciously by the Press reports, but the fact was, if he had not, during his scanty leisure, sought such relaxation, his health would never have stood the tremendous strain imposed upon it by the multifarious duties which he fulfilled with an unflinching disregard of personal comfort and even safety. He did more than his duty, for he was not satisfied to carry out the official programme set down and then settle into comparative privacy in his short leisure; he carried his ambassadorial mission in a human way right amongst the individual people with whom he came into contact. His casual meetings probably spread as much influence as the orderly, well-thought-out official and State functions and public receptions.

On March 28th, 1925, the African tour began, H.R.H. sailing this time in H.M.S. *Repulse*. After a

pleasant voyage the Prince landed at Bathurst, where "Gambia lived a whole year in just over seven hours."

The reception in the Gambia augured well for a successful tour. Unlike the natives of India, the temperament of the African tribes did not open up the difficulties of individual and mass approach which characterised the Indian tour. Yet they required studying just as carefully as the subtle, impassive Orientals.

The chiefs of all the neighbouring tribes had gathered in Gambia to greet "King Piccin," as the Prince of Wales was known to the black men. The young ambassador was greatly touched by the loyal but not over-exaggerated devotion of his father's coloured subjects.

The Prince in his white drill suit formed a vivid contrast to the black shining faces of the people with whom he mingled. As he journeyed from place to place black curly heads strained forward to catch a glimpse of him.

The natives marked the occasion of their meetings with the Prince by wearing their "best" clothes. Many and ludicrous were the garments worn—some wore top silk hats and loin-cloths, while others adorned themselves in peculiar uniforms. The effect was bizarre in the extreme, but not without a certain expression of pathos for the undeveloped intelligence of these natives.

There are two types of African natives, the Europeanised people who show an alert intelligence and powers of mimicry which stand them in good stead when adapting themselves to Western ideas, and the pagan tribes who often live in wretched conditions, influenced by sorcery and superstition and all the mystery of the African Hinterland. The two sets of people are almost foreign to one another and neither show much affection for their compatriots. It was a

mark of significance, therefore, that both stood shoulder to shoulder in a huge mass up the hillside above "Cotton Tree" to catch a sight of the Great White Prince.

The Prince received many peculiar presents from the chiefs at the various palavers that were held, and at Accra, on the Gold Coast, where the Prince baptised the College of Achimota, half the tribes of the West Coast assembled to pay tribute to the son of the Great Chief.

Nigeria was the next objective, but there were plague and smallpox at the time and it was thought that the visit would have to be cancelled. However, the Prince managed to fulfil his programme by landing at Iddo Island on an Elder Dempster tender, the *Repulse* standing out in the roadstead out of touch with Lagos. A feature of his landing was a great shout which continued for half an hour!

As usual the Prince spent many hours studying local conditions in some of his leisure time, and at the particular moment he was studying especially the local geography of Lagos, for in its vicinity are crowded creeks, islands, and lagoons.

A 700-mile journey brought the Prince to Kano, the commercial centre of West Soudan, where a Durbar was held on the great plain, attended by 20,000 riders under the Moslem chieftains of Northern Nigeria. Following local custom, the Prince raised his clenched fist in acknowledgment of the shouts of welcome and other greetings which were accorded him.

There is rather an amusing story with a decided touch of the macabre connected with the Prince's stay in Kano. While walking down one of the streets the Prince stumbled upon the corpse of a native. Of course His Royal Highness made immediate inquiries, and the

native police-officer in attendance explained that it was the body of a thief who had been killed in self-defence by his officers. Anxiously he went on to explain that he had not had time to inspect the corpse so far because he wished to watch the Prince play polo!

At Lagos the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the cathedral, where he suffered some amusing embarrassments by the fact that a great number of black children would not be satisfied until they had seen for themselves the Royal Pavilion.

At the completion of the first part of the Prince's tour, Sir Hugh Clifford, referring to the result of the Prince's visit, said: "The Prince, of course, is himself; his personality would awaken enthusiasm anywhere. . . . It seems to me that through him Nigeria has received a striking testimonial, while nothing could stimulate the spirit upon which the efficiency and the justification of our Ruler alike depend more vitally than his coming among us."

The Prince's entry into Capetown was spoiled by the thick mist which had settled over the city. Later, however, this mist disappeared and the Prince was able to see the town in all its glory. The Prince was received by the Earl of Athlone, the Governor-General, and also met General Smuts. Dense crowds, including Dutch and English, had turned out to see their distinguished visitor, and the Prince, despite his noted dislike of the instrument, had to use a microphone so that his words might penetrate as far as possible into the enormous crowds which had gathered round the Grand Parade to hear his address. Probably the Prince made more friends in Capetown than in any other city, town, or district he visited during any of his previous tours.

Everyone in Capetown seemed to be in the highest of spirits. The University students were busy with

their "rags"; cycling races were instituted, and a magnificent State ball was one of the features of the visit. His Royal Highness is, as you know, an enthusiastic and expert dancer, and he was able to infuse into these somewhat awesome functions a right amount of youthful camaraderie and enjoyment which was wholly delightful. During his stay at Capetown, the Prince was installed as Chancellor of the University of Capetown and was honoured with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Displaying his usual interest in education, he arranged to lay the foundation-stone of the new University at Groote Schuur. With his usual foresight, the Prince did not confine himself to the immediate precincts of Capetown. He wished to give everyone the opportunity of seeing him and himself the opportunity of seeing them, and accordingly he made extensive drives into the outlying districts, where the Kaffirs granted him a splendid ovation.

Prince Edward was shrewd enough to know that although his mission was not a personal one, he himself stood for many of the ideals and ambitions of the African peoples. That is why he was so frankly pleased with his personal reception, and endeavoured beyond his official programme to make himself known.

The naval station of Simon's Town was visited, and the Prince inspected the docks there and part of the fleet that was anchored in the bay. In the evening a magnificent banquet took place, and the Prince delighted his listeners by speaking a sentence or two in Afrikaans. Even the rabid republicans could not withstand this appeal to their friendliness, and much bad feeling was dissolved like snow before the sun by the Prince's obvious and eager desire to co-operate with all classes of people.

The Prince of Wales was now to set off on a tour

through the more isolated regions of Africa, where lonely veld and dismal solitude could bring nothing like the enthusiastic crowds of the great capitals. In the lonely valleys and settlements where the Prince mixed with the Dutch-speaking Nationalist, the welcome, quite restrained, was none the less sincere. At Stellenbosch a team of young Rugby players (University students) drew an ancient carriage in which the Prince visited their college. The President of the Students' Council gave an address which probably sums up in its frank *naïveté* one of the most lovable sides of the Prince of Wales.

"We like to see a man . . . we know a man when we see one. Our presence here is intended as a tribute to your manliness, which the most persistent attempts of the whole world have not been able to spoil. This is, however, not the only reason for our enthusiasm over your visit. Next to a real man there is nothing we love better than a real sportsman, no matter for what side he happens to be playing, and it is a special pleasure to us to welcome here to-day one of the finest and most daring sportsmen of the British Isles. . . ."

Following his eager interest in the welfare of those who served in the Great War, the Prince shook hands with thousands of South Africans and was ever ready to question and listen to tales of hardship and suffering, offering silence here and cheery words there as the case required.

A severe strain was imposed upon the Prince on this as upon every tour. Once he was so tired during a journey that he was forced to call for frequent halts, and at last, his magnificent fortitude giving way, sleep would no longer be denied him and he had only sufficient energy left to send an apology to the Mayor of Riversdale for his delay, adding: "One must sleep

sometimes." If anyone was unaware of the need for the Prince's tours, one has only to read the Mayor of Oudtshoorn's address to the Prince. "Irrespective of class, creed, race, or colour, we are united in a common feeling of joy at being able to welcome the Ambassador of King George, the Heir to the British Throne, round which centre all our national aims and our national ideas. This visit will do much to create in the people of South Africa a more powerful sentiment of attachment to the Crown which has fostered liberty and further the cause of independence."

The Prince visited every place of importance and many of little apparent importance, so eager was he to make his tour comprehensive. Zulus danced before him, gaily dressed girls congregated for his inspection, children gathered to sing to him, and the Mayors and Corporations and Councils of each town vied with each other to please the Prince; and he had to use great tact in order not to offend their jealous susceptibilities.

When told by the popular Mayor of Uitenhage that his town was the most beautiful in all South Africa, the Prince laughed merrily. "I might get into trouble," he said, "if I say too much about Uitenhage's claim to be the most beautiful of all."

From Uitenhage, Addo, then Grahamstown, where he was kidnapped and carried to Rhodes University to spend a youthfully enjoyable hour, the Prince travelled to Kowie West. Here he took a well-earned rest, and as a result of it was elected a life member of the local golf club. He played forty-five holes of golf that day!

The Prince's staff remonstrated at such "energetic" rests, but the Prince knew his own constitution better than physicians. He had never felt more fit in his life.

When in the farming districts he was able to discourse with keen intelligence upon the various problems of

agriculture. He impressed the common-sense farmers very much by his comment that he knew farming was not done by sitting on the stoep and waiting for the mealies to grow.

At one *indaba* (parade) the Prince and his staff were the only Europeans present. There was no mistaking the eager enthusiasm and pleasure of the natives at thus segregating him. The scene was a weird mixture of African "darkness" peculiarly blended with modern civilisation. The Prince, whose sense of humour is most marked, could not, despite the solemnity of the occasion, restrain his mirth without difficulty. He dare not look at one stout chieftain who gravely sat with a pompous smile on his features attired in a bishop's second-hand hat and coloured leather leggings. The Prince, however, has a keen sense of the fitness of things, and his address was a marvel of statesmanship. His words were carried into the most remote corners of Africa.

The Prince wore many types of dress during his visit, but perhaps his red tunic of the Welsh Guards was the most popular. One of the most difficult problems of the tour was to decide appropriate presents to make to the native chiefs, but in the absence of any other suitable suggestion silver-topped malacca canes were always acceptable and appreciated.

After visiting Queenstown, Molteno, and Burghersdorp, the Prince of Wales left the Cape Province with happy memories of the incidents and happenings during his 2,000-mile tour fresh in mind. His objective now was the Free State province; and the first town he visited was Jagersfontein, where he was greeted by a cosmopolitan gathering of people representing almost every country of the world.

Bloemfontein had made special preparations for the

promised visit of His Royal Highness. A deputation consisting of over a thousand Boers had left the city to meet him on the way, and the Prince rode into the town at the head of the triumphant procession. The reception he immediately received was both marvellous and inspiring. More so because it came from Boers and Britons, who not so many years before had been the worst of enemies.

The Prince performed numerous duties during his short stay here, and then proceeded northwards to Kroonstad, Bethlehem, and Harrismith. Much to the disappointment of the population of the Free State, he was not to stay very long with them, but the shortness of his sojourn was amply recompensed by his final words to them regretting his early leave-taking. "My welcome was so spontaneous, so real, and so unaffected."

At Maseru the Prince was both amused and interested in the superstition of the natives. A grand Durbar had been planned to take place, but owing to the unfavourable weather, arrangements had to be cancelled. The disappointment of the natives, however, was dispelled by their joy in the belief that the Prince had brought with him the much-needed rain for their crops. Their joy was even greater when, the following day, the weather brightened and the procession was able to proceed. The White man, in his benevolence, had supplied the much-needed rain, yet had not robbed them of their eagerly anticipated fête!

The only incident which cast a gloom over the exhilarating pleasure of the Prince's African travels was the hour he spent at the Leper Colony near Maseru. His sadness, however, was the joy of the four hundred wretched sufferers who were gratified at his sympathetic thoughtfulness. The Prince never avoids the seamy or unpleasant aspects of life. Though he does not dwell

upon them, he is cognisant of their existence and does what he can to ameliorate or cheer when, voluntarily, he brings himself face to face with examples of such.

In Natal the Prince inspected the old battlefields and at Ladysmith the siege positions. At Durban the Prince had a strenuous time. A civil banquet, a congregation of over 15,000 school children, an inspection of 23,000 Natal Indians, a Zulu parade, a greeting of 3,000 ex-servicemen, and then the opening of the new Graving Dock specially called after him. Pietermaritzberg, Newcastle, Dundee, Vryheid, all contributed to give the Prince the welcome he so richly deserved. In the Transvaal the Afrikanders travelled great distances to meet the Prince, and some old veterans were given the chance to speak to the Prince. Some expressed doubt as to his identity. "I'm your man," Prince Edward said, smiling, and held out his hand.

Long, arduous motor journeys carried the Prince through the lonely spaces of the Transvaal, where he met personally the outlying citizens and farmers. The Prince spent his thirty-first birthday in Johannesburg, and, as can well be imagined, he received a welcome that can only be described as terrific. Messages of congratulation and gifts were showered upon him. "The greatest lad we've ever had!" was the greeting he received wherever he went.

During the day the Prince opened the University of Witwatersrand and received an honorary degree, proceeding immediately afterwards to a number of reviews and inspections which well-nigh exhausted him.

The Prince visited the tomb of Rhodes, and throughout Rhodesia, as was expected, received an immense welcome. Back to the Cape, the Prince stayed at Kimberley, where he was shown a treasure-chamber of diamonds in the De Beers office and afterwards de-

scended into a mine. The Prince then boarded the *Repulse* once more, and visited St. Helena₂ where he planted an olive tree near Napoleon's tomb and stayed long enough on the island to give the natives a chance to show their appreciation of his visit.

CHAPTER TWENTY

H.R.H.'s VISIT TO SOUTH AMERICA, 1925

“**T**HERE is one young man,” said Mr. Bonar Law in a speech one day, “who has set a peculiarly good example, and whose intercourse not only with leaders of Governments and public men, but also with the masses of people with whom he has been in contact, has been of immense value in bringing about a closer understanding and creating underlying conditions of co-operation. I mean, of course, the Prince of Wales. Not only have the Prince’s Empire missions been followed with great interest by the whole of His Majesty’s subjects, but also the whole civilised world has intelligently observed the experiment of the British Government in sending out this young member of the House of Windsor to gain trade for themselves and their Dominions. Napoleon once sneered at England for being a nation of shopkeepers, and in truth even fifty years ago prosaic trade seemed to be a poor thing compared with the romance of Courts. Despite the many-sided excellences of the late King Edward, he was not what you would call a commercial man. King George is more of a business man, but for sheer commercial brilliance the Prince easily overshadows even His Majesty!”

Mr. Bonar Law here expounded the opinion of the Prince of Wales as held by the majority of British Statesmen.

The Prince is quite frank about his views on trade. He knows that without commerce the whole British Empire would crumble. Thus, in his self-imposed mission as an Empire-builder, he has never lost sight of the fact that trade is essential. When Dr. de Alvear invited the Prince to be his guest in the Argentine, the

Prince accepted at once. He realised that the thrifty South American States could give a great deal of trade to England and would themselves benefit if there were some incentive supplied.

The Prince of Wales is not unaware of his own popularity; he is even willing to exploit it—a task which would be eminently distasteful to him if it were not for the fact that he knows it is for the good of his country. There has never been the slightest trace of conceit in the make-up of His Royal Highness.

On August 14th, 1925, the Prince was on board *H.M.S. Curlew*, off Montevideo, Uruguay, on the commencement of his remarkable South American trade tour. As he lay off the Customs, the President of Uruguay, Señor Serrato, accompanied by several brilliantly uniformed officials, came aboard to pay his respects. The Prince was attired in the smart scarlet tunic of the Guards and wore his bearskin. Descending the gangway, he smiled at and saluted the dense crowds which had congregated. Considering that Uruguay is one of the staunchest republics in the world, the enthusiasm at his visit was most significant of the respect which they bore him.

Under a guard of mounted police he proceeded to the Government House, where from a high balcony he saluted the vast throngs below and reviewed the grand march past of the military units. In the afternoon he changed into civilian clothes and visited an exhibition of livestock, holding in the evening a reception in the Parque Hotel. Then he travelled to Buenos Aires, Argentine.

Though his visit to Uruguay was so short, the President forecasted that the spirit of friendliness to England's heir which had so suddenly sprung into being

in South America would continue its influence for many years to come.

President Alvear had frequently visited London and was well known and respected in commercial and political circles for his keen intelligence, culture, and broad views. It was to his initiative that the Prince's visit to the South American Republics was due. As the Prince was to be the guest of the Argentine Government, the British reception had therefore to be subsidiary, but the Prince specially requested that a muster of all British ex-servicemen might be arranged for one day during his visit, to give him the opportunity of meeting them.

From the very outset no doubts were entertained as to the possibility of the Prince's tour being a success in this area. Already the President had named a special reception committee, and the Senate had voted 400,000 pesos (about £34,000) for the festal arrangements in connection with the Royal visit. Indeed, enthusiasm ran so high that, humorously, the Prince was credited with influencing the interior affairs of the State, for it had been decided to delay any Cabinet changes until after the Royal departure. Before the Prince's visit it is doubtful whether any but the shrewdest merchants had a realisation of the nature and scope of Argentine trade. After the Prince had returned to England, the Argentine was on everybody's lips; it received value for every penny of the £34,000 it had expended on its hospitality to our Prince, and there is no doubt that, besides cementing the friendly relations—which had existed between herself and Great Britain for over a hundred years—the Prince directly brought trade to both countries.

When the light cruiser *Curlew* carried the Prince up the narrow estuary of the River Plate to Buenos Aires, a

great wave of enthusiasm ran through the capital. The Argentine fleet fired a salute of twenty-one guns, while aeroplanes flew low in greeting. The President and his staff came on board to receive the Prince. Along the wharf everybody who was of importance in the Argentine waited patiently in the chill wind to catch a sight of His Royal Highness. Probably one of the longest strips of carpet ever seen lay along the Royal landing-place, which was gay with flags of the two countries. Throughout the whole of the route to the Government House, Argentine sailors and soldiers were placed. As the Prince, in the undress frock-coat of the Guards, went ashore, the crowds shouted themselves hoarse with "*Vive el Principe.*" The Mayor then welcomed the Royal British ambassador.

The Prince will never forget his first drive in the Argentine. In a carriage drawn by four black horses in which His Royal Highness sat, were thrown lilies, daffodils, roses, and other flowers in great profusion. On the same evening a sumptuous banquet was given, followed by fireworks and a midnight torch-light procession.

Señor O. Ortiz Basualdo placed his palacio at the disposal of the Prince during his stay in Buenos Aires.

Naturally the welcome which was given to the Prince in these States was of a different nature from any he had received before. It was not exactly lacking in intensity, but was characterised by an old-world Spanish courtesy which contrasted markedly with the equally sincere but more typically brusque greeting of the Australian. When the yacht *Adhara*, in which the Prince and the President journeyed to the suburb of Avallaneda, sailed near the bank, the people threw flowers on to the deck, while those on board the small craft in the river bared their heads as the Royal yacht

passed them. Another feature of the Argentine welcome was the gathering of little children, who, with pretty speeches, presented the Prince with a bouquet.

The Prince was eager to see something of the great cattle and meat industry for which the Argentine is famed. He visited a great chilled-meat establishment and saw every process, from the driving into the yard of herds of cattle to the scientific slaughtering and skinning and dressing of the meat.

The Prince devoted a portion of his time to the children of the Republic. On one occasion he received 50,000 school-children, who, in his honour, sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales" in the English tongue. For days before these little boys and girls had been carefully coached for their part and the rendering of the song was word-perfect.

Everything that could be done to make the Prince happy and comfortable during his stay in the Argentine Republic had been considered, and the young Prince was deeply touched at the thoughtfulness of the Republicans. When he visited La Plata, the Royal train was sumptuously decorated, while a bright fire burned in his private lounge. Airmen accompanying the train flew so low that they could see the young Prince resting in his coach! The whole population of the countryside had ranged themselves along the lineside and cheered vociferously when they caught a fleeting glimpse of the distinguished passenger as the train glided by.

At home, the loyal Britishers were following closely the reports of the Prince's activities in South America; reading with pride of the great reception which was given the Prince wherever he went. The King, too, was so pleased with the welcome which the Argentine had given his son that he wired his thanks.

The next engagement on the Prince's programme

was an attendance at the Government House at Plaza San Martin, whither he was driven in the State coach under an escort of Argentine police. Here, on the balcony, he received a tremendous ovation from the people below. A group of maidens clad in white sang "God Save the King," and then a host of pigeons were released to swoop and flutter round the building. At this moment a band of Argentine youths broke through the police cordon and strove to reach the balcony on which stood the Prince of Wales. They were prevented, however, and had to satisfy themselves by shouting "*Viva el Principe! Viva el Principe!*"

In the evening the Prince attended one of the most sumptuous theatres in the world—the Teatro Colon, which was packed with the *élite* of the Argentine. The play was loudly cheered and encored, but it must be admitted that throughout the whole of the evening most of the attention was centred on the Prince's box. There followed a great dance at the Plaza Hotel, and the Prince delighted the people by dancing shoulder to shoulder with them.

While at Buenos Aires the Prince was allowed to walk through the streets unattended, to make certain purchases, without undue molestation!

When the time came for the Prince to visit the country districts, however, he was thankful. It meant a few days' respite from the strain of publicity. But his rest was, as usual, a very strenuous one. As soon as he arrived at Liebig's Stud Farm, the Prince mounted an already saddled horse and rode round the great herds, witnessed an organised stampede and round-up, and altogether watched about 40,000 sheep. The cowboys, however, had a delightful surprise for him—an open-air luncheon in the Homestead. On the tables was freshly killed mutton and ripe fruit, while Argen-

tine musicians thrummed their guitars under the shade of the trees. So pleased was the Prince with their performance that he shook hands with each of them after the meal was ended. The entertainment was concluded with a *rodeo*, and the Prince watched spell-bound the agile efforts of the bronco-busters.

His next tour was to Chile. The weather was atrocious and the terrific winds across the Andes delayed the Royal train. But President Alessandri and his colleagues more than made up for the slight inconvenience during the journey.

The programme in Chile was very similar to those of Uruguay and the Argentine. Amongst other public ceremonies, the Prince reviewed 3,000 Chilean boy scouts, attended a race-meeting, and drove through the crowded streets acknowledging the cheers which met him from all points. Despite the rain and cold, the people flocked to see him.

He had but to return to Buenos Aires once more and his South American tour had been completed. Heavy snow-storms, however, kept him in Chile beyond the time arranged, and the Prince made the best use of his wait by arranging and carrying out an improvised programme.

Considering that this tour had been arranged by a foreign Power—and a republic, too—it shows, as nothing else can, the esteem in which the Prince is held throughout the world. Comparisons are odious and in bad taste, but an Englishman can be forgiven for asking: "Where is there another Prince like him?"

During and prior to this fifth tour of the Prince of Wales, certain people in England had raised the question of whether the expenditure connected with the various tours of the Prince had been or would be justified. The protest was made by advanced Labour followers

and had little support among the general public. But, in order to dispel any erroneous ideas that may have been current, and the better to prove the Prince's real capacity as an Empire-builder, figures were produced to show that the expenses connected with the Royal tours were extremely low, and that they were urgently necessary if we were to expand our overseas trade. Indeed, the tours had not been formed without due consideration being given to various commercial deputations at the Home Office, and the general feeling in industrial and mercantile circles that a personal tour of the Prince of Wales to the various parts of the Empire would act as a beneficial fillip to the somewhat drooping trade outlook. That this viewpoint was vindicated is obvious. The Prince had not returned from any of his five Empire tours before orders arrived from the countries and continents he had visited requiring British goods, but never was there a better justification of the Prince's work than in the case of the South American tour.

Argentina had valuable produce to export, but was badly handicapped by a shortage of plant and machinery. The problem was to make her needs known. The Prince's visit, however, centring as it did the focus of the whole world upon these States, gave them a publicity which could not have been otherwise bought. Moreover, the columns which the British Press devoted to Argentine news provided free publicity which, had it been converted into advertisers' space, would have run into millions of pounds.

As far as the Prince was concerned, he had not come through his tours wholly unscathed. His health suffered to some degree; and some of the debonair boyishness had been left behind on his travels. The weight of his responsibilities hung heavier than ever before.

But he faced them and the future with that calm cheerfulness which is such a tremendous asset to members of the Royal House of Windsor.

The knowledge that he had seen the world, to all intents and purposes, and that he had carried everything before him in his Empire tours, did not in any way spoil the Prince of Wales. He had gained first-hand experience and knowledge of the customs of almost every race; he had seen with his own eyes the "beauty-spots" of the world. But he returned to England after his South American tour the same unassuming, modest Prince that the Englishman had always known.

Popularity and esteem can react upon a man in two different and distinct ways. It can either flatter him and tempt him to rest on his laurels; or it can urge him on to better deserve his popularity and respect and inspire him to greater achievement. His popularity—even if it be world-wide—will never spoil the Prince of Wales's nature. He is too conscientious for that. Rather will it be a spur to send him forward to do bigger and better things, if that is possible, gratified in the knowledge that he has the confidence of the people behind him.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

A PRINCE OF SPORTSMEN

THE Prince is a born sportsman, and his love of the open air has done more than anything else to preserve his health. The Prince is very fond of golf, which he learned to play two years before the War. Though he is not by any means an expert, he is considered to maintain a high level of superiority over the average player. But his favourite game above all others is squash-rackets, and he is an adept at this pastime. At polo he once surprised King Alfonso of Spain, the best player in Europe.

An oil-painting of the Prince playing himself in as the Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, at St. Andrews, hangs in the club-house there. As the Prince made his first drive, he remarked to Andrew Kirkcaldy, who acted as his caddy, "*This is an awful job!*"

"Never mind the crowd, sir," said the veteran Andrew encouragingly, and as the Prince drove off, the crowd cheered and Andrew smiled his approval.

There are many amusing anecdotes connected with the Prince's game of golf.

Once at the Royal West Norfolk Golf Club's course the Prince played against Bob Lake, a seventy-two-year-old gardener.

"What shall we do about the honour?" asked Lake.

"We'll toss for it, of course," the Prince replied with assurance.

"Now you hull up!" said Lake in the Norfolk dialect.

After being 2 down at the turn, the Prince lost on

the last green and warmly congratulated his veteran opponent. The Prince's caddie was a one-armed ex-serviceman.

After the game, Lake told his cronies: "The Prince is a rare good golfer, but he need a bit more practice. He has a fine long drive, but I don't like the way he walks straight up to the ball and hits it. I told him he should have a little more patience and take a little more time over his putts, and I think he took my advice kindly. Anyway, when the game had ended and I had won, he stood me a beer in the club-house, though I noticed that he took only coffee."

The Prince's abstemiousness accounts in no little measure for his wonderful fitness. Before hunting he likes a stirrup-cup and will drink light wines, but he has an actual distaste for spirits.

When he was golfing near Wellington, New Zealand, the Prince found three balls near the first hole. He pocketed the third ball, remarking: "*This means luck in the South Island.*" Later, he found another ball, whereupon he exclaimed: "*Something splendid must be going to happen, as I have never before gone a round without losing a ball!*"

The Prince's love of horses is well known, of course, but eight years ago he possessed only a very quiet mare and, except when duties demanded, did not often mount the stirrups. True, the late Major W. Cadogan had taught his Royal pupil and friend the elements of horsemanship, but the Prince had a more mechanical turn of mind at that time and seemed to prefer motor-cars as a means of conveyance. In 1921, however, the Prince was looking round for a sport which would appeal to his love of strenuous action and at the same time prove an exhilarating counteraction to the dulling effect of State duties. It was more in the nature of an

experiment than any keen enthusiasm for riding that urged the Prince to undergo a course of training with Captain George Drummond, well known in the hunting-field. But from the first lesson H.R.H. found enjoyment in the excitement of steeplechasing, and made rapid strides in the sport.

The Prince is not actively associated with flat-racing and has no racing stud. His hunters, however, before he gave up hunting, were well known and included all types of temperaments. Probably Miss Muffit was the Prince's favourite mount. She unseated her Royal rider on many occasions! Other horses were Degomme (who also had the privilege or misfortune of spilling her owner), Lady Doon (who won him races), Just an Idea (who behaved so well that she never threw H.R.H.), Hard to Find, How's That, Marchmaid, Tarzan, Son and Heir, Pikeman, and Miss Gris. The Prince named all his own horses!

The Prince's stud was at Melton Mowbray and his stud groom was Mr. T. Russell. The Prince spared no effort to ensure that his horses were comfortable and well cared for. The stables were kept spotlessly clean and their inner walls were painted bright red. At the end of the season the horses rested and exercised in the pleasant green lanes round Melton. In the Prince's hunting flat at Craven Lodge are numerous photographs and snapshots of his horses and—proof of the Prince's love of little children—pictures of his little niece, the Princess Elizabeth, only daughter of the Duke of York.

Once, when a chestnut hunter of the Prince's was ill, he was so anxious that, instead of taking it to a veterinary surgeon, he deemed it advisable to have the opinion of Dr. H. L. Flint, a noted heart specialist. Probably this is the only occasion on which a

medical man has been called in to diagnose for an animal!

The Prince is not only a daring rider, but a very accomplished horseman. Much criticism has been levelled at his horsemanship, but the fact remains that H.R.H. can hold his own with anyone on the hunting-field. The reason why he has had so many spills apparently can be explained by two facts. Anyone who enjoys hard riding quickly becomes accustomed to falls. They are part and parcel of the sport and nothing is made of them. Ask any average rider, and he will tell you that during a season the most accomplished horseman will be unseated several times. In the case of the Prince, every fall is chronicled in the Press and broadcasted through various channels, and an exaggerated view is thus given of the significance of these "accidents." Then, again, the Prince is a trier. He will not circumvent obstacles and dislikes dismounting intensely. That is why he prefers to take a chance rather than play for safety.

Those who have riding in their blood and are really keen followers of the sport will understand and appreciate to the full the enjoyment the Prince obtains from his riding, and will see the disappointment that would be entailed if the Prince were compelled to take his riding with more caution. If you examine the circumstances and results of accidents that have occurred on the hunting-field and in steeplechasing, you will see that though the number is rather heavy, each differs greatly in seriousness. Few deaths are reported. In all sports there is risk. Deaths have been recorded in the annals of the quiet game of golf! It is therefore manifestly unreasonable and unfair to take away from the Prince of Wales the right to indulge in any sport which he loves and which cannot be proved as downright

dangerous. If he were King . . . but that, as the Prince of Wales would admit himself, is a different story!

Nevertheless, the question of the Prince's indulgence in dangerous sports was actually raised in the House of Commons, and it was urged that the King should speak to the Prince on the matter. The consensus of opinion, however, was that the Prince had a perfect right to please himself as to what he did with his spare time, so long as he did not actually jeopardise his life too frequently and in such a way as to belittle the importance of his high position.

The Prince himself was somewhat dismayed at the public intervention and was not at all quite sure that he had deserved it, especially in view of the points I have raised in the preceding paragraphs. At the same time, with his usual desire to hear both sides of the question, he ceased riding for a while until public opinion was once more reassured. Now, he races occasionally, but obviously takes less risks, in deference even to the minority who raised the question of his wisdom in the first place.

There are countless incidents on the hunting-field in which the Prince of Wales stands out as the central figure.

In one of the districts in which he is fond of hunting there was a certain farmer who fenced off his fields with wire and was very stubborn when approached by the Master of the Hunt. The Prince, hearing about it, went and had a chat with the farmer. In his tactful way the Prince discussed crops, breeding, country news, sport, and indeed every agricultural topic, with the exception of the wire fencing. There was an interesting sequel. The next time the Prince came to hunt in that district there were no wire fences.

Once, during one of his rides, the Prince saw a one-legged ex-serviceman performing acrobatic feats on a near-by bank. Slowing down, the Prince threw him a coin, which fell short. The Prince dismounted, retrieved the coin, and gave it to the man himself.

The Prince never loses his presence of mind when accidents occur, and when he broke his collar-bone gave very lucid instructions as to how he was to be treated pending the arrival of a medical man. Once when the Prince had dismounted after riding in the Royal Naval Hunt Club Race, he heard that one of his opponents, Captain Alexander, had broken his collar-bone. There was no doctor present at the time and the Prince promptly attended to the officer's injuries.

At the Derby it is not usual for any member of the Royal Family to venture into the paddock for the parade. The Prince broke this rule in June 1928, when, with his equerry, he rubbed shoulders with the jostling crowds. Movement of any kind was difficult and the Prince was rather ruffled when finally he emerged. "Thank goodness we are out of that!" he said good-temperedly when they were once more able to proceed with dignity. The Prince delights to break out amongst the crowds in this manner, and so unostentatiously does he make his progress that he is often unrecognised even by the Race Stewards themselves.

Fishing and shooting (he is an excellent shot) are also sports with which the Prince has acquainted himself, but they cannot be said to hold any great attraction for him. Except during his youth, the Prince has never figured largely in cricket. There are many reasons for this. While he possesses a splendid constitution and his muscles are in fine order, he has scarcely

the physique to make really good in the game, his slight stature being a decided disadvantage to him as a batsman, while he has scarcely the weight necessary to make him a good bowler.

The Prince's ventures into games unknown in this country are many, but he likes clay-pigeon shooting as well as any of the continental games. His exploits at surf-riding have already been mentioned. Though the Prince is always a keen spectator at football and cricket matches, he prefers to be a participant in the games himself.

It is not the games which the Prince plays, however, that count. It is his basic sportsmanship, which was even demonstrated when he played the democratic "crown and anchor" in a dug-out in France. Though the Prince does not care for games which contain any essence of chance, he broke the exception here because he knew that life in the trenches did not allow of organised games, and in a little mild gambling he saw not an evil, but some glimmer of sport which kept the men interested and clean-minded.

The Prince's dislike of cards, however, casts no reflection upon the late King Edward. King Edward suffered from obesity, and except shooting and an occasional State ride down "The Row" was not able to participate in the active sports in which our Prince delights. In his spare time, however, the genial King Edward found pleasure in card games, not only because they took his mind from affairs of State, but also because they provided him with that convivial company so necessary to his enjoyment of life. You will look long and in vain to hear the Prince of Wales condemn cards dogmatically. So long as a man—or woman—finds pleasure in some pastime and keeps that pleasure subordinate to work or duty, the Prince

believes that there can be nothing wrong in its enjoyment.

The Prince would like to see every Englishman taking up a definite sport and actively participating in it. Both he and the Duke of York are intensely interested in the National Playing Fields Fund, which seeks to provide boys and girls with adequate and healthy recreational grounds, and to take them out of the smoky, crowded streets of our large industrial towns.

Contrast with the other Royal Families of Europe affords the interesting fact that, except in the case of King Alfonso of Spain, very few members of the various Royal Houses take an active interest in sport, though most of them are good horse-riders. England, however, has in the main been conversant with sport-loving monarchs, and the Prince of Wales is only preserving Royal tradition by his love of games, though, of course, it is not at all for this reason that he is a thorough sportsman.

Royalty has many censors. There are people who point out that the Prince spends a great deal of his time upon the hunting-field. If the Prince's activities are followed closely from day to day, it will be observed that in proportion the hours devoted to recreation are small compared with the strenuous days spent in public service. There is no employee in the land who would do so much work in return for such little compensation in the way of holidays.

Without his sports, the Prince would never be able to carry out his strenuous life.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

IS MARLBOROUGH HOUSE AWAITING THE PRINCESS OF WALES?

IN the autumn of 1927 it was decided that Marlborough House should be the residence of the Prince of Wales, although he was still to retain York House as his headquarters. Alterations were immediately put in hand to make the residence more suitable for the Prince's requirements, and at first it was rumoured that the change of residence was perhaps on account of the Prince's decision to take a wife. Such rumours, however, quickly died the death of all rumours without foundation. The fact remains, however, that while Marlborough House has been ready for some time, H.R.H. has shown strong disinclination to move there from York House.

Marlborough House was built during the first few years of the eighteenth century by the famous Wren, at the order of the Duke of Marlborough, who, to please some sense of vanity perhaps, desired to have a residence equally palatial to that of the King. Just over a hundred years later the house was purchased by Prince Leopold, who was afterwards King of the Belgians, and since that time has been a notable Royal establishment. Buckingham Palace is only a few years older. It was built, similar to Marlborough House, for a Duke, the Duke of Buckingham, but half a century later it was bought by the third George. Subsequently vast alterations were made to the Palace and very little of its original fabric was left unchanged. Queen Victoria especially loved Buckingham Palace. William IV preferred St. James's Palace. The cost of building Buckingham Palace was over £150,000.

King Edward was very fond of Marlborough House, and he possessed it as his own establishment during his many years as the Prince of Wales. The Prince of Wales is by no means a stranger at Marlborough House, for he frequently visited his grandfather there in his younger days (the late King had a special room prepared for these visits of his grandson), and lived there all the time the present King was Prince of Wales.

The actual site of Marlborough House occupies well over five acres of land and there are more than two hundred rooms. It is a pity that such an imposing residence is hidden by so many surrounding buildings. It is not possible to view it from Pall Mall, while the glimpse which can be obtained from St. James's Street does not impress anyone. Only from the interior can it be judged to be a Royal residence.

King Edward enjoyed himself to the full at Marlborough House and had a particular joke to play upon his visitors. His library, which was by no means a small one, usually took the interest of his guests, and the King invariably drew their attention to one particular section. Here were some particularly choice specimens of literature, apparently bound in calf and richly ornamented with gold. Some of the titles which looked out from the shelves were "Lady Godiva on the Horse," "Constable's Notes on Motoring," "Rules of Bridge," "Idols of the King," and many other titles which were so tempting that the visitors were compelled to take down a book and glance through its contents. The King thoroughly enjoyed the joke when his guests took books down from the shelves, only to find that they were not volumes at all, but dummies!

The Prince of Wales's sense of humour does not lie on such practical grounds, however, and it is not likely that similar incidents to this will take place during

his residence. Moreover, the Prince of Wales receives comparatively few visitors.

The Prince and his mother are taking a personal interest in the alterations at Marlborough House and are collaborating in the planning out of the interior decorations. As at York House, the Prince's "den" will lead off from his actual bedroom, a tall room, suitably furnished, with suitable indications that it is meant for hard and oft-times short sleep. A dressing-room also adjoins. The whole of the first floor will be used as the Prince's personal suite, the rooms on the second floor being devoted to the reception of visitors, while the third storey is at the disposal of the household staff.

When the alterations are at last completed the Prince's offices together with his staff will be transferred from York House.

From one of his drawing-rooms in this latest residence, the Prince will be able to look out on to the green lawns beyond and the grounds of St. James's Palace. All conveniences are installed and even a petrol pump is to be erected, so that the Prince's cars can be put into service at a moment's notice. Garages and stables will be replete, whilst a canteen will exist for the use of servants, to which will adjoin a rest-room for the staff.

The Prince leave the majority of his work in the hands of his capable staff, although he keeps an eye upon his own affairs. Practically the whole of the Prince's personal income is derived from the revenues of his Duchy in Cornwall, out of which, however, the Prince expends a large proportion on the development of his estates in Cornwall, so that he provides work and capital for this agricultural county. At one time the eldest son of the Ruling Sovereign received a Civil List of £20,000 a year as well as the revenues from the

Duchy, and on the date of his marriage, a further annuity of £10,000 per year became due in respect to the Princess of Wales!

The Prince has never enjoyed this annuity.

There are many young men far wealthier than the Prince of Wales, but he does not wish for more money. By sound economies he can manage (without the incessant worry which characterised his grandfather's youth) to make both ends meet without neglect of his Princely duties.

Despite his "princely" income, however, His Royal Highness has many calls upon his purse. His expenses are increasing every year, and the upkeep of his residence, including staff salaries and wages, totals a substantial sum. In addition, the Prince is a subscriber to many charities and public institutions, while his voluntary donation list is a heavy one, making a further inroad into his revenue. Moreover, the Prince's income is not free of tax, and the Inland Revenue Authorities collect a considerable sum of money each year in respect of income-tax and super tax due upon the Prince of Wales's net resources.

The financial affairs of His Royal Highness are attended to by his Comptroller, who signs all cheques on his behalf. The Prince, however, attends to certain of his own correspondence, and, although he possesses a typewriter at York House, he confesses that typewriting is a slow job for him, and that he can write a letter much quicker than by finding the keys on his machine.

The Prince has lived about one-half of his life, and has achieved equally that amount of his career. Indeed, it may be well said that he has squeezed more into the first half of his life than justly belonged to it. The War undoubtedly hastened his manhood and maturity;

from the War he learnt human nature, and it did for his education what years of study would never have done. His tours have given him an insight into the life of other nations which none of his ancestors ever possessed. But with all these experiences he still retains that boyishness which is one of his greatest charms.

His past has been recorded, but it is a past which lives for ever in the present.

In the future we can look forward, by the grace of God, to behold a Prince and a King who can be relied upon to uphold the finest traditions of all that is fine, decent, manly, and, above all, British.

The Prince's message to the Empire can well be expressed in these words of Emerson:

"I feel in regard to this aged England, with the possessions, honours, and trophies, and also with the infirmities of a thousand years gathering around her, irretrievably committed as she now is to many old customs which cannot be suddenly changed; pressed upon by the transitions of trade, and new and all incalculable modes, fabrics, arts, machines, and competing populations—

"I see her not dispirited, not weak, but well remembering that she has seen dark days before; indeed, with a kind of instinct that she sees a little better in a cloudy day, and that in storm of battle and calamity she has a secret vigour and a pulse like cannon.

"Seeing this, I say, All Hail, Mother of Nations, Mother of Heroes, with strength still equal to the time; still wise to entertain and swift to execute the policy which the mind and heart of mankind require at the present hour, and thus only hospitable to the foreigner and truly a home to the thoughtful and generous, who are born in the soil."

WILL THE PRINCE ASCEND THE THRONE?

ANY chronicle of the Prince's life after he commenced his career as an Empire-builder must, for the sake of lucidity, be allocated into sections labelled "on tour" and "on holiday." This is only a figure of speech, however, for the holiday periods are quite as strenuous as the ambassadorial missions. Even during his stays in England his official programmes of engagements are always mapped out for months ahead.

It has always been a source of surprise that the Prince does not suffer physically by his strenuous life. It would be untrue to say that the Prince is possessed of such abounding vitality that he never feels the strain which is imposed upon him. There are times, of course, when he is as sick and tired as anyone else, and has to allow his doctors to take him over; but the fact is the Prince does possess one of the strongest of constitutions.

He has often been compared with his brother, the Duke of York, whom he resembles markedly in features and build. But here the likeness ends, for the Duke of York is at once more studious and possibly less gregarious than his elder brother. This may be accounted for by reason of the difference in the upbringing and young manhood of the two brothers. The Duke has not received the same opportunities as Prince Edward to widen his vision and introduce him to such a galaxy of human types. The difference in temperament after the twenty-first birthday of each of these two Princes forms a fascinating study for the student of human psychology who is interested in the question of environment versus heredity. Be that as it may, however, the

fact remains that both fulfilled their respective rôles, of necessity more or less diverse, in a satisfactory manner peculiar to themselves.

It has often been suggested that the Prince is not enthusiastically keen to ascend the Throne of England, and we remember his youthful lugubriousness at the knowledge that he would any day be called to the Throne. It is vastly unfair, however, to charge the Prince on this score without taking into consideration the fact that he has his own ideas upon the position of modern Royalties, and the way they should conduct themselves both individually and as far as the State is concerned. The Prince of Wales has probably spent more time and thought upon the science of Royalty—for it is a science, like Statesmanship—than any other living person, and if he has come to the decision that his attitude and outlook are practically sound, then who shall deny him the right of his opinion?

There is a story told that King Edward VII was entertaining a famous statesman on the terrace at Windsor Castle, when a small boy in a sailor suit ran across the lawn chasing a spaniel. "*There goes the last King of England!*" said King Edward to his guest. The child was the present Prince of Wales!

Few know the Prince's problems on the subject of Royalty. He is faced on the one hand with medieval tradition and beliefs of a large mass of people with a pleasant fund of historical lore, and on the other with the thousands who are not at all sure whether they believe Royalty is necessary to-day or not. The Prince has enough sympathy and economic and historical education to realise that both parties have good points in their favour, and that each has a right to be satisfied either one way or the other by Royalty itself.

When the Prince agrees with workers that the economic situation is serious and the unemployment problem practically unsolvable in this decade, and then continues his journey and takes part in an expensive State banquet, he is not guilty of compromising between the two extremes. It is the Prince's natural and irrevocable spirit of comradeship which allows him to shake hands with the toiler and smoke an expensive cigar with a Peer of the realm. In this respect he differs from the Duke of York, for, though he is a student of economy and industrialism, he is more concerned with the human aspect of the individual than the machine-made welfare of the masses. The Prince is no theorist, and believes that human happiness springs from human sorrows as well as joys.

The Prince of Wales, naturally, as the Heir Apparent to the Throne, has decided ideas upon the future position Royalty will hold. Many of the one-time strong European crowns have tottered, yet the House of Windsor has never been firmer established in the annals of the British Empire than it is to-day. Despite the Englishman's dislike for changes, this solidity to the Throne has only been made possible by the personal qualities of our Ruler and his family. The Prince of Wales will without question make as good a King as his father. King George has already earned the gratitude of his millions of subjects: his simple characteristics and warm earnestness are well known. H.R.H. is a different type of man altogether. He is a King of the future. The strenuous training he is receiving to-day is fitting him especially, as no other training could do, for the future position of King of England. It requires but little intelligence and observation to see that the youth of our country to-day are moving in a different world from their elders, yet constrained by their very youth to

modify their views and conduct. Some day the youth of England will be the middle-aged people of England—its backbone. They will then have put into practice the theories and views they now passively hold. And their leader will be the Prince of Wales!

He is the one leader amongst so many self-styled pioneers of the younger generation who can be relied upon to temper his outlook with rare common sense and discriminating ideals. You have only to look round and observe the sayings and writings of our modern literary men of the younger school to note that a great deal of their seemingly passionate desire to emancipate themselves from tradition is hot air, and that when they have recorded their views there is a noteworthy lack of solutions or suggestions of how to set about the social revolution. You will look long and in vain for any unsound statements in the Prince's speeches, despite the fact that they are often strongly charged with modern sentiments.

Those who have some misgivings as to the kind of King he will make fall into a common error of supposing that the Prince would conduct himself the same as he does to-day when later sitting upon the Throne. As the Prince of Wales, important though his title is to the people, he does not hold such a dignified position as the King. He can enjoy comparative freedom in his present rôle which will be immediately debarred him when he relinquishes his title for that of King. Who, then, can blame him if he pursues the most human course of all and takes advantage of partaking of the easier relationship with the people which his rank allows?

One day, after having ridden in a steeplechase, the Prince returned to a near-by farm where, quite unrecognised, he had garaged his car. The farmer, handing

over the motor, remarked: "Prince o' Wales ridin', they tell me. Did he win?"

"No!" replied the Prince; "he had a fall!"

"Ah!" came the farmer's grim reply, "he'll break his neck one of these days, mark my words."

"Well"—the Prince smiled—"it's his own neck, so it doesn't matter, does it?"

This story is typical of the Prince of Wales's attitude towards his own personal safety. He is most obstinately determined to maintain the right to govern his own activities during his leisure hours, and is quite prepared to take any risks that may accrue from them. But there is no reason to believe that his attitude will not change if he comes to the Throne. The Prince does not hold life cheaply by any means.

When the crowds thronged round his car on one occasion during his Australian tour, the Prince was most anxious and concerned lest any one of them be injured in their excitement to greet him. When therefore he saw a woman being sadly crushed in the crowd, he turned to one of the escorting mounted police and asked that a way should be made for her to the car. When she reached this position he shook her warmly by the hand.

With himself, however, the Prince has a different idea. He realises, despite his elevated position, that being unmarried as yet, the only ties that bind him to take precautionary measures against the chance of accident to himself are those of State. Willing enough to meet the State's demands half-way, the Prince contends that any of his brothers could take his place, should the need arise, and fill it with the utmost satisfaction and efficiency.

As the King of England, however, the Prince of Wales could of necessity take a different viewpoint.

His life would be of the utmost importance to the nation and—if he were married—to his family.

As it is, the Prince is by no means unaware that his rank is an important one, and if not for his own sake, at least for his country's, he keeps up the dignity of his position in a way which can only be described as irreproachable. If you see the Prince of Wales at some big banquet, you will be impressed by the dignity he is able to confer upon the whole ceremony merely by his quiet manners and unostentatious bearing. When abroad, visiting other European Royal Families, the Prince is quite at ease and always in demand both for his sporting proclivities and his personal charm. He is the most tactful member of the younger Royalty in Europe. This is in no little way due to his reserve, which still lingers over his temperament despite a thousand and one adventures and experiences in all countries, and his marvellously wide circle of acquaintances in every sphere of life.

In his speeches the Prince shows a ready wit as well as a masterly command of modern phraseology. Seldom is he embarrassed for the right word: often his speeches scintillate with *bons mots*, and sometimes he forgets that his audience is drinking in every word he utters with critical approbation. This is true of all trained orators. The Prince has necessarily to speak a great deal from manuscript, but he prefers the impromptu address when he can dispense with the formulæ of ready-made speeches and loves to get down to "a heart-to-heart talk." When discoursing publicly on subjects near and dear to his heart, the Prince is capable of flashes of real eloquence. His voice is pleasant and resonant, a voice that surprises the listener who hears him for the first time. The Prince is not a willing speaker, however, and prefers to listen than talk him-

self. His almost daily conquest of his dislike of speech-making, therefore, is one of his many personal triumphs.

On the radio the Prince finds a congenial medium for speechmaking, and he is no stranger at the B.B.C. studios, where he has made broadcast talks on behalf of several deserving charities and movements. There is no need, indeed, for anyone not to be conversant with the quality of the Prince's voice. On two occasions he has made records for gramophone recital. The first was in September 1924, when he recorded for the Gramophone Company, Ltd. (whose records are known the world over as "H.M.V."), a talk on "Sportsmanship."

The recording was brought about by an interview the Directors of the Gramophone Company had with the late Earl Haig of Bemersyde. The records which this company had a short time before made of Their Majesties the King and Queen, sending a message to the children of the Empire on Empire Day, had met with such popular enthusiasm that they felt a record of the Prince of Wales would contribute substantially to Earl Haig's Fund for ex-servicemen. Earl Haig's immediate interest in the idea resulted in the record being made shortly afterwards, and the response of the public was such that a very large sum was handed over to the Fund. As recently as Armistice Day, 1927, a second record of the Prince of Wales was made with the new electrical recording process which enabled a record to be taken at the Albert Hall of the actual speech to the members of the British Legion. This was arranged through the courtesy of the *Daily Express*, and in this case, as in the case of the record made in 1924, all the profits were given to Earl Haig's Fund.

The Prince's voice, being clear and decisive, was

admirably suited for recording, as it is to broadcasting, and the resultant records in each case are remarkably distinct. The later record is particularly interesting in that the atmosphere of the crowded Albert Hall, with the applause of the public, has all been entrapped on the record.

The actual recording of the first disc was made in the home of the Prince, York House. Arrangements were made for the recording apparatus to be fixed up in his own study. The Prince, naturally, was a little anxious about his new experience, and asked how he should make his delivery. He was told "to speak as you do at banquets." Despite this reassuring rejoinder, the Prince would not deliver his speech until he had read over the MS. several times and was quite certain that he was absolutely word-perfect. It is this anxiety to do every job he undertakes thoroughly that has in no little measure contributed to the whole success of his career. In this case his pains were admirably rewarded. The record satisfied the recording experts, an achievement that is of very rare occurrence, even among professional artists.

"Sportsmanship" was the *motif* of his speech. To hear the Prince of Wales speak on this subject is a privilege and an education, for he is our "Sportsman Prince." In simple yet persuasive language he urges that the generous ideals of British sportsmanship are among the proudest traditions of our race, and that these ideals should govern our conduct in all departments of life.

The Prince of Wales is intensely moved by the problem of unemployment and has interested himself in many private institutions which have been formed to help men procure work. Especially in the mining districts the unemployed have the Prince's sympathy.

At one of the meetings of the Educational section

of the British Association, a letter was read from the Prince of Wales referring to his efforts to make employment, if possible, on his own Canadian ranch. The letter is worth reproducing, for it shows with what care and thoroughness the Prince goes into all questions which are put before him. It is written, of course, by H.R.H.'s private secretary:

"The Prince discussed last year with Mr. Carlyle, the manager of his ranch, and Sir Walter Peacock, the Secretary of the Duchy of Cornwall, the question which you raise. At the present time there is no accommodation for boys on the ranch, nor is there sufficient work for more than three or four, but His Royal Highness approved of two or three extra rooms being provided in the new bunk-house when it is built. Mr. Carlyle considers that twenty is the best age for young men to go to Canada, except for boys who go at a much earlier age to a Colony Farm. He thinks that after leaving a public school, boys should go and learn on an English Pedigree Stock Farm for a year before proceeding to Canada. They will then discover for themselves whether they are suited to a farmer's life, and they will also know something about stock. So many young men who go out to Canada drift into the towns, and eventually return to England. I am sure Mr. Carlyle's views on the matter are very sound."

The Prince has associated himself with the various schemes of emigration, especially the Australian Big Brother Movement, of which he is a patron.

In April 1923 the Prince of Wales decided to pay a visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians in Brussels. The Prince is as popular amongst the various conti-

mental Royal Houses as he is with the democracy, and it is no secret that the scions of European Royalty model their conduct and bearing upon the English Prince of Wales, especially those of the smaller Balkan States.

The King and Queen saw the Prince off at Victoria Station and, by this little act, furnished a graceful tribute to the hosts of their son. For days before the Prince arrived, the Belgian Press had devoted considerable space to articles on H.R.H. Belgium is a remarkable little country in many ways, and were it not for the magnificent example King Albert showed his people in 1914, it might well have joined the republican persuasion. That it grew enthusiastic over the Prince of Wales was due to his war record and interest in the ex-servicemen—a fact which is known far beyond the coasts of England. The Prince was only in Belgium a few days, but he received a similar ovation to that experienced on the most successful of his Empire tours.

The real reason for the Belgian visit was to hand over to that country a monument destined to commemorate the gratitude of the British nation for the generous hospitality shown by Belgians during the War to British soldiers, both prisoners and wounded.

The monument, which is the work of a British artist, Mr. M. C. S. Jagger, stands in the Rue de Quatre-Bras, Brussels, near the Palais de Justice. From a wall stand out the figures of a Belgian and a British soldier, symbols of the brotherhood of the two nations. Depicted by bas-reliefs on either side are Belgian citizens rendering aid to British prisoners and wounded, weary soldiers entering Belgium from German camps.

The Prince arrived at Zeebrugge in the cruiser *Caledon* and proceeded direct to Brussels, where he was the guest of the King of the Belgians. After the ceremony of presentation, the Prince lunched at the British

Embassy, and in the afternoon placed a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior. Of course he "dropped in"—as he usually calls his visits—to the Brussels branch of the British Legion.

While he was in Belgium it was only natural that he should revisit some of the old battlefields. Accordingly, the Prince motored to Ypres, through Ploegsteert and Messines, to view a centre part of the line where he had frequently visited in the War. At Hell Fire Corner the Prince stopped his car, and noticed that several gardeners, some of them having experienced the corner under very different circumstances, were working upon the paths and flower-beds of the near-by cemetery in which rest so many of the glorious dead. The Prince stepped from his car and approached one of the gardeners.

"You have made it very lovely," Prince Edward remarked.

"It was the middle of hell when we were last here together, sir," the gardener replied.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

H.R.H.'s INTERRUPTED EAST AFRICAN TOUR

THE programme which the Prince has carried out during recent years has doubtless been the most exacting and strenuous of his life. Since his South African tour of October 1925 he has crammed into his days a bewildering host of duties: when not fulfilling some official visit to one or other of the cities and towns of our island, H.R.H. has attended hundreds of luncheons, dinners, public functions, and ceremonies in London, and presided over the meetings of scores of societies in various parts of the country, the aims of which make a strong appeal to his sympathies. Many of his provincial visits have had to be postponed from their original date because sheer pressure of time and work have forbidden them.

In September 1928, however, the arrears of work in this country having been overcome at last, the Prince of Wales, accompanied by his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, departed on an East African tour. Though it was to be regarded in the nature of a holiday, the Prince mapped out a truly formidable list of official engagements for himself. Little would he know that his brief holiday was to be brought to such a dramatic close; or that while he was to be receiving loyal addresses from the East African natives, his father, their Emperor, would be battling for his life in Buckingham Palace.

But let us first give a brief résumé of the activities of the Prince during the three years before his memorable journey home, in order to make our Life of the Prince complete and comprehensive.

Almost immediately upon his return from South Africa in 1925 the Prince, as Colonel of the Welsh

Guards, consented to undertake the function of laying up the colours of that Regiment in Llandaff Cathedral, near Cardiff. He made this trip an occasion for calling upon his old friend Lord Glanusk, there to enjoy a couple of days' shooting at Glanusk. Later, when his friend died, the Prince was represented at his funeral.

The Prince had just returned to London again when the nation heard, with sad, personal regret, of the passing of their Mother Queen, Alexandra, who, as the Princess "from across the sea," had charmed the British people so many years before. After a useful life of hard work and philanthropy which was not relinquished with the death of her husband, the illustrious Edward, it was comforting to know that her end was peaceful and painless. Unfortunately, although the majority of her family were at the bedside when she breathed her last, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were just half an hour too late.

Many public engagements were cancelled during the following days, so that the Prince could be allowed a short time in which to mourn privately the passing of his grandmother—the wife of that King who had showered so much affection and consideration upon his grandson David.

The beginning of 1926 found the Prince with a formidable list of engagements, but before the first month had elapsed, an accident happened which somewhat delayed the royal programme of activities. It was whilst hunting with Fernie's Hounds, in Leicester, that the Prince was thrown from his horse and sustained a broken collar-bone. With his usual consideration for others, however, and his desire when once an engagement has been made to fulfil it, we find H.R.H. during the following month visiting Birmingham upon

an official visit, and looking into the affairs of his estates at Kennington. After fulfilling his promised visit to Ayrshire, Scotland, the Prince snatched a short holiday from his duties. A few days at Sandwich Bay were followed by a short journey to Biarritz, where he stayed as the Earl of Chester.

Whilst on holiday the Prince received news of the General Strike and, with his usual promptitude to put business before pleasure, he decided to return at once, flying from Paris to London. With the country once again settled more or less into peaceful channels, the Prince determined to investigate his affairs in Cornwall. He has always shown a very keen interest in his estates and is no mean farmer. Some of the flowers from his Cornish estate are sent during the season to Covent Garden, where they are sold along with the produce of other florists without regard to the rank of their owner.

A few months later, while staying in the Nottingham district, H.R.H. came upon a farm fronting the River Trent. Immediately he took a fancy to the estate and entered into negotiations for its purchase. The farm, which is known as *Grove Farm*, later received several head of cattle from Cornwall, and is being gradually worked up into a successful concern.

Reading, Portsmouth, and the Isle of Wight next received official visits from His Royal Highness, sandwiched in between a harassing list of engagements which the Prince had promised to fulfil in London. But, characteristic of the Prince's business-like mind, his manifold duties did not prevent him losing sight of those intimate personal interests which have endeared him to all classes. It became known to the Prince that P.C. William Wakefield, a constable who did duty at York House, was on July 30th, 1926, to undertake his last

spell of duty before retiring upon a pension. In recognition of the constable's services, H.R.H. presented him with a silver watch to mark the occasion of his last turn of duty.

In the autumn the Prince went to Balmoral for a few days' rest. The Prince is sensible enough to realise that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and accordingly from time to time he allows himself to be persuaded into taking a brief vacation. Nevertheless, his stay at Balmoral completed, and having first visited Bath, Chester, Doncaster, Halifax, and Hull, the Prince paid a flying visit to Paris in order to open the Canadian Students' Hotel there.

It was a strenuous spell, the Prince's visit to Yorkshire. The few days he spent in Hull—the King's town—were crammed with engagements. He was initiated a member of the Guild of Trinity House, inspected and showed a keen interest in the marvellous docks of the city-port, laid the foundation-stone of the new Ferens Art Gallery, paid visits to the Blind and Deaf and Dumb Institutions, Toc H, and the Old Coldstreamers' Club. The chief industrial works in the district received a visit from him, and so thoroughly did he spend his time in the city that there was scarcely a man, woman, or child who did not have the opportunity of seeing the handsome grey-clad figure as he drove slowly through the streets in his motor-car.

Hull had been disappointed long enough. H.R.H. had found it necessary to postpone his visit to Yorkshire on more than one occasion.

Birmingham and Luton were the Prince's last two important engagements for this crowded year.

Industrial affairs have always counted with our Prince. "We can hardly hope," said the Prince at the

opening of the North-east Coast Exhibition, "to maintain the supremacy which we enjoyed during the nineteenth century, but I think some valuable time is lost in looking back regretfully to the past, and hoping that the spacious Victorian days will return. We fall behind, and to admit the fact frankly is no pessimism, but rather the first condition of success. To restore our economic prestige, we need courage and imagination. Courage in ruthlessly scrapping all methods and machinery that do not come up to the most modern standards, and imagination in exploring every commercial avenue overseas." On more than one occasion the Prince has voiced his wish to be initiated into the process of production of a finished article. He has descended slate- and coal-mines to witness the underground processes of these industries; he has visited the Morris Motor Works; and in the early part of 1927 he paid a special visit to the Arden Press in Waterloo Road, London, to inspect the principal printing works of Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son. He also made this the occasion for visiting the paper stores in Kennington of the *Star* and *Daily News*. He has also visited Northcliffe House, the home of the *Daily Mail*, and interested himself in the vast ramifications of the Co-operative Wholesale Society.

This side of the Prince's interest is a sharp contrast to his activities at the meetings of such associations as the Mental After-Care Association, the Society for Improving Slum Property, etc. While acknowledging the importance of commerce, the Prince never loses an opportunity of stressing the vital significance of the more human attributes.

After bidding the Duke and Duchess of York goodbye on their New Zealand and Australian tour, in the first days of January 1927, the Prince once more threw

himself into his work. He was present at the opening of Parliament shortly afterwards, visited Leicester, Hastings, Lancaster, Lytham, St. Anne's, Barrow, and Lincoln, in the meantime returning to London for civic duties, such as receiving, at Windsor Castle, the Frenchwomen who helped our soldiers during the War, presiding at a meeting of King Edward's Hospital Fund, attending shows, and a hundred and one other duties.

In the April of that year the Prince paid a short visit to Spain to be the guest of the King and Queen. The Prince had many enjoyable games of tennis with the Spanish Royal Family on the lawns of the Palace, and improved his skill in this delightful game considerably.

In the summer H.R.H. left for Canada on a visit to his ranch. He returned in September, quite satisfied that affairs on the E.P. Ranch were as good as he would like. He found that Canadian farmers were purchasing his cattle, not because they happened to belong to the son of their King, *but because they were the best value for their money that they could get in the country.* The Prince also learnt that many of the farmers who had purchased his stock had inspected the cattle from several other ranches before buying from E.P. Surely a just cause for the Prince's self-congratulation.

On the subject of his welcome in Canada, passing through Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Calgary, we need not linger. The memory of the Prince will always be warm with our loyal Canadians.

In England once again, the Prince took up the threads of his work. Bristol, Norwich, Portsmouth, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Grimsby, and Aberdeen were

visited by the Prince, whilst, spurred on by such obvious encouragement and loyalty as he received, he was able to crowd even more into his programme than he had thought possible. In March 1928 he made a special journey down to Dover to greet the then King and Queen of Afghanistan to our shores before they arrived in London; whilst in May he attended the British Legion Conference at Scarborough, flying home, in his boyish enthusiasm, to be present at dinner with his family.

And then England heard that final arrangements had been made for the four months' tour of East and South Africa. The Princes were to pay the expenses of their visit out of their own private purses.

Those who saw H.R.H. leave Victoria Station on the afternoon of September 6th, 1928, little knew that before the African tour was half completed the Prince and his companion, the Duke of Gloucester, would be racing over two continents, spurred on to greater speed by the knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, of His Majesty's serious condition.

But there was nothing to mar the leave-taking of the Royal Princes. In the best of spirits, H.R.H. set off upon his lengthy journey, via Marseilles, Alexandria, and Cairo. At Cairo the journey was broken for a while, the Prince visiting the Pyramids and Sphinx. Climbing the Great Pyramid, the Prince of Wales hit off a golf-ball from its summit.

Down the Suez Canal sailed the s.s. *Malda*, passing flag-bedecked ships in the harbour at Port Sudan and Aden, until the Royal party reached the line. The Equator was passed with the usual ceremony, the Duke of Gloucester being one of the party to be initiated as a subject of King Neptune. The Prince had no doubt

grim memories of his own ordeal during his Australian tour.

Though they were enjoying the sights they passed and keenly anticipating the pleasures of the weeks to come, the Princes were compelled to spend a good many hours in studying and mastering the Kiswahili tongue, the language which they would be expected to understand and talk during the ensuing three months.

On September 28th the Princes reached Mombasa, the East African port. The s.s. *Malda* had been gaily decorated with flags and bunting, as if to synchronise with the joy and happiness already in the air. Preparations were made for landing, the Prince wearing the khaki field-service dress of Colonel of the Welsh Guards, and the Duke that of the 10th Hussars.

The Prince of Wales was received by the Governor, and there followed an address of welcome read by the Resident Commissioner, in which had joined all races in the district. Having wished H.R.H. an enjoyable stay, the address conveyed the deep loyalty and devotion of the peoples of Mombasa to H.M. the King—and it was such expressions of concern and goodwill towards him from peoples all over the world which encouraged in no little way the King to make such a splendid fight for the recovery of his normal health during one of the most trying times of his life.

Mombasa presented a distinct change for the Royal visitors, contrasting sharply as it did with the rocks and sands of Egypt. Here the Princes saw—the Duke for the first time—the beauty of the Tropics, palms and a riot of gorgeous colour. Two days were spent at Mombasa, the Princes driving through the town, attending a dinner and ball, and participating in a game of golf between the Navy and Mombasa, the Royal visitors playing for the Navy. The chief attrac-

tion at Mombasa, however, was a large garden party at Government House. Here a medley group was present, including Government officials, Japanese officers from a ship lying in the harbour, Indians, priests, settlers, and Europeans. After this event the Princes motored through the town to witness a native dance which was being executed in the native quarters of the port. Had not the Prince of Wales been so studious in his learning of the Kiswahili tongue, he might not have known that, on his departure, the natives sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales!"

More addresses of welcome awaited the Prince when he arrived at Nairobi. The streets fluttered flags and decorations, beneath which stood cheering crowds eagerly anticipating a glimpse of the distinguished visitor. Native military policemen lined the streets through which the Prince passed, whilst bluejackets from H.M.S. *Enterprise* had been pressed into service to form a guard for a part of the route. Probably what endeared our Prince to the hearts of the people of Nairobi was the keen interest and pleasure he displayed in their October race-meeting, when he actually rode a horse in one of the events. The Duke of Gloucester also participated, but, whilst he was not sufficiently fortunate to secure a place, the Prince of Wales was lucky enough to ride a "second."

The extent of his programme did not allow for a very long stay at Nairobi, and a little later the Prince left for Uganda. He arrived at Entebbe on October 15th, and was met by Sir William Gowers, the Governor of Uganda. A special feature of his arrival was the spectacle of a number of canoes sailing up to meet the Royal steamer when about a quarter of a mile from the town. In these canoes were over one thousand natives!

Entebbe itself presented a glorious spectacle. Dense throngs had collected on the cliffs to witness the arrival of the Prince, and these stood before a background of multi-coloured bunting which floated over the city. Addresses of welcome were read, and then the Prince proceeded to inspect a number of ex-servicemen who had gathered for the purpose.

It was not good that the Prince should make his tour too arduous. The South African climate presents innumerable difficulties and disadvantages to the European, and so it was considered a wise move that the Prince should enjoy the comparative ease of farm life before continuing his tour.

A week later, and he had entered Kampala, the commercial capital of Uganda. Here, vast crowds had gathered to hear the address of welcome which the Colonial Secretary delivered to the Prince, and were duly rewarded by the Prince's reply hoping for a continuance of the prosperity of Uganda, which had undoubtedly progressed during recent years. Whilst at Kampala the Prince took the opportunity of placing a wreath on the Cenotaph, afterwards inspecting ex-servicemen.

The first real hitch in the tour occurred at this time. Brigadier-General G. F. Trotter, C.B., whom the Prince had appointed as an extra equerry on December 28th, 1925, and who was accompanying the Prince throughout the tour, was seized with heart trouble and it was found impossible for him to proceed as arranged. The Prince was greatly concerned with his equerry's health and stayed up the whole of one night with him. It was decided that Brigadier-General Trotter should return to Entebbe immediately and that arrangements should be made, without loss of time, for his return to England.

Then, assured that his equerry was in capable hands, the Prince went forward with his arrangements, to continue shooting with Sir William Gower, the Duke of Gloucester having already parted company with his brother to fulfil his own part of the tour. The Prince of Wales was lucky enough to bag a very fine elephant possessing tusks weighing over 65 lb.

After a few days of excellent shooting, H.R.H. returned to Entebbe, where he sent a special message to the school children encouraging them in their studies. Forthwith he proceeded to Kitale and on to Eldoret, the centre of farming in the Kenya colony, and populated chiefly by Dutch settlers. Here he received a right warm welcome, a notable event of his stay being the inspection of boy scouts, girl guides, and ex-service-men. A race-meeting was in progress during the Prince's stay, and here the Prince was more fortunate than he had been at Nairobi, riding the first horse in several races.

As the guest of Lord Francis Scott the Prince journeyed to Njoro for a quiet week-end, and was presented with a silver-mounted hunting-crop of rhinoceros hide by the people of the district.

Returning to Nairobi, the Prince made himself familiar with the work of the educational and maternity institutions of the district, and also attended the opening session of the Legislative Council, at which he learned a great deal of the industrial and economic conditions of the country.

Although his departure from Nairobi had been unannounced and he was allowed to slip away without any fuss, the people of Arusha had evidently been given the minutest particulars of the time of his arrival, for natives lined the road of his entrance and he per-

force had to spend a great part of his first day meeting settlers.

Time was short, however, and but two days later he was on his way to Dodoma, where he arrived shortly afterwards in the best of spirits, to be met by Sir Donald Cameron, the Governor. And the Prince had reason to be in good spirits, for during the journey to Dodoma he had shot five lions, one of which measured well over eight feet! While at Dodoma, circumstance allowed the Prince once more to manifest his democratic nature. A dance was being given in his honour, and to the dismay of the Royal party it was found that, owing to the Prince's kit being delayed, he had not a clean shirt left in his wardrobe. His chauffeur, however, saved the situation by coming forward and offering the loan of one from his own stock, which the Prince immediately and gratefully accepted.

It was now that the Prince received disquieting news from home. Already reports of the King's illness had reached him, but despite a natural anxiety, they were not considered serious enough to make any diversion from the Prince's existing arrangements. He had scarcely reached Dar-es-Salaam, however, and been accorded a vociferous welcome, when more disconcerting news of his father's illness decided him to terminate his further engagements and return to England immediately. There followed a strenuous time of cancelling future engagements, much to the regret of the people who had long looked forward to meeting the Prince. The Duke of Gloucester, who had also received the bad news, sent word to his brother for instructions. It was decided that the two Royal brothers should make their dash home for England, each taking the route which was the speediest and more convenient from their respective positions.

On December 2nd the Prince left Dar-es-Salaam in H.M.S. *Enterprise* for Suez, a journey of over 3,000 miles; and was in constant touch with London by wireless. Daily reports of the King's health reached him. H.M.S. *Enterprise* travelled at about 29 knots per hour. The Prince reached Suez in record time and left by a special train for Cairo within an hour of landing. There followed a dash for Port Said, where the Prince left for Brindisi, where Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince's private secretary, awaited him. The Prince, in his dash home, had had no time to arrange for his kit, and consequently was travelling without a change of clothing.

Unfortunately, a storm arose on the way home. The Prince was insistent, however, that they should push ahead. Two vessels were put out from Brindisi harbour to meet the Prince, but owing to the violence of the storm were forced to return. Italy, Switzerland, and France made special facilities for the Prince's quick progress, and kept a clear line for the Royal train.

On December 10th the Prince left Brindisi for Boulogne, a distance of 1,400 miles. Thence he travelled by boat to Folkestone, where he was met by Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, who gave the anxious Prince full details of the King's illness. A special train completed the Prince's journey to London. The dash home had covered over 6,000 miles. The time taken to complete the journey had been less than ten days. At Victoria Station, on December 11th, a huge crowd had collected to greet the home-coming Prince with subdued cheers and anxious faces.

The Prince at once drove to Buckingham Palace, and at the earliest possible moment was at the bedside of his father, who, to his great joy, recognised him.

The Prince's dash across Africa and Europe broke all continental records, the rate of travelling being approximately 44 miles per hour. No journey has ever been made like it before, and the authorities of five countries require our best thanks for the help they gave in speeding the Prince to his father's bedside.

In the meantime the Duke of Gloucester was making all possible speed for home, but it was several days later before eventually he arrived in London.

It was noticeable that the Prince had worn himself out with his tremendous effort, but after a long sleep at York House following the memorable bedside interview with his father, H.R.H. took up his work with added zest, inspired by the thought that his father was helpless.

The New Year (1929) dawned with fresh hope for the subjects of His Majesty. The King was rallying slowly but courageously from his insidious illness, and the Royal Palace breathed a new spirit of optimism and confidence. But everyone shared with the Royal Family the knowledge that His Majesty would not for some considerable time be fit to resume the onerous duties of a Constitutional Monarch. The King, too, was aware that the ravages of his illness had seriously undermined his general strength, and had he not been conscious of the Prince of Wales's ability to bear the weight of the burdens of State upon his shoulders, his progress towards recovery might have been severely handicapped by the additional worry of his own impotence.

Plunged from the tropical heat of Africa into the cold bleakness of an English winter, the Prince of Wales had to take precautions himself against any ill results to his health following the sudden change of climate and the strain upon his nervous and physical

energies by his frantic rush home. Nevertheless, he spared himself nothing to be of service to his King and country, and it was this spirit of service and sacrifice which prompted him to announce the decision that created such a sensation amongst the sportsmen of England.

The Prince found he would no longer be able to take an active interest in hunting for some considerable time, and one frosty February morning he wandered through the stables and grounds of Craven Lodge (Melton Mowbray), where used to be his stud, taking a wistful leave of his favourite hunters. Less than a fortnight afterwards twelve of the Prince's horses went by motor horse-box to Leicester for sale by auction, while a further eight entrained. There were many sorrowful faces amongst the villagers as they saw the disbanded hunters, draped with the Royal blue cloths on which were worked the letters "E.P.", being led through the streets.

Just an Idea, the equine love of the Prince, was, by her Royal master's special orders, spared the hammer and pensioned off on the Royal farm in Cornwall, there to spend in congenial company, with other hunter "pensioners," her last days in peaceful harmony.

This little romance, however, was soon swallowed up in the heavy public duties which were engulfing the Prince. In the midst of his duties the Prince managed, from time to time, to fly home or to Bognor, where the King was convalescing.

It is impossible to detail at length every movement of the Prince at this time. He undertook journeys and duties which would have incapacitated the average man. In January he spent some of the busiest and saddest days of his life visiting the squalid mining districts of Northern England and learning for himself

the reasons for the economic distress among the mining communities and how best to overcome them. He inaugurated a fund and appealed to the whole nation for support of the miners.

Day by day his programme was filled to overflowing with public engagements. When Marshal Foch laid down his baton for the last time, the Prince immediately requested his father to allow him to represent His Majesty at the funeral in Paris in order to pay his last personal respects to the wonderful soldier who had steered the course of the Allied Victory. The French people were intensely gratified by this manifestation of Royal homage to their late idol.

Although the Prince is looking forward to a restful holiday on his Canadian ranch as soon as his duties will permit, there is, unfortunately, no indication, as we close this record of a gallant Prince and Gentleman, that there will be any lightening of his onerous duties for some time to come.

THE END

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